



RED DEER.  
(From the picture "Night" by Sir Edwin Landseer.)

# NELSON'S LITERATURE READERS

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## BOOK II.

(Arranged for use as Book VII. of the Royal Prince  
or Royal Princess Readers)

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With Numerous Illustrations

Thomas Nelson and Sons  
London, Edinburgh, Dublin, and New York  
1910





## INTRODUCTION.

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THE general principles which should govern the compilation of a literary reading-book have been sufficiently set forth in the introduction to the first of these little volumes, and it only remains to add that its successor preserves the same general character, while appealing to pupils of somewhat more advanced development, and presumably less in need of the attraction of fictitious narrative. The prime necessity, nevertheless, remains that every extract should be interesting, not merely to the brilliant, but to the average boy or girl. The main difficulty is that if these extracts are to fulfil their further purpose of providing the pupil with a miniature view of English literature, a certain proportion, however simple in style, must be comparatively uninteresting to the scholars, as lying outside the range of their actual thoughts and experience. Here the teacher's task assumes its especial importance. It is impossible to overestimate the service which may be rendered by a teacher who will not be content with a mere perfunctory reading, but will interest himself warmly in ascertaining how far a lesson is understood, and removing the impediments, whether of deficient intelligence or of unfamiliarity with the theme, which hinder full comprehension. By following this course persistently a discerning teacher will discover which of his charges belong to the elect, who, in Pater's words, "find out, almost for themselves, the beauty and power of good literature, even in the literature they must read perforce." Such

need only to be made aware of the infinite extent and variety of the region into which the humble reading-book has served to admit them, and they will experience "the intellectual awaking with a leap," which, Pater adds, "has something of the stir and unction of the coming of love."

Some attempt to afford such a glimpse of an ampler world is made in the brief literary notices by which this volume, like its predecessor, is accompanied. From a merely critical standpoint these may be censured as too eulogistic. This warmth of encomium, however, is intentional. Whatever the necessity for negative criticism at a maturer period of life, its place in the training of the young should be most subordinate. Nothing should be encouraged which can tend to chill admiration, even when carried to enthusiasm, or impair the sense of grateful obligation to intellectual benefactors. Time and the world can be but too surely trusted to correct any harmful excess of such feeling; but negative criticism can only be invoked for this end at the risk of destroying what can never be replaced. A great poet, who was also a great critic—Shelley—has said :—

"I do not think much of —— not admiring Metastasio; the *nil admirari*, however justly applied, seems to me a bad sign in a young person. I had rather a pupil of mine had conceived a frantic passion for Marini himself, than that she had found out the critical defects of the most deficient author. When she becomes of her own accord full of genuine admiration for some neglected piece of excellence, hope great things."

"Neglected pieces of excellence" will rarely be found in these little books, for little has been inserted that does not bear the stamp of general approval. But if acquaintance with these, aided by the comments of a judicious teacher, should aid the scholar to recognize such excellence when he afterwards encounters it, one of the chief ends of this publication will have been attained.

R. GARNETT.

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# LITERATURE READER.

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## I. SILAS MARNER'S TREASURE.

Silas Marner's determination to keep the "tramp's child" was matter of hardly less surprise and iterated talk in the village than the robbery of his money. That softening of feeling towards him which dated from his misfortune, that merging of suspicion and dislike in a rather contemptuous pity for him as lone and crazy, was now accompanied with a more active sympathy, especially amongst the women. Notable mothers, who knew what it was to keep children "whole and sweet"—lazy mothers, who knew what it was to be interrupted in folding their arms and scratching their elbows by the mischievous propensities of children just firm on their legs—were equally interested in conjecturing how a lone man would manage with a two-year-old child on his hands, and were equally ready with their suggestions: the notable chiefly telling him what he had better do, and the lazy ones being emphatic in telling him what he would never be able to do.

Among the notable mothers, Dolly Winthrop was



the one whose neighbourly offices were the most acceptable to Marner, for they were rendered without any show of bustling instruction.

"Anybody 'ud think the angils in heaven couldn't be prettier," said Dolly, rubbing the golden curls and kissing them. "And to think of its being covered wi' them dirty rags; and the poor mother—froze to death! But there's Them as took care of it and brought it to your door, Master Marner. The door was open, and it walked in over the snow, like as if it had been a little starved robin. Didn't you say the door was open?"

"Yes," said Silas meditatively—"yes; the door was open. The money's gone I don't know where, and this is come from I don't know where."

He had not mentioned to any one his unconsciousness of the child's entrance, shrinking from questions which might lead to the fact he himself suspected—namely, that he had been in one of his trances.

"Ah!" said Dolly, with soothing gravity, "it's like the night and the morning, and the sleeping and the waking, and the rain and the harvest—one goes and the other comes, and we know nothing how nor where."

Unlike the gold which needed nothing, and must be worshipped in close-locked solitude—which was hidden away from the daylight, was deaf to the song of birds, and started to no human tones—Eppie was a creature of endless claims and ever-growing desires, seeking and loving sunshine, and living sounds, and living movements; making trial of everything, with



*"Making signs of hushed stillness, that they might listen for the note  
to come again."*

trust in new joy, and stirring the human kindness in all eyes that looked on her. The gold had kept all his thoughts in an ever-repeated circle, leading to nothing beyond itself; but Eppie was an object compacted of changes and hopes that forced his thoughts onward, and carried them far away from their old eager pacing towards the same blank limit—carried them away to the new things that would come with the coming years, when Eppie would have learned to understand how her father Silas cared for her, and made him look for images of that time in the ties and charities that bound together the families of his neighbours.

The gold had asked that he should sit weaving longer and longer, deafened and blinded more and more to all things except the monotony of his loom and the repetition of his web; but Eppie called him away from his weaving, and made him think all its pauses a holiday, reawakening his senses with her fresh life, even to the old winter flies that came crawling forth in the early spring sunshine, and warming him into joy because *she* had joy. And when the sunshine grew strong and lasting, so that the buttercups were thick in the meadows, Silas might be seen in the sunny midday, or in the late afternoon when the shadows were lengthening under the hedgerows, strolling out with uncovered head to carry Eppie beyond the Stone-pits to where the flowers grew, till they reached some favourite bank where he could sit down, while Eppie toddled to pluck the flowers, and make remarks to the winged things

that murmured happily above the bright petals, calling "Dad-dad's" attention continually by bringing him the flowers. Then she would turn her ear to some sudden bird-note, and Silas learned to please her by making signs of hushed stillness, that they might listen for the note to come again; so that when it came, she set up her small back and laughed with gurgling triumph. Sitting on the banks in this way, Silas began to look for the once familiar herbs again; and as the leaves, with their unchanged outline and markings, lay on his palm, there was a sense of crowding remembrances from which he turned away timidly, taking refuge in Eppie's little world, that lay lightly on his enfeebled spirit.

As the child's mind was growing into knowledge, his mind was growing into memory; as her life unfolded, his soul, long stupefied in a cold, narrow prison, was unfolding too, and trembling gradually into full consciousness.

The stone hut was made a soft nest for her, lined with downy patience; and also in the world that lay beyond the stone hut she knew nothing of frowns and denials.

Notwithstanding the difficulty of carrying her and his yarn or linen at the same time, Silas took her with him in most of his journeys to the farmhouses, unwilling to leave her behind at Dolly Winthrop's, who was always ready to take care of her; and little curly-headed Eppie, the weaver's child, became an object of interest at several outlying homesteads, as well as in the village. Hitherto he had been

treated very much as if he had been a useful gnome or brownie—a queer and unaccountable creature, who must necessarily be looked at with wondering curiosity and repulsion, and with whom one would be glad to make all greetings and bargains as brief as possible, but who must be dealt with in a propitiatory way, and occasionally have a present of pork or garden stuff to carry home with him, seeing that without him there was no getting the yarn woven. But now Silas met with open, smiling faces and cheerful questionings, as a person whose satisfactions and difficulties could be understood. Everywhere he must sit a little and talk about the child, and words of interest were always ready for him: “Ah, Master Marner, you’ll be lucky if she takes the measles soon and easy!” or, “Why, there isn’t many lone men ’ud ha’ been wishing to take up with a little un like that. But I reckon the weaving makes you handier than men as do outdoor work: you’re partly as handy as a woman, for weaving comes next to spinning.” Elderly masters and mistresses, seated observantly in large kitchen arm-chairs, shook their heads over the difficulties attendant on rearing children, felt Eppie’s round arms and legs, and pronounced them remarkably firm, and told Silas that, if she turned out well (which, however, there was no ~~no~~-telling), it would be a fine thing for him to have a steady lass to do for him when he got helpless. Servant-maidens were fond of carrying her out to look at the hens and chickens, or to see if any cherries could be shaken down in the orchard; and

the small boys and girls approached her slowly, with cautious movement and steady gaze, like little dogs face to face with one of their own kind, till attraction had reached the point at which the soft lips were put out for a kiss. No child was afraid of approaching Silas when Eppie was near him: there was no repulsion around him now, either for young or old; for the little child had come to link him once more with the whole world. There was love between him and the child that blent them into one, and there was love between the child and the world—from men and women with parental looks and tones to the red lady-birds and the round pebbles.

Silas began now to think of Raveloe life entirely in relation to Eppie—she must have everything that was good in Raveloe; and he listened docilely, that he might come to understand better what this life was, from which for fifteen years he had stood aloof as from a strange thing, wherewith he could have no communion: as some man, who has a precious plant to which he would give a nurturing home in a new soil, thinks of the rain, and the sunshine, and all influences, in relation to the nursling, and asks industriously for all knowledge that will help him to satisfy the wants of the searching roots, or to guard leaf and bud from invading harm. The disposition to hoard had been utterly crushed at the very first by the loss of his long-stored gold: the coins he earned afterwards seemed as irrelevant as stones brought to complete a house suddenly buried by an earthquake; the sense of bereavement was too

heavy upon him for the old thrill of satisfaction to arise again at the touch of the newly-earned coin. And now something had come to replace his hoard which gave a growing purpose to the earnings, drawing his hope and joy continually onward beyond the money.

In old days there were angels who came and took men by the hand and led them away from the city of destruction. We see no white-winged angels now. But yet men are led away from threatening destruction: a hand is put into theirs, which leads them forth gently towards a calm and bright land, so that they look no more backward; and the hand may be a little child's.

*From "Silas Marner," by GEORGE ELIOT.*

## 2. THE RHODORA.

In May, when sea-winds pierced our solitudes,  
 I found the fresh Rhodora in the woods,  
 Spreading its leafless blooms in a damp nook,  
 To please the desert and the sluggish brook.  
 The purple petals, fallen in the pool,  
 Made the black water with their beauty gay;  
 Here might the red-bird come his plumes to cool,  
 And court the flower that cheapens his array.  
 Rhodora! if the sages ask thee why  
 This charm is wasted on the earth and sky,  
 Tell them, dear, that if eyes were made for seeing,  
 Then Beauty is its own excuse for being.  
 Why thou wert there, O rival of the rose,  
 I never thought to ask, I never knew;  
 But, in my simple ignorance, suppose  
 The self-same Power that brought me there brought you.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

### 3. BUTTERFLIES, ANTS, AND SPIDERS OF BRAZIL.

The large and brilliantly-coloured Lepidoptera bespeak the zone they inhabit far more plainly than any other race of animals. I allude only to the butterflies; for the moths, contrary to what might have been expected from the rankness of the vegetation, certainly appeared in much fewer numbers than in our own temperate regions.

I was much surprised at the habits of one butterfly, not uncommon, and generally frequenting the orange groves. Although a high-flier, yet it very frequently alights on the trunks of trees. On these occasions its head is invariably placed downwards, and its wings are expanded in a horizontal plane, instead of being folded vertically, as is commonly the case. This is the only butterfly that I have ever seen that uses its legs for running. Not being aware of this fact, as I cautiously approached with my forceps, the insect more than once shuffled on one side just as the instrument was on the point of closing, and thus escaped.

But a far more singular fact is the power which this species possesses of making a noise. Several times when a pair were chasing each other in an irregular course, they passed within a few yards of me, and I distinctly heard a clicking noise, similar to that produced by a toothed wheel passing under a spring catch. The noise was continued at short intervals, and could be distinguished at about twenty yards' distance.



## 10 Butterflies, Ants, and Spiders of Brazil.

A person, on first entering a tropical forest, is astonished at the labours of the ants. Well-beaten paths branch off in every direction, on which an army of never-failing foragers may be seen, some going forth, and others returning burdened with pieces of green leaf, often larger than their whole bodies.

A small, dark-coloured ant sometimes migrates in countless numbers. One day, at Bahia, my attention was drawn to many spiders, cockroaches, and other insects, and some lizards, rushing in the greatest agitation across a bare piece of ground. A little way behind, every stalk and leaf was blackened by a small ant. The swarm having crossed the bare space, divided itself, and descended an old wall. By this means many insects were fairly enclosed, and the efforts which the poor little creatures made to extricate themselves from death were wonderful.

When the ants came to the road, they changed their course, and in narrow files reascended the wall. I placed a small stone so as to intercept one of the lines; whereupon the whole body attacked it, and then immediately retired. Shortly afterwards another body came to the charge, and having again failed to make any impression, this line of march was entirely given up. By going an inch round, the file might have avoided the stone, and this, doubtless, would have happened if it had been originally there; but having been attacked, the lion-hearted little warriors scorned the idea of yielding.

Certain wasp-like insects which construct in the corners of the verandas clay cells for their larvæ are

very numerous in the neighbourhood of Rio. These cells they stuff full of half-dead spiders and caterpillars, which they seem to sting to such a degree as to leave them paralyzed but alive, until their eggs are hatched; and the larvæ feed on the horrid mass of powerless, half-killed victims—a sight which has been described by an enthusiastic naturalist as curious and pleasing!

I was much interested one day by watching a deadly contest between a wasp and a large spider. The wasp made a sudden dash at its prey, and then flew away; the spider was evidently wounded, for, trying to escape, it rolled down a little slope, but had still strength enough to crawl into a thick tuft of grass. The wasp soon returned, and seemed surprised at not immediately finding its victim.

It then commenced as regular a hunt as ever did hound after fox—making short semicircular casts, and all the time rapidly vibrating its wings and antennæ. The spider, though well concealed, was soon discovered; and the wasp, evidently still afraid of its adversary's jaws, after much manœuvring inflicted two stings on the under side of its thorax. At last, carefully examining with its antennæ the now motionless spider, it proceeded to drag away the body. But I stopped both tyrant and prey.

Every path in the forest is barricaded with the strong yellow web of a species of spider which was formerly said to make in the West Indies webs so strong as to catch birds. A small and pretty kind of spider, with very long fore legs, lives as a parasite

## 12 Butterflies, Ants, and Spiders of Brazil.

on almost every one of these webs. I suppose it is too insignificant to be noticed by the great spiders, and is therefore allowed to prey on the minute insects, which, adhering to the lines, would otherwise be wasted. When frightened, this little spider either feigns death by extending its front legs, or suddenly drops from the web.

The web of another large spider, which is generally placed among the great leaves of the common agave, is sometimes strengthened near the centre by a pair, or even four, zigzag ribbons, which connect two adjoining rays. When any large insect, as a grasshopper or wasp, is caught, the spider by a dexterous movement makes it revolve very rapidly, and at the same time emitting a band of threads from its spinners, it soon envelops its prey in a case like the cocoon of a silkworm.

The spider now examines the powerless victim, and gives the fatal bite on the hinder part of its thorax; then, retreating, patiently waits till the poison has taken effect. The virulence of this poison may be judged of from the fact that in half a minute I opened the mesh, and found a large wasp quite lifeless.

It is well known that most of the British spiders, when a large insect is caught in their webs, endeavour to cut the lines and liberate their prey, to save their nets from being entirely spoiled. I once, however, saw in a hothouse in Shropshire a large female wasp caught in the irregular web of a quite small spider, and this spider, instead of cutting the

web, most perseveringly continued to entangle the body, and especially the wings of its prey. The wasp at first aimed in vain repeated thrusts with its sting at its little antagonist. Pitying the wasp, after allowing it to struggle for more than an hour I killed it and put it back into the web.

The spider soon returned; and an hour afterwards I was much surprised to find it with its jaws buried in the orifice through which the sting is protruded by the living wasp. I drove the spider away two or three times, but for the next twenty-four hours I always found it again sucking at the same place. The spider became much distended by the juices of its prey, which was many times larger than itself.

I may here just mention that I found many large black spiders, with ruby-coloured marks on their backs, having gregarious habits. The webs were placed vertically. They were separated from each other by a space of about two feet, but were all attached to certain common lines, which were of great length, and extended to all parts of the community. In this manner the tops of some large bushes were encompassed by the united nets.

I cannot, however, recollect seeing a central nest as large as a hat, in which, Azara says, the eggs are deposited during autumn, when the spiders die. As all the spiders which I saw were of the same size, they must have been of nearly the same age. This gregarious habit among insects which are so blood-thirsty and solitary that even the two sexes attack each other, is a very singular fact.

DARWIN.

## 4. THE CAMPAGNA.

ROME, *October 29, 1780.*

We set out in the dark. Morning dawned over the Lago di Vico, its waters of a deep, ultramarine blue, and its surrounding forests catching the rays of the rising sun. It was in vain I looked for the cupola of St. Peter's upon descending the mountains beyond Viterbo. Nothing but a sea of vapours was visible.

At length they rolled away, and the spacious plains began to show themselves, in which the most warlike of nations reared their seat of empire. On the left, afar off, rises the rugged chain of Apennines; and on the other side, a shining expanse of ocean terminates the view. It was upon this vast surface so many illustrious actions were performed, and I know not where a mighty people could have chosen a grander theatre. Here was space for the march of armies, and verge enough for encampments; levels for martial games, and room for that variety of roads and causeways that led from the capital to Ostia. How many triumphant legions have trodden these pavements! how many captive kings! What throngs of cars and chariots once glittered on their surface! savage animals dragged from the interior of Africa! and the ambassadors of Indian princes, followed by their exotic train, hastening to implore the favour of the senate!

During many ages this eminence commanded almost every day such illustrious scenes; but all are vanished—



THE CAMPAGNA—TOMBS ON THE APPIAN WAY.

the splendid tumult is passed away—silence and desolation remain. Dreary flats thinly scattered over with ilex, and barren hillocks crowned by solitary towers, were the only objects we perceived for several miles. Now and then we passed a few black, ill-favoured sheep straggling by the wayside, near a ruined sepulchre—just such animals as an ancient would have sacrificed to the Manes. Sometimes we crossed a brook, whose ripplings were the only sounds which broke the general stillness, and observed the shepherds' huts on its banks, propped up with broken pedestals and marble friezes. I entered one of them, whose owner was abroad tending his herds, and began writing upon the sand and murmuring a melancholy song. Perhaps the dead listened to me from their narrow cells. The living I can answer for: they were far enough removed.

You will not be surprised at the dark tone of my musings in so sad a scene, especially as the weather lowered; and you are well acquainted how greatly I depend upon skies and sunshine. To-day I had no blue firmament to revive my spirits, no genial gales, no aromatic plants to irritate my nerves and lend at least a momentary animation. Heath and a grayish kind of moss are the sole vegetation which covers this endless wilderness. Every slope is strewn with the relics of a happier period; trunks of trees, shattered columns, cedar beams, helmets of bronze, skulls and coins, are frequently dug up together.

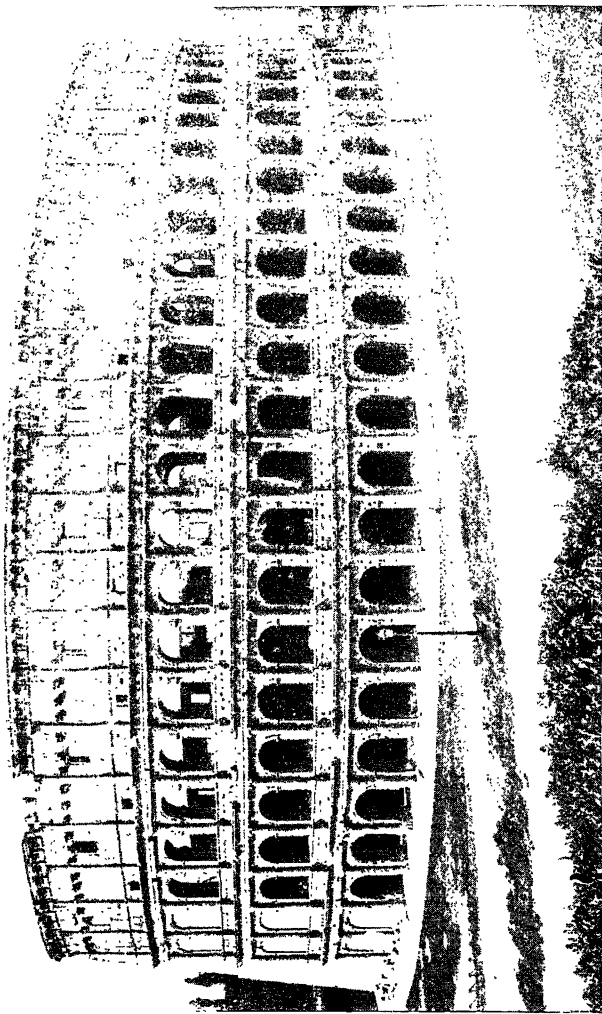
I cannot boast of having made any discoveries, nor of sending you any novel intelligence. You

knew before how perfectly the environs of Rome were desolate, and how completely the government contrives to make its subjects miserable. But who knows that they were not just as wretched in those boasted times we are so fond of celebrating?... Very likely the poor cottager under whose roof I reposed is happier than the luxurious Roman upon the remains of whose palace, perhaps, his shed is raised; and yet that Roman flourished in the purple days of the empire, when all was wealth and splendour, triumph and exultation.....

The road not having been mended, I believe, since the days of the Cæsars, would not allow our motions to be very precipitate. "When you gain the summit of yonder hill, you will discover Rome," said one of the postilions. Up we dragged: no city appeared. "From the next," cried out a second; and so on, from height to height, did they amuse my expectations. I thought Rome fled before us, such was my impatience, till at last we perceived a cluster of hills with green pastures on their summits, enclosed by thickets and shaded by flourishing ilex. Here and there a white house, built in the antique style, with open porticoes, that received a faint gleam of the evening sun, just emerged from the clouds and tinting the meads below. Now domes and towers began to discover themselves in the valley, and St. Peter's to rise above the magnificent roofs of the Vatican. Every step we advanced the scene extended, till, winding suddenly round the hill, all Rome opened to our view.

*From "Italy: with Sketches of Spain and Portugal," by W. BECKFORD.*





RUINS OF THE COLISEUM, ROME.

## 5. ROME.

O Rome! my country! city of the soul!  
 The orphans of the heart must turn to thee,  
 Lone mother of dead empires! and control  
 In their shut breasts their petty misery.  
 What are our woes and sufferance? Come and see  
 The cypress, hear the owl, and plod your way  
 O'er steps of broken thrones and temples, ye  
 Whose agonies are evils of a day:  
 A world is at our feet as fragile as our clay.

The Niobe of nations! there she stands,  
 Childless and crownless, in her voiceless woe;  
 An empty urn within her withered hands,  
 Whose holy dust was scattered long ago;  
 The Scipios' tomb contains no ashes now;  
 The very sepulchres lie tenantless  
 Of their heroic dwellers: dost thou flow,  
 Old Tiber, through a marble wilderness?  
 Rise, with thy yellow waves, and mantle her distress.

The Goth, the Christian, time, war, flood, and fire,  
 Have dealt upon the seven-hilled city's pride;  
 She saw here glories star by star expire,  
 And up the steep barbarian monarchs ride,  
 Where the car climbed the Capitol; far and wide  
 Temple and tower went down, nor left a site:  
 Chaos of ruins! who shall trace the void,  
 O'er the dim fragments cast a lunar light,  
 And say, "Here was, or is," where all is doubly night?...

Alas the lofty city! and alas  
 The trebly hundred triumphs, and the day  
 When Brutus made the dagger's edge surpass  
 The conqueror's sword in bearing fame away!  
 Alas for Tully's voice, and Virgil's lay,  
 And Livy's pictured page!—but these shall be  
 Her resurrection; all beside, decay.  
 Alas for Earth! for never shall we see  
 That brightness in her eye she bore when Rome was free.  
 BYRON.

## 6. VESUVIUS.

Vesuvius is, after the glaciers, the most impressive exhibition of the energies of nature I ever saw. It has not the immeasurable greatness, the overpowering magnificence, nor, above all, the radiant beauty of the glaciers; but it has all their character of tremendous and irresistible strength. From Resina to the hermitage you wind up the mountain, and cross a vast stream of hardened lava, which is an actual image of the waves of the sea, changed into a hard, black stone by enchantment. The lines of the boiling flood seem to hang in the air, and it is difficult to believe that the billows which seem hurrying down on you are not actually in motion. This plain was once a sea of liquid fire.

From the hermitage we crossed another vast stream of lava, and then went on foot up the cone (this is the only part of the ascent in which there is any difficulty, and that difficulty has been much exaggerated). It is composed of rocks of lava and declivities of ashes; by ascending the former and descending the latter there is very little fatigue. On the summit is a kind of irregular plain, the most horrible chaos that can be imagined—riven into ghastly chasms, and heaped up with tumuli of great stones and cinders, and enormous rocks blackened and calcined, which had been thrown from the volcano upon one another in terrible confusion. In the midst stands the conical hill, from which volumes of smoke and the fountains of liquid fire are rolled forth for ever.

The mountain is at present in a slight state of eruption; and a thick, heavy smoke is perpetually rolled out, interrupted by enormous columns of an impenetrable black bituminous vapour, which is hurled up, fold after fold, into the sky with a deep, hollow sound, and fiery stones are rained down from its darkness, and a black shower of ashes fell even where we sat. The lava, like the glacier, creeps on perpetually, with a crackling sound as of suppressed fire. There are several springs of lava; and in one place it gushes precipitously over a high crag, rolling down the half-molten rocks and its own overhanging waves—a cataract of quivering fire. We approached the extremity of one of the rivers of lava. It is about twenty feet in breadth and ten in height; and as the inclined plane was not rapid, its motion was very slow. We saw the masses of its dark exterior surface detach themselves as it moved, and betray the depth of the liquid flame. In the day the fire is but slightly seen; you only observe a tremulous motion in the air, and streams and fountains of white sulphurous smoke.

At length we saw the sun sink between Capreae and Inarime, and as the darkness increased, the effect of the fire became more beautiful. We were, as it were, surrounded by streams and cataracts of the red and radiant fire; and in the midst, from the column of bituminous smoke shot up into the air, fell the vast masses of rock, white with the light of their intense heat, leaving behind them, through the dark vapour, trains of splendour.



THE SUMMIT OF VESUVIUS.

We descended by torch-light; and I should have enjoyed the scenery on my return, but they conducted me, I know not how, to the hermitage in a state of intense bodily suffering, the worst effect of which was spoiling the pleasure of Mary and C——. Our guides on the occasion were complete savages. You have no idea of the horrible cries which they suddenly utter—no one knows why—the clamour, the vociferation, the tumult. C—— in her palanquin suffered most from it; and when I had gone on before, they threatened to leave her in the middle of the road—which they would have done had not my Italian servant promised them a beating, after which they became quiet. Nothing, however, can be more picturesque than the gestures and the physiognomies of these savage people. And when, in the darkness of night, they unexpectedly begin to sing in chorus some fragments of their wild but sweet national music, the effect is exceedingly fine.

*“Essays, Letters from Abroad, etc.,” by P. B. SHELLEY.*

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## 7. SPIRIT OF DELIGHT.

Rarely, rarely comest thou,  
 Spirit of Delight!  
 Wherefore hast thou left me now  
 Many a day and night?  
 Many a weary night and day  
 'Tis since thou art fled away.

How shall ever one like me  
 Win thee back again?  
 With the joyous and the free,  
 Thou wilt scoff at pain.

## Spirit of Delight.

Spirit false ! thou hast forgot  
All but those who need thee not.

As a lizard with the shade  
Of a trembling leaf,  
Thou with sorrow art dismayed ;  
Even the sighs of grief  
Reproach thee that thou art not near,  
And reproach thou wilt not hear.

Let me set my mournful ditty  
To a merry measure—  
Thou wilt never come for pity,  
Thou wilt come for pleasure ;  
Pity then will cut away  
Those cruel wings, and thou wilt stay.

I love all that thou lovest,  
Spirit of Delight—  
The fresh earth in new leaves dressed,  
And the starry night,  
Autumn evening, and the morn  
When the golden mists are born.

I love snow, and all the forms  
Of the radiant frost ;  
I love waves, and winds, and storms—  
Everything almost  
Which is Nature's, and may be  
Untainted by man's misery.

I love tranquil solitude,  
And such society  
As is quiet, wise, and good.  
Between thee and me  
What difference ? But thou dost possess  
The things I seek, not love them less.

I love Light, though he has wings,  
And like light can flee ;  
But above all other things,  
Spirit, I love thee—

Thou art love and life ! Oh come,  
Make once more my heart thy home !

SHELLEY.

## 8. DEATH OF PLINY THE ELDER.

(A.D. 79.)

Your request that I would send you an account of my uncle's death, in order to transmit a more exact relation of it to posterity, deserves my acknowledgments; for if this accident shall be celebrated by your pen, the glory of it, I am well assured, will be rendered for ever illustrious. It is with extreme willingness, therefore, I execute your commands.

He was at that time with the fleet under his command at Misenum. On the 23rd of August, about one in the afternoon, my mother desired him to observe a cloud which appeared of a very unusual size and shape. He had just returned from taking the benefit of the sun, and after bathing himself in cold water and taking a slight repast, was retired to his study. He immediately rose, and went out upon an eminence from whence he might more distinctly view this very uncommon appearance.

It was not at that distance discernible from what mountain this cloud issued, but it was found afterwards to ascend from Mount Vesuvius. I cannot give a more exact description of its figure than by resembling it to a pine tree, for it shot up to a great height in the form of a trunk, which extended itself at the top into a sort of branches. It appeared sometimes bright and sometimes dark and spotted, as it was either more or less impregnated with earth and cinders.

This extraordinary phenomenon excited my uncle to take a nearer view of it. He ordered a light



vessel to be got ready, and gave me liberty, if I thought proper, to attend him. I chose rather to continue my studies, for, as it happened, he had given me some employment of that kind.

As he was coming out of the house he received a note from Rectina, the wife of Bassus, who was in the utmost alarm at the imminent danger which threatened her; for her villa being situated at the foot of Mount Vesuvius, there was no way to escape but by sea. She earnestly entreated him, therefore, to come to her assistance.

He accordingly changed his first design. He ordered the galleys to put to sea, and went himself on board with an intention of assisting not only Rectina, but several others; for the villas stand extremely thick upon that beautiful coast. When hastening to the place whence others fled with the utmost terror, he steered his direct course to the point of danger, and with so much calmness and presence of mind as to be able to make and dictate his observations upon the dreadful scene.

He was now so nigh the mountain that the cinders, which grew thicker and hotter the nearer he approached, fell into the ships, together with pumice-stones and pieces of burning rock. His ships were likewise in danger, not only of being aground by the sudden retreat of the sea, but also from the vast fragments which rolled down from the mountain and obstructed all the shore.

Here he stopped to consider whether he should turn back again. Upon the pilot advising him to do

so, "Fortune," said he, "befriends the brave; carry me to Pomponianus." Pomponianus was then at Stabiæ. He had already sent his baggage on board a ship; for though he was not at that time in actual danger, yet being within the view of it, and indeed extremely near, he was determined, if it should in the least increase, to put to sea as soon as the wind should change.

The wind was favourable, however, for carrying my uncle to Pomponianus, whom he found in the greatest consternation. He embraced him with tenderness, encouraging and exhorting him to keep up his spirits, and, the more to dissipate his fears, he ordered, with an air of unconcern, the baths to be got ready; when, after having bathed, he sat down to supper with great cheerfulness, or at least (what is equally heroic) with all the appearance of it.

In the meanwhile the eruption from Mount Vesuvius flamed out in several places with much violence, which the darkness of the night contributed to render still more visible and dreadful. But my uncle, in order to soothe the apprehensions of his friend, assured him it was only the burning of the villages, which the country people had abandoned to the flames; after this he retired to rest, and it is most certain he was so little discomposed as to fall into a deep sleep. The court which led to his apartment being now almost filled with stones and ashes, if he had continued there any time longer it would have been impossible for him to have made his way out; it was thought proper, therefore, to awaken him.

He got up and went to Pomponianus and the rest of his company, who were not unconcerned enough to think of going to bed. They consulted together whether it would be more prudent to trust to the houses, which now shook from side to side with frequent and violent concussions, or fly to the open fields, where the calcined stones and cinders, though light indeed, yet fell in large showers. In this distress they resolved for the fields as the less dangerous situation of the two.

They went out then, having pillows tied upon their heads with napkins, and this was their whole defence against the storm of stones that fell around them. Though it was now day everywhere else, with them it was darker than the most obscure night, excepting only what light proceeded from the fire and flames. They thought proper to go down farther upon the shore, to observe if they might safely put out to sea; but they found the waves still run extremely high and boisterous.

There my uncle, having drunk a draught or two of cold water, threw himself down upon a cloth which was spread for him, when immediately the flames, and a strong smell of sulphur which was the forerunner of them, dispersed the rest of the company, and obliged him to rise. He raised himself up with the assistance of two of his servants, and instantly fell down dead, suffocated, as I conjecture, by some vapour, having always had weak lungs, and frequently being subjected to a difficulty of breathing.

*From the Latin of PLINY THE YOUNGER.*

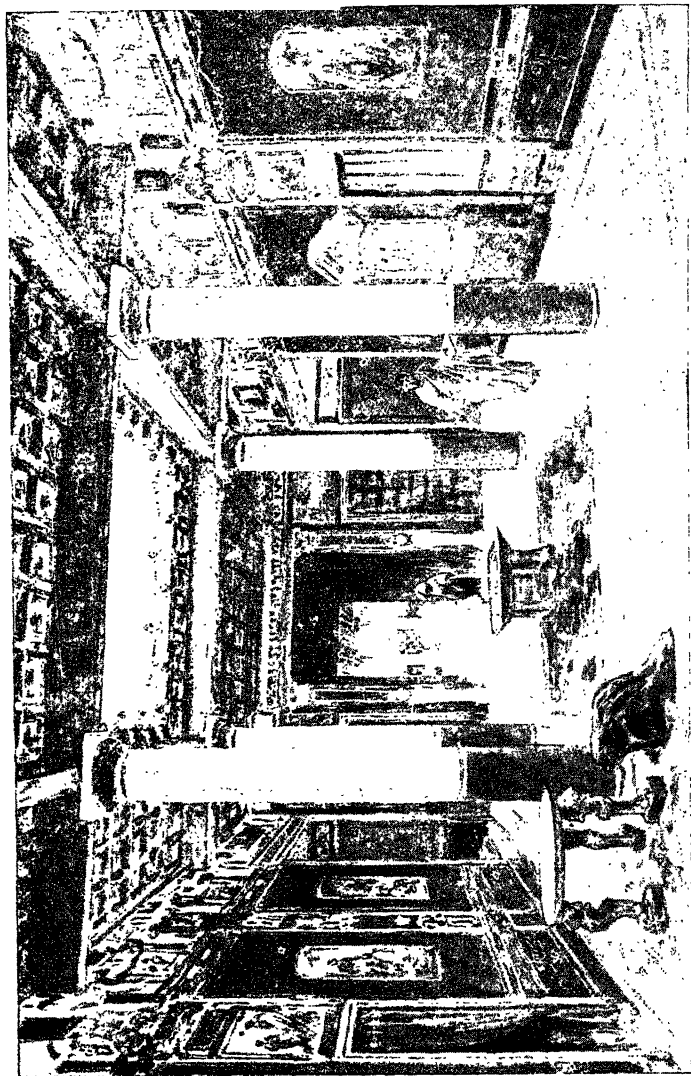
## 9. THE DESTRUCTION OF POMPEII.

Once upon a time there stood a town in Italy, at the foot of Mount Vesuvius, which was to Rome what Brighton or Hastings is to London—a fashionable watering-place. There Roman gentlemen and members of the Senate built villas, to which they were in the habit of retiring from the fatigues of business or the broils of politics.

The outsides of all the houses were adorned with frescoes, and every shop glittered with all the colours of the rainbow. At the end of each street there was a charming fountain, and any one who sat down beside it to cool himself had a delightful view of the Mediterranean, then as beautiful, as blue and sunny as it is now.

On a fine day, crowds might have been seen lounging here; some sauntering up and down in gala dresses of purple, while slaves passed to and fro bearing on their heads splendid vases; others sat on marble benches, shaded from the sun by awnings, and having before them tables covered with wine, and fruit, and flowers. Every house in that town was a little palace, and every palace was like a temple, or one of our great public buildings.

Any one who thinks a mansion in Belgravia the height of splendour, would have been astonished, had he lived in those days, to find how completely the abodes of those Roman lords outshone "the stately homes of England." On entering the former, the visitor passed through a vestibule decorated with rows



THE ATRIUM OF A HOUSE IN POMPEII.

of pillars, and then found himself in the *atrium*, in which the household gods kept guard over the owner's treasure, which was placed in a safe, or strong-box, secured with brass or iron bands. In this apartment guests were received with imposing ceremony; and there the patron heard the complaints, supplications, and adulations of his great band of clients or dependants, who lived on his smiles and bounty, but chiefly on the latter. Issuing thence, the visitor found himself in the *tablinum*, an apartment paved with mosaic and decorated with paintings, in which were kept the family papers and archives. The house contained also dining and supper rooms, and a number of sleeping rooms hung with the softest of Syrian cloths; cabinets filled with rare jewels and antiquities, and sometimes a fine collection of paintings; and last of all, a pillared *peristyle*, opening out upon the garden. There the finest fruit hung temptingly in the rich light of a golden sky; and fountains, which flung their waters aloft in every imaginable form and device, cooled the air and discoursed sweet music to the ear. From behind each shrub there peeped a statue, or the bust of some great man, carved from the purest white marble, and placed in charming contrast with bouquets of rare flowers springing from stone vases. On the gate, or in mosaic on the pavement within, there was always the image of a dog, and beneath it the inscription, *Cave canem*—"Beware of the dog!"

The frescoes on the walls represented scenes in the Greek legends, such as "The Seizure of Europa," "The Battle of the Amazons," etc.; many of which are still

to be seen in the museum at Naples. The pillars in the peristyle of which we have just spoken were encircled with garlands of flowers, which were renewed every morning. The tables of citron-wood were inlaid with silver arabesques; the couches were of bronze, gilt and jewelled, and were furnished with thick cushions, and tapestry embroidered with marvellous skill.

When the master gave a dinner party, the guests reclined upon these cushions, washed their hands in silver basins, and dried them with napkins fringed with purple; and having made a libation on the altar of Bacchus, ate oysters brought from the shores of Britain, kids which were carved to the sound of music, and fruits served up on ice in the hottest days of summer. While the cup-bearers filled their golden cups with the rarest and most delicate wines in the world, other attendants crowned them with flowers wet with dew, and dancers executed the most graceful movements, and singers accompanied by the lyre poured forth an ode of Horace or of Anacreon.

After the banquet, a shower of scented water, thrown from invisible pipes, spread perfume over the apartment; and everything around, even the oil, and the lamps, and the jets of the fountain, shed forth the most grateful odour; and suddenly from the mosaic of the floor tables of rich dainties, of which we have at the present day no idea, arose, as if by magic, to stimulate the palled appetites of the revellers into fresh activity. When these had disappeared, other tables succeeded them, upon which senators, and consuls, and proconsuls gambled away provinces and

empires by the throw of dice; and last of all, the tapestry was suddenly raised, and young girls, lightly attired, wreathed with flowers, and bearing lyres in their hands, issued forth, and charmed sight and hearing by the graceful mazes of the dance.

One day, when festivities such as these were in full activity, Vesuvius sent up a tall and very black column of smoke, something like a pine tree; and suddenly, in broad noonday, darkness black as pitch came over the scene! There was a frightful din of cries, groans, and imprecations, mingled confusedly together. The brother lost his sister, the husband his wife, the mother her child; for the darkness became so dense that nothing could be seen but the flashes which every now and then darted forth from the summit of the neighbouring mountain. The earth trembled, the houses shook and began to fall, and the sea rolled back from the land as if terrified; the air became thick with dust; and then, amidst tremendous and awful noise, a shower of stones, scorïæ, and pumice fell upon the town, and blotted it out for ever!

The inhabitants died just as the catastrophe found them—guests in their banquet-halls, soldiers at their post, prisoners in their dungeons, thieves in their theft, maidens at the mirror, slaves at the fountain, traders in their shops, students at their books. Some attempted flight, guided by blind people, who had walked so long in darkness that no thicker shadows could ever come upon them; but of these many were struck down on the way. When, a few days afterwards, people came from the surrounding country to



the place, they found naught but a black, level, smoking plain, sloping to the sea, and covered thickly with asflies! Down, down beneath, thousands and thousands were sleeping "the sleep that knows no waking," with all their little pomps, and vanities, and frivolities, and pleasures, and luxuries, buried with them.

This took place on the 23rd of August, 79 A.D.; and the name of the town thus suddenly overwhelmed was POMPEII. Sixteen hundred and seventeen years afterwards, curious persons began to dig and excavate on the spot, and lo! they found the city very much as it was when overwhelmed. The houses were standing, the paintings were fresh, and the skeletons stood in the very positions and the very places in which death had overtaken their owners so long ago!

The marks left by the cups of the tipplers still remained on the counters; the prisoners still wore their fetters, the belles their chains and bracelets; the miser held his hand on his hoarded coin; and the priests were lurking in the hollow images of their gods, from which they uttered responses and deceived the worshippers. There were the altars, with the blood dry and crusted upon them; the stables in which the victims of the sacrifice were kept; and the hall of mysteries, in which were symbolic paintings.

The researches are still going on, new wonders are every day coming to light, and we soon shall have almost as perfect an idea of a Roman town in the first century of the Christian era as if we had walked the streets and gossiped with the idle loungers at the fountains.

10. MY LADY'S GRAVE.

The linnet in the rocky dells,  
The moor-lark in the air,  
The bee among the heather bells  
That hide my lady fair ;

The wild deer browse above her breast,  
The wild birds raise their brood ;  
And they, her smiles of love caressed,  
Have left her solitude.

I ween that when the grave's dark wall  
Did first her form retain,  
They thought their hearts could ne'er recall  
The light of joy again.

They thought the tide of grief would flow  
Unchecked through future years ;  
But where is all their anguish now,  
And where are all their tears ?

Well, let them fight for honour's breath,  
Or pleasure's shade pursue,  
The dweller in the land of death  
Is changed and careless too.

And if their eyes should watch and weep,  
Till sorrow's source were dry,  
She would not, in her tranquil sleep,  
Return a single sigh.

Blow, west wind, by the lonely mound ;  
And murmur, summer streams !  
There is no need of other sound  
To soothe my lady's dreams.

EMILY BRONTË.

## II. DAVID SWAN.

While he lay sound asleep in the shade, other people were wide awake, and passed to and fro, afoot, on horseback, and in all sorts of vehicles, along the sunny road by his bedchamber. Some looked neither to the right hand nor the left, and knew not that he was there; some merely glanced that way, without admitting the slumberer among their busy thoughts; some laughed to see how soundly he slept; and several, whose hearts were brimming full of scorn, ejected their venomous superfluity on David Swan.

A middle-aged widow, when nobody else was near, thrust her head a little way into the recess, and vowed that the young fellow looked charming in his sleep. A temperance lecturer saw him, and wrought poor David into the texture of his evening's discourse as an awful instance of dead drunkenness by the roadside. But censure, praise, merriment, scorn, and indifference were all one, or rather all nothing, to David Swan.

He had slept only a few moments, when a brown carriage, drawn by a handsome pair of horses, bowled easily along, and was brought to a standstill nearly in front of David's resting-place. A linch-pin had fallen out, and permitted one of the wheels to slide off. The damage was slight, and occasioned merely a momentary alarm to an elderly merchant and his wife, who were returning to Boston in the carriage. While the coachman and a servant were replacing the

wheel, the lady and gentleman sheltered themselves beneath the maple trees, and there espied the bubbling fountain, and David Swan asleep beside it. Impressed with the awe which the humblest sleeper usually sheds around him, the merchant trod as lightly as the gout would allow; and his spouse took good heed not to rustle her silk gown, lest David should start up all of a sudden.

"How soundly he sleeps!" whispered the old gentleman. "From what a depth he draws that easy breath! Such sleep as that, brought on without an opiate, would be worth more to me than half my income, for it would suppose health and an untroubled mind."

"And youth, besides," said the lady. "Healthy and quiet age does not sleep thus. Our slumber is no more like his than our wakefulness."

The longer they looked, the more did this elderly couple feel interested in the unknown youth, to whom the wayside and the maple shade were as a secret chamber, with the rich gloom of damask curtains brooding over him. Perceiving that a stray sunbeam glimmered down upon his face, the lady contrived to twist a branch aside so as to intercept it. And having done this little act of kindness, she began to feel like a mother to him.

"Providence seems to have laid him here," whispered she to her husband, "and to have brought us hither to find him, after our disappointment in our cousin's son. Methinks I can see a likeness to our departed Henry. Shall we waken him?"

"To what purpose?" said the merchant, hesitating.  
"We know nothing of the youth's character."

"That open countenance!" replied his wife, in the same hushed voice, yet earnestly; "this innocent sleep!"

While these whispers were passing, the sleeper's heart did not throb, nor his breath become agitated, nor his features betray the least token of interest. Yet Fortune was bending over him, just ready to let fall a burden of gold. The old merchant had lost his only son, and had no heir to his wealth, except a distant relative, with whose conduct he was dissatisfied. In such cases, people sometimes do stranger things than to act the magician, and awaken a young man to splendour who fell asleep in poverty.

"Shall we not waken him?" repeated the lady persuasively.

"The coach is ready, sir," said the servant behind.

The old couple started, reddened, and hurried away, mutually wondering that they should ever have dreamed of doing anything so very ridiculous. The merchant threw himself back in the carriage, and occupied his mind with the plan of a magnificent asylum for unfortunate men of business. Meanwhile David Swan enjoyed his nap.

The carriage could not have gone above a mile or two when a pretty young girl came along, with a tripping pace which showed precisely how her little heart was dancing in her bosom. She turned



(1,183) *"The girl attacked the intruder with her handkerchief."*

aside for a moment into the shelter of the maple trees, and there found a young man asleep by the spring! Blushing, as red as any rose, that she should have intruded into a gentleman's bedchamber, she was about to make her escape on tiptoe. But there was peril near the sleeper. A monster of a bee had been wandering overhead—buzz, buzz, buzz—now among the leaves, now flashing through the strips of sunshine, and now lost in the dark shade, till finally he appeared to be settling on the eyelid of David Swan. The sting of a bee is sometimes deadly. As free-hearted as she was innocent, the girl attacked the intruder with her handkerchief, brushed him soundly, and drove him from beneath the maple shade. How sweet a picture! This good deed accomplished, with quickened breath, and a deeper blush, she stole a glance at the youthful stranger for whom she had been battling with a dragon in the air.

"He is handsome!" thought she, and blushed redder yet.

How could it be that no dream of bliss grew so strong within him that, shattered by its very strength, it should part asunder, and allow him to perceive the girl among its phantoms? Why, at least, did no smile of welcome brighten upon his face? She was come—the maid whose soul, according to the old and beautiful idea, had been severed from his own, and whom, in all his vague but passionate desires, he yearned to meet. And now her image was faintly blushing in the fountain by his

side; should it pass away, its happy lustre would never gleam upon his life again.

"How sound he sleeps!" murmured the girl.

She departed, but did not trip along the road so lightly as when she came.

Now this girl's father was a thriving country merchant in the neighbourhood, and happened, at that identical time, to be looking out for just such a young man as David Swan. Had David formed a wayside acquaintance with the daughter, he would have become the father's clerk, and all else in natural succession. So here, again, had good fortune—the best of fortune—stolen so near that her garments brushed against him; and he knew nothing of the matter.

The girl was hardly out of sight when two men turned aside beneath the maple shade. Both had dark faces, set off by cloth caps, which were drawn down aslant over their brows. Their dresses were shabby, yet had a certain smartness. These were a couple of rascals, who now, in the interim of other business, had staked the joint profits of their next piece of villainy on a game of cards, which was to have been decided here under the trees; but finding David asleep by the spring, one of the rogues whispered to his fellow,—

"Hist! Do you see that bundle under his head?"

The other villain nodded, winked, and leered.

"I'll bet you a horn of brandy," said the first, "that the chap has either a pocket-book or a snug little hoard of small change stowed away amongst



his shirts; and if not there, we shall find it in his pocket."

"But how if he wakes?" said the other.

His companion thrust aside his waistcoat, pointed to the handle of a dirk, and nodded.

"So be it!" muttered the second villain.

They approached the unconscious David, and while one pointed the dagger towards his heart, the other began to search the bundle beneath his head. Their two faces—grim, wrinkled, and ghastly with guilt and fear—bent over their victim, looking horrible enough to be mistaken for fiends should he suddenly awake. Nay, had the villains glanced aside into the spring, even they would hardly have known themselves as reflected there. But David Swan had never worn a more tranquil aspect, even when asleep on his mother's breast.

"I must take away the bundle," whispered one.

"If he stirs, I'll strike," muttered the other.

But at this moment a dog, scenting along the ground, came in beneath the maple trees, and gazed alternately at each of these wicked men, and then at the quiet sleeper. He then lapped out of the fountain.

"Pshaw!" said one villain. "We can do nothing now. The dog's master must be close behind."•

"Let's take a drink and be off," said the other.

In a few hours they had forgotten the whole affair, nor once imagined that the recording angel had written down the crime of murder against their souls, in letters as durable as eternity. As for David

Swan, he still slept quietly, neither conscious of the shadow of death when it hung over him, nor of the glow of renewed life when that shadow was withdrawn.

He slept, but no longer so quietly as at first. An hour's repose had snatched from his elastic frame the weariness with which many hours of toil had burdened it. Now he stirred; now moved his lips, without a sound; now talked, in an inward tone, to the noonday spectres of his dream. But a noise of wheels came rattling louder and louder along the road, until it dashed through the dispersing mist of David's slumber—and there was the stage coach. He started up, with all his ideas about him.

"Halloo, driver! Take a passenger?" shouted he.

"Room on top!" answered the driver.

Up mounted David, and bowled away merrily towards Boston, without so much as a parting glance at that fountain of dreamlike vicissitude. He knew not that a phantom of Wealth had thrown a golden hue upon its waters, nor that one of Love had sighed softly to their murmur, nor that one of Death had threatened to crimson them with his blood—all in the brief hour since he lay down to sleep. Sleeping or waking, we hear not the airy footsteps of the strange things that almost happen. Does it not argue a superintending Providence that, while viewless and unexpected events thrust themselves continually athwart our path, there should still be regularity enough in mortal life to render foresight even partially available?

*From "Twice-Told Tales," by NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.*

## 12. THE BATTLE OF PLASSEY.

Surajah Dowlah instantly assembled his whole force, and marched to encounter the English.' It had been agreed that Meer Jaffier should separate himself from the Nabob, and carry over his division to Clive. But as the decisive moment approached, the fears of the conspirator overpowered his ambition. Clive had advanced to Cossimbuzar; the Nabob lay with a mighty power a few miles off at Plassey; and still Meer Jaffier delayed to fulfil his engagements.

Clive was in a painfully anxious situation. He could place no confidence in the sincerity or in the courage of his confederate; and whatever confidence he might place in his own military talents, and in the valour and discipline of his troops, it was no light thing to engage an army twenty times as numerous as his own. Before him lay a river over which it was easy to advance, but over which, if things went ill, not one of his little band would ever return. On this occasion, for the first and for the last time, his dauntless spirit, during a few hours, shrank from the fearful responsibility of making a decision. He called a council of war. The majority pronounced against fighting, and Clive declared his concurrence with the majority. Long afterwards he said that he had never called but one council of war, and that, if he had taken the advice of that council, the British would never have been masters of Bengal. But scarcely had the meeting broken up when he was himself again. He retired alone under the shade of

some trees, and passed near an hour there in thought. He came back determined to put everything to the hazard, and gave orders that all should be in readiness for passing the river on the morrow.

The river was passed, and at the close of a toilsome day's march the army, long after sunset, took up its quarters in a grove of mango trees near Plassey, within a mile of the enemy. Clive was unable to sleep; he heard, through the whole night, the sound of drums and cymbals from the vast camp of the Nabob. It is not strange that even his stout heart should now and then have sunk when he reflected against what odds, and for what a prize, he was in a few hours to contend.

Nor was the rest of Surajah Dowlah more peaceful. His mind, at once weak and stormy, was distracted by wild and horrible apprehensions. Appalled by the greatness and nearness of the crisis, distrusting his captains, dreading every one who approached him, dreading to be left alone, he sat gloomily in his tent, haunted, a Greek poet would have said, by the furies of those who had cursed him with their last breath in the Black Hole.

The day broke—the day which was to decide the fate of India. At sunrise the army of the Nabob, pouring through many openings from the camp, began to move towards the grove where the English lay. Forty thousand infantry, armed with firelocks, pikes, swords, bows and arrows, covered the plain. They were accompanied by fifty pieces of Ordnance of the largest size, each tugged by a long team of white

oxen, and each pushed on from behind by an elephant. Some smaller guns, under the direction of a few French auxiliaries, were perhaps more formidable. The cavalry were fifteen thousand, drawn, not from the effeminate population of Bengal, but from the bolder race which inhabits the northern provinces; and the practised eye of Clive could perceive that both the men and the horses were more powerful than those of the Carnatic. The force which he had to oppose to this great multitude consisted of only three thousand men. But of these nearly a thousand were English; and all were led by English officers, and trained in the English discipline. Conspicuous in the ranks of the little army were the men of the 39th Regiment, which still bears on its colours, amidst many honourable additions won under Wellington in Spain and Gascony, the name of Plassey, and the proud motto, *Primus in Indis*.

The battle commenced with a cannonade, in which the artillery of the Nabob did scarcely any execution, while the few field-pieces of the English produced great effect. Several of the most distinguished officers in Surajah Dowlah's service fell. Disorder began to spread through his ranks. His own terror increased every moment. One of the conspirators urged on him the expediency of retreating. The insidious advice, agreeing as it did with what his own terrors suggested, was readily received. He ordered his army to fall back, and this order decided his fate. Clive snatched the moment, and ordered his troops to advance. The confused and dispirited



PLASSEY—FLIGHT OF THE NABOB.

multitude gave way before the onset of disciplined valour. No mob attacked by regular soldiers was ever more completely routed. The little band of Frenchmen, who alone ventured to confront the English, were swept down the stream of fugitives. In an hour the forces of Surajah Dowlah were dispersed, never to reassemble. Only five hundred of the vanquished were slain. But their camp, their guns, their baggage, innumerable wagons, innumerable cattle, remained in the power of the conquerors. With the loss of twenty-two soldiers killed and fifty wounded, Clive had scattered an army of nearly sixty thousand men, and subdued an empire larger and more populous than Great Britain.

Meer Jaffier had given no assistance to the English during the action. But as soon as he saw the fate of the day was decided, he drew off his division of the army, and, when the battle was over, sent his congratulations to his ally. The next morning he repaired to the English quarters, not a little uneasy as to the reception which awaited him there. But his apprehensions were speedily removed. Clive came forward to meet him, embraced him, saluted him as Nabob of the three great provinces of Bengal, Bahar, and Orissa, listened graciously to his apologies, and advised him to march without delay to Moorshedabad.

Surajah Dowlah had fled from the field of battle with all the speed with which a fleet camel could carry him, and arrived at Moorshedabad in little more than twenty-four hours. There he called his coun-

cillors round him. The wisest advised him to put himself into the hands of the English, from whom he had nothing worse to fear than deposition and confinement. But he attributed this suggestion to treachery. Others urged him to try the chance of war again. He approved the advice, and issued orders accordingly. But he wanted spirit to adhere even during one day to a manly resolution. He learned that Meer Jaffier had arrived, and his terrors became insupportable. Disguised in a mean dress, with a casket of jewels in his hand, he let himself down at night from a window of his palace, and, accompanied by only two attendants, embarked on the river for Patna.

*From "Essays" (Lord Clive), by MACAULAY.*

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### 13. ON A CELEBRATED EVENT IN ANCIENT HISTORY.

A Roman master stands on Grecian ground,  
 And to the people at the Isthmian Games  
 Assembled he, by a herald's voice, proclaims  
 THE LIBERTY OF GREECE. The words rebound  
 Until all voices in one voice are drowned ;  
 Glad acclamation by which air was rent !  
 And birds, high flying in the element,  
 Dropped to the earth, astonished at the sound !  
 Yet were the thoughtful grieved, and still that voice  
 Haunts, with sad echoes, musing Fancy's ear.  
 Ah that a *conqueror's* words should be so dear !  
 Ah that a *boon* could shed such rapturous joys !  
 A gift of that which is not to be given  
 By all the blended powers of earth and heaven.

WORDSWORTH.



## 14. THE COMBAT.

Gandalin and his companions remained beside the chapel, looking after Amadis as he rode so fast away; then Gandalin, who was passionately weeping, cried out, "I will follow and carry his arms to him, although he hath forbidden me!" "And I," quoth Durin, "will bear you company for this night." So they left Ysanjo, and getting to horse rode after him, coasting here and there about the wood, till fortune brought them so near the place where he was lying that his horse scented theirs, and began to neigh. Then they knew that he was near, and Gandalin alighted, and went quietly through the shrubs till he saw his master sleeping by the fountain. The squire then took his horse and led it where he had left Durin; and taking off the bridles from all the horses, that they might browse the green boughs, they remained still. It was not long before Amadis awoke, for his sleep was restless. He rose, and looked round: the moon was almost down, but it was yet some time till day. Then he lay down again, and broke out into pitiful lamentations for his evil fortune.

The two squires heard all he said, and were greatly moved thereat, yet durst they not appear before him. Presently there came up a knight singing along the way, and when he was near the place where Amadis lay, he exclaimed, "Love, Love, I thank thee for exalting me above all other knights—giving me good first, and better afterwards. You made me affect the fair Queen Sardamira, thinking to secure her heart

by the honour which I should bear away from this land; and now, for my greater happiness, you make me love the daughter of the greatest king in the world, the fair Oriana, who hath no peer on earth: you make me love her, and you give me strength to serve her." Saying this, he drew from the wayside to a great tree, whereunder he meant to wait for the daybreak. Then said Gandalin to his comrade, "Stay here while I go see what Amadis will do."

He went towards the fountain, but Amadis had risen, and was seeking his horse; and seeing Gandalin dimly in the night, he cried out, "Who goes there? tell me, I beseech thee."—"Gandalin, sir! who is going to bring you your horse."—"Who bade thee follow me against my command? You have displeased me. Give me my horse and go thy way, and tarry not here, unless thou wouldst have me slay thee and myself."—"Sir," cried Gandalin, "no more of this. Did you hear the foolish words of a knight hard by?" And this he said to make him angry, that he might forget his displeasure for a while. Amadis answered, "I heard him, and therefore want my horse to depart."—"How! is this all you will do?"—"What wouldst thou more?"—"That you should fight with him, and make him know his folly."—"Fool that thou art! I have neither heart, nor strength, nor spirit, having lost all in losing her from whom all came. She gave me courage, and hath taken it away; the most caitiff knight in Great Britain might slay me now."—"Sir," said Gandalin, "speak lower, that Durin may not hear this, for he has heard all that the knight

said."—"What! is Durin here?"—"We came together. I think he tarries to see what you will do, that he may report it to her who sent him."—"I am vexed at what you tell me," quoth Amadis; but his spirit arose, knowing that Durin was there, and he said, "Give me my horse, then, and guide me to the knight."

He mounted and took his arms, and Gandalin led him where the knight sate under a tree, holding his horse by the bridle. "You, Sir Knight," quoth Amadis, "who are enjoying yourself, rise, and let us see if you can maintain the love of which you boast." The knight arose, and cried, "Who are you who question me? You shall see how I maintain it, if you dare do battle with me; for I will strike terror into thee, and all who are scorned by Love."—"I am one of those," quoth Amadis: "Love hath foully requited me. I tell thee this, Sir Lover, where I have found one truth in him, I have found seven lies. Come, and maintain his justice; let us see if he has gained more in you than he has lost in me!" and as he spake these words his anger kindled, feeling how unjustly his lady had abandoned him. The knight mounted and took his arms, and said, "You, knight, whom Love has justly forsaken, because you were not worthy to serve him, get you gone! I am offended even at the sight of you." And he would have rode away; but Amadis cried out, "What, knight? Do you defend your love only with words, and ride off like a coward?"—"How!" quoth he; "I was leaving thee for contempt, and thou callest it fear. Thou art very de-



*"They ran against each other."*

sirous of thy own hurt: defend thyself now if thou canst."

They ran against each other, and the knight was thrown down; he kept the reins, and mounted again lightly. Quoth Amadis, "If you do not defend Love better with the sword than with the lance, you will be a bad champion." The knight made no reply, but struck at him in great fury. The sword fell on the rim of the shield, and entered in aslant, and he could not pluck it out. Amadis stood in his stirrups, and gave him a blow on his head, and cut away the trappings of his helmet and the skin of his head, and the sword held on and came upon the neck of the horse, so that he fell dead, and the rider senseless. Amadis waited a minute, thinking that he had slain him; then seeing him recover, he said, "Knight, what Love has gained in you and you in him, you may both enjoy; I leave you."

So departing from him, he called Gandalin, and seeing Durin there, he said to him, "Friend Durin, my sorrow hath no equal, and my grief and recollections are intolerable. It is better that I should die; pray God it may be soon! Go, with good fortune! Salute for me Mabilia, my good cousin, and the Damsel of Denmark, thy sister; and tell them, if they grieve for me, that I perish more undeservedly than ever knight perished; and tell them that I sorely regret that those who have loved me so much and done so much for me have never had their guerdon." Durin stood weeping before him, and could make no reply. Amadis embraced him, and he commended

him to God, and kissed the skirts of his armour and departed.

By this it was daybreak. Amadis said to Gandalin, "If you choose to go with me, attempt not to disturb me in whatever I say or do. If you will not obey this, go back." He promised obedience. Then Amadis gave him his arms, and bade him pluck the sword from the shield and give it to the knight; and so they rode on.

*From "Amadis of Gaul," translated by SOUTHEY.*

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## 15. IMMORTALITY OF LOVE.

They sin who tell us love can die.  
With life all other passions fly,  
All others are but vanity.  
In heaven ambition cannot dwell,  
Nor avarice in the vaults of hell;  
Earthly these passions of the earth,  
They perish where they have their birth.  
But love is indestructible—  
Its holy flame for ever burneth;  
From heaven it came, to heaven returneth.  
Too oft on earth a troubled guest,  
At times deceived, at times oppressed,  
It here is tried and purified,  
Then hath in heaven its perfect rest:  
It soweth here with toil and care,  
But the harvest-time of love is there.  
Oh, when a mother meets on high  
The babe she lost in infancy,  
Hath she not then, for pains and fears,  
The day of woe, the watchful night,  
For all her sorrow, all her tears,  
An overpayment of delight!

SOUTHEY.

## 16. ALEXANDER SELKIRK.

Under the title of this paper, I do not think it foreign to my design to speak of a man born in her Majesty's dominions, and relate an adventure in his life so uncommon that it is doubtful whether the like has happened to any other of the human race. The person I speak of is Alexander Selkirk, whose name is familiar to men of curiosity from the fame of his having lived four years and four months alone in the island of Juan Fernandez.

I had the pleasure frequently to converse with the man soon after his arrival in England, in the year 1711. It was matter of great curiosity to hear him, as he is a man of good sense, give an account of the different revolutions in his own mind in that long solitude. When we consider how painful absence from company, for the space of but one evening, is to the generality of mankind, we may have a sense how painful this necessary and constant solitude was to a man bred a sailor, and ever accustomed to enjoy and suffer, eat, drink, and sleep, and perform all offices of life in fellowship and company.

He was put ashore from a leaky vessel, with the captain of which he had an irreconcilable difference; and he chose rather to take his fate in this place than in a crazy vessel under a disagreeable commander. His portion was a sea-chest, his wearing clothes and bedding, a firelock, a pound of gunpowder, a large quantity of bullets, a flint and steel, a few pounds of tobacco, a hatchet, a knife, a kettle, a Bible, and other

books of devotion; together with pieces that concerned navigation, and his mathematical instruments.

Resentment against his officer, who had ill-used him, made him look forward on this change of life as the more eligible one, till the instant in which he saw the vessel put off; at which moment his heart yearned within him, and melted at the parting with his comrades and all human society at once. He had in provisions for the sustenance of life but the quantity of two meals. The island abounding only with wild goats, cats, and rats, he judged it most probable that he should find more immediate and easy relief by finding shell-fish on the shore than seeking game with his gun.

He accordingly found great quantities of turtle, whose flesh is extremely delicious, and of which he frequently ate very plentifully on his first arrival, till it grew disagreeable to his stomach, except in jellies. The necessities of hunger and thirst were his greatest diversions from the reflections on his lonely condition.

When those appetites were satisfied, the desire of society was as strong a call upon him, and he appeared to himself least necessitous when he wanted everything; for the supports of his body were easily attained, but the eager longings for seeing again the face of man, during the interval of craving bodily appetites, were hardly supportable. He grew dejected, languid, and melancholy, scarce able to refrain from doing himself violence, till by degrees, by the force of reason, and frequent reading the Scriptures and turn-



ing his thoughts upon the study of navigation, after the space of eighteen months he grew thoroughly reconciled to his condition.

When he had made this conquest, the vigour of his health, disengagement from the world, a constant cheerful, serene sky, and a temperate air made his life one continual feast, and his being much more joyful than it had before been irksome. He now taking delight in everything, made the hut in which he lay, by ornaments which he cut down from a spacious wood on the side of which it was situated, the most delicious bower, fanned with continual breezes and gentle aspirations of wind, that made his repose after the chase equal to the most sensual pleasures.

I forgot to observe that during the time of his dissatisfaction monsters of the deep, which frequently lay on the shore, added to the terrors of his solitude—the dreadful howlings and voices seemed too terrible to be made for human ears; but upon the recovery of his temper he could with pleasure not only hear their voices, but approach the monsters themselves with great intrepidity. He speaks of sea-lions, whose jaws and tails were capable of seizing or breaking the limbs of a man if he approached them.

But at that time his spirits and life were so high that he could act so regularly and unconcerned that, merely from being unruffled in himself, he killed them with the greatest ease imaginable; for observing that though their jaws and tails were so terrible, yet the animals being mighty slow in working them—



ALEXANDER SELKIRK.

selves round, he had nothing to do but place himself exactly opposite to their middle, and as close to them as possible, and he dispatched them with his hatchet at will.

The precaution which he took against want in case of sickness was to lame kids when very young, so that they might recover their health, but never be capable of speed. These he had in great numbers about his hut; and as he was himself in full vigour, he could take at full speed the swiftest goat running up a promontory, and never failed of catching them but on a descent.

His habitation was extremely pestered with rats, which gnawed his clothes and feet when sleeping. To defend himself against them, he fed and tamed numbers of young kittens, who lay about his bed and preserved him from the enemy. When his clothes were quite worn out, he dried and tacked together the skins of goats, with which he clothed himself, and was inured to pass through woods, bushes, and brambles with as much carelessness and precipitance as any other animal. It happened once to him that, running on the summit of a hill, he made a stretch to seize a goat, with which, under him, he fell down a precipice, and lay senseless for the space of three days, the length of which he measured by the moon's growth since his last observation.

This manner of life grew so exquisitely pleasant that he never had a moment heavy upon his hands; his nights were untroubled and his days joyous, from the practice of temperance and exercise. It was his

manner to use stated hours and places for exercises of devotion, which he performed aloud, in order to keep up the faculties of speech, and to utter himself with greater energy.

When I first saw him, I thought, if I had not been let into his character and story, I could have discerned that he had been much separated from company, from his aspect and gestures; there was a strong but cheerful seriousness in his looks, and a certain disregard to the ordinary things about him, as if he had been sunk in thought. When the ship which brought him off the island came in, he received them with the greatest indifference with relation to the prospect of going off with them, but with great satisfaction in an opportunity to help and refresh them.

The man frequently bewailed his return to the world, which could not, he said, with all its enjoyments, restore him to the tranquillity of his solitude. Though I had frequently conversed with him, after a few months' absence he met me in the street; and though he spoke to me, I could not recollect that I had seen him—familiar discourse in this town had taken off the loneliness of his aspect, and quite altered the air of his face.

This plain man's story is a memorable example that he is happiest who confines his wants to natural necessities, and he that goes further in his desires increases his wants in proportion to his acquisitions; or, to use his own expression, "I am now worth eight hundred pounds, but shall never be so happy as when I was not worth a farthing."

STEELE.

## 17. SOLITUDE.

To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell,  
 To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,  
 Where things that own not man's dominion dwell,  
 And mortal foot hath ne'er or rarely been ;  
 To climb the trackless mountain all unseen,  
 With the wild flock that never needs a fold ;  
 Alone o'er steeps and foaming falls to lean ;—  
 This is not solitude ; 'tis but to hold  
 Converse with Nature's charms, and view her stores  
 unrolled.

But 'midst the crowd, the hum, the shock of men,  
 To hear, to see, to feel, and to possess,  
 And roam along, the world's tired denizen,  
 With none who bless us, none whom we can bless ;  
 Minions of splendour, shrinking from distress !  
 None that, with kind consciousness endued,  
 If we were not, would seem to smile the less,  
 Of all that flattered, followed, sought, and sued ;—  
 This is to be alone ; this, this is solitude.

BYRON.

## 18. OLD LONDON BRIDGE.

When I had passed through the Cheape I entered  
 another street, which led up a kind of ascent, and  
 which proved to be the street of the Lombards,  
 called so from the name of its founders. And I  
 walked rapidly up the street of the Lombards, nei-  
 ther looking to the right nor left—for it had no  
 interest for me, though I had a kind of conscious-  
 ness that mighty things were being transacted behind  
 its walls ; but it wanted the throng, bustle, and out-

ward magnificence of the Cheape. And when I had got to the end of the street of the Lombards, I stood still for one time, deliberating within myself whether I should turn to the right or the left, or go straight forward; and at last I turned to the right, down a street of rapid descent, and presently found myself upon a bridge which traversed the river which runs by the big city.

A strange kind of bridge it was—huge and massive, and seemingly of great antiquity. It had an arched back, like that of a hog, a high balustrade, and at either side, at intervals, were stone bowers bulking over the river, but open on the other side, and furnished with a semicircular bench. Though the bridge was wide—very wide—it was all too narrow for the concourse upon it. Thousands of human beings were pouring over the bridge. But what chiefly struck my attention was a double row of carts and wagons, the generality drawn by horses as large as elephants, each row striving hard in a different direction, and not unfrequently brought to a standstill. Oh, the cracking of whips, the shouts and oaths of the carters, and the grating of wheels upon the enormous stones that formed the pavement! In fact, there was a wild hurly-burly upon the bridge which nearly deafened me.

But if upon the bridge there was a confusion, below it there was a confusion ten times confounded. The tide, which was fast ebbing, obstructed by the immense piers of the old bridge, poured beneath the arches with a fall of several feet, forming in

the river below as many whirlpools as there were arches. Truly tremendous was the roar of the descending waters, and the bellow of the tremendous gulfs, which swallowed them for a time, and then cast them forth, foaming and frothing.

Slowly advancing along the bridge, I came to the highest point, and there I stood still, close beside one of the stone bowers, in which, beside a fruit stall, sat an old woman, with a pan of charcoal at her feet, and a book in her hand, in which she appeared to be reading intently. There I stood, just above the principal arch, looking through the balustrade at the scene that presented itself. And such a scene! Towards the left bank of the river a forest of masts, thick and close, as far as the eye could reach; spacious wharfs, surmounted with gigantic edifices; and, far away, Cæsar's Castle, with its White Tower. To the right, another forest of masts, and a maze of buildings, from which, here and there, shot up to the sky chimneys taller than Cleopatra's Needle, vomiting forth huge wreaths of that black smoke which forms the canopy—occasionally a gorgeous one—of the more than Babel city. Stretching before me, the troubled breast of the mighty river, and, immediately below, the main whirlpool of the Thames—the Maelstrom of the bulwarks of the middle arch—a grisly pool, which, with its superabundance of horror, fascinated me. Who knows but I should have leaped into its depths—I have heard of such things—but for a rather startling occurrence which broke the spell.

As I stood upon the bridge, gazing into the jaws

of the pool, a small boat shot suddenly through the arch beneath my feet. There were three persons in it—an oarsman in the middle, whilst a man and a woman sat at the stern. I shall never forget the thrill of horror which went through me at this sudden apparition. What! a boat—a small boat—passing beneath that arch into yonder roaring gulf! Yes, yes, down through that awful waterway, with more than the swiftness of an arrow, shot the boat, or skiff, right into the jaws of the pool. A monstrous breaker curls over the prow—there is no hope; the boat is swamped, and all drowned in that strangling vortex. No! the boat, which appeared to have the buoyancy of a feather, skipped over the threatening horror, and the next moment was out of danger, the boatman—a true boatman of Cockaigne that—elevating one of his sculls in sign of triumph, the man hallooing, and the woman—a true Englishwoman that, of a certain class—waving her shawl. Whether any one observed them save myself, or whether the feat was a common one, I know not; but nobody appeared to take any notice of them.

As for myself, I was so excited that I strove to clamber up the balustrade of the bridge, in order to obtain a better view of the daring adventurers. Before I could accomplish my design, however, I felt myself seized by the body, and turning my head, perceived the old fruit-woman, who was clinging to me.

“Nay, dear! don’t—don’t!” said she. “Don’t fling yourself over; perhaps you may have better luck next time!”

*From “Lavengro,” by GEORGE BORROW.*



## 19. LAVENGRO'S WANDERINGS.

'I now bethought me that, as I had a carriage of my own, I might as well make use of it; I therefore got into the cart, and taking the reins in my hand, gave an encouraging cry to the pony, whereupon the sturdy little animal started again at as brisk a pace as if he had not already come many a long mile. I lay half reclining in the cart, holding the reins lazily, and allowing the animal to go just where he pleased, often wondering where he would conduct me. At length I felt drowsy, and my head sank upon my breast. I soon aroused myself, but it was only to doze again. This occurred several times.

Opening my eyes after a doze somewhat longer than the others, I found that the drizzling rain had ceased, a corner of the moon was apparent in the heavens, casting a faint light. I looked around for a moment or two, but my eyes and brain were heavy with slumber, and I could scarcely distinguish where we were. I had a kind of dim consciousness that we were traversing an unenclosed country—perhaps a heath. I thought, however, that I saw certain large black objects looming in the distance, which I had a confused idea might be woods or plantations. The pony still moved at his usual pace. I did not find the jolting of the cart at all disagreeable; on the contrary, it had quite a somniferous effect upon me. Again my eyes closed. I opened them once more, but with less perception in them

than before, looked forward, and muttering something about woodlands, I placed myself in an easier posture than I had hitherto done, and fairly fell asleep.

How long I continued in that state I am unable to say, but I believe for a considerable time. I was suddenly awakened by the ceasing of the jolting to which I had become accustomed, and of which I was perfectly sensible in my sleep. I started up and looked around me. The moon was still shining, and the face of the heaven was studded with stars. I found myself amidst a maze of bushes of various kinds, but principally hazel and holly, through which was a path or driftway, with grass growing on either side, upon which the pony was already diligently browsing. I conjectured that this place had been one of the haunts of his former master, and on dismounting and looking about, was strengthened in that opinion by finding a spot under an ash tree which, from its burnt and blackened appearance, seemed to have been frequently used as a fireplace. "I will take up my quarters here," thought I; "it is an excellent spot for me to commence my new profession in. I was quite right to trust myself to the guidance of the pony."

Unharnessing the animal without delay, I permitted him to browse at free will on the grass, convinced that he would not wander far from a place to which he was so much attached. I then pitched the little tent close beside the ash tree to which I have alluded, and conveyed two or three articles into it, and in-

stantly felt that I had commenced housekeeping for the first time in my life.

Housekeeping, however, without a fire is a very sorry affair—something like the housekeeping of children in their toy houses. Of this I was the more sensible from feeling very cold and shivering, owing to my late exposure to the rain and sleeping in the night air. Collecting, therefore, all the dry sticks and furze I could find, I placed them upon the fire-place, adding certain chips and a billet which I found in the cart—it having apparently been the habit of Slingsby to carry with him a small store of fuel. Having then struck a spark in a tinder-box and lighted a match, I set fire to the combustible heap, and was not slow in raising a cheerful blaze. I then drew my cart near the fire, and seating myself on one of the shafts, hung over the warmth with feelings of intense pleasure and satisfaction.

Having continued in this posture for a considerable time, I turned my eyes to the heaven in the direction of a particular star. I, however, could not find the star, nor indeed many of the starry train, the greater number having fled; from which circumstance, and from the appearance of the sky, I concluded that morning was nigh. About this time I again began to feel drowsy. I therefore arose, and having prepared for myself a kind of couch in the tent, I flung myself upon it and went to sleep.

I will not say that I was awakened in the morning by the carolling of birds, as I perhaps might if I were writing a novel; I awoke because, to use vulgar lan-

guage, I had slept my sleep out, not because the birds were carolling around me in numbers, as they had probably been for hours without my hearing them. I got up and left my tent. The morning was yet more bright than that of the preceding day. Impelled by curiosity, I walked about, endeavouring to ascertain to what place chance, or rather the pony, had brought me. Following the driftway for some time, amidst bushes and stunted trees, I came to a grove of dark pines, through which it appeared to lead. I tracked it a few hundred yards; but seeing nothing but trees, and the way being wet and sloughy, owing to the recent rain, I returned on my steps, and pursuing the path in another direction, came to a sandy road leading over a common—doubtless the one I had traversed the preceding night. My curiosity satisfied, I returned to my little encampment, and on the way beheld a small footpath on the left winding through the bushes, which had before escaped my observation. Having reached my tent and cart, I breakfasted on some of the provisions which I had procured the day before, and then proceeded to take a regular account of the stock formerly possessed by Slingsby the tinker, but now become my own by right of lawful purchase.

*From "Lavengro," by GEORGE BORROW.*



A crowd is not company, and faces are but a gallery of pictures, and talk but a tinkling cymbal, where there is no love.—*Bacon.*

## 20. THE ACADEMY OF LAGADO.

I had hitherto seen only one side of the academy, the other being appropriated to the advancers of speculative learning, of whom I shall say something when I have mentioned one illustrious person more, who is called among them "the universal artist." He told us "he had been thirty years employing his thoughts for the improvement of human life." He had two large rooms full of wonderful curiosities, and fifty men at work. Some were condensing air into a dry, tangible substance; others softening marble for pillows and pin-cushions; others petrifying the hoofs of a living horse to preserve them from foundering.

The artist himself was at that time busy upon two great designs—the first to sow land with chaff; the other was, by a certain composition of gums, minerals, and vegetables, outwardly applied, to prevent the growth of wool upon two young lambs; and he hoped in a reasonable time to breed naked sheep all over the kingdom.

We crossed a walk to the other part of the academy, where, as I have already said, the projectors in speculative learning resided.

The first professor I saw was in a very large room, with forty pupils about him. After salutation, observing me look earnestly upon a frame, which took up the greatest part of both the length and breadth of the room, he said, "Perhaps I might wonder to see him employed in a project for improving specu-

lative knowledge by practical mechanical operations. But the world would soon be sensible of its usefulness; and he flattered himself that a more noble, exalted thought never sprang in any other man's head.

“Every one knew how laborious the usual method is of attaining to arts and sciences; whereas, by his contrivance, the most ignorant person, at a reasonable charge, and with little bodily labour, might write books on philosophy, poetry, politics, laws, mathematics, and theology, without the least assistance from genius or study.”

He then led me to the frame, round the sides of which all his pupils stood in ranks. It was twenty feet square, placed in the middle of the room. The surface was composed of several bits of wood, linked together by slender wires. These bits of wood were covered with paper pasted on them; and on these papers were written all the words of their language, in their several moods, tenses, and declensions, but without any order. The professor then desired me “to observe, for he was going to set his engine at work.”

The pupils, at his command, took each of them hold of an iron handle, whereof there were forty, fixed round the edges of the frame; and giving them a sudden turn, the whole disposition of the words was entirely changed. He then commanded six-and-thirty of the lads to read the several lines softly, as they appeared upon the frame; and where they found three or four words together that might make part of a sentence, they dictated to the four remain-

ing boys, who were scribes. This work was repeated three or four times, and at every turn the engine was so contrived that the words shifted into new places, as the square bits of wood moved upside down.

Six hours a day the young students were employed in this labour; and the professor showed me several volumes in large folio, already collected, of broken sentences, which he intended to piece together, and out of those rich materials to give the world a complete body of all arts and sciences; which, however, might be still improved and much expedited if the public would raise a fund for making and employing five hundred such frames in Lagado.

He assured me "that this invention had employed all his thoughts from his youth; that he had entered the whole vocabulary into his frame, and made the strictest computation of the general proportion there is in books between the number of particles, nouns, and verbs, and other parts of speech."

I made my humblest acknowledgment to this illustrious person for his explanations, and promised, "if ever I had the good fortune to return to my native country, that I would do him justice as the sole inventor of this wonderful machine," the form and contrivance of which I desired leave to draw on paper. I told him, "although it were the custom of our learned in Europe to steal inventions from each other, with the advantage that it became a controversy which was the right owner, yet I would take such caution that he should have the honour entire, without a rival."

In the school of political projectors I was but ill entertained—the professors appearing, in my judgment, wholly out of their senses, which is a scene that never fails to make me melancholy. These unhappy people were proposing schemes for persuading monarchs to choose favourites upon the score of their wisdom, capacity, and virtue; of teaching ministers to consult the public good; of rewarding merit, great abilities, and eminent services: of instructing princes to know their true interest, by placing it on the same foundation with that of their people; of choosing for employments persons qualified to exercise them, with many other wild, impossible chimeras that never entered before into the heart of man to conceive.

I heard a very warm debate between two professors about the most commodious and effectual ways and means of raising money without grieving the subject. The first affirmed: “The justest method would be to lay a certain tax upon vices and folly; and the sum fixed upon every man to be rated, after the fairest manner, by a jury of his neighbours.” The second was of an opinion directly contrary: “To tax those qualities of body and mind for which men chiefly value themselves—the rate to be more or less according to the degrees of excellence, the decision whereof should be left entirely to their own breast.”

The highest tax was upon men who are the greatest favourites of the other sex. Wit, valour, and politeness were likewise proposed to be largely taxed, and collected in the same manner, by every person's



giving his own word for the quantum of what he possessed. But as to honour, justice, wisdom, and learning, they should not be taxed at all, because they are qualifications of so singular a kind that no man will either allow them in his neighbour or value them in himself.

The women were proposed to be taxed according to their beauty and skill in dressing, wherein they had the same privilege with the men, to be determined by their own judgment. But constancy, good sense, and good nature were not rated, because they would not bear the charge of collecting.

I observed here and there many in the habit of servants, with a blown bladder fastened like a flail to the end of a short stick, which they carried in their hands. In each bladder was a small quantity of dried peas or little pebbles, as I was afterwards informed. With these bladders they now and then flapped the mouths and ears of those who stood near them—of which practice I could not then conceive the meaning. It seems the minds of these people are so taken up with intense speculations that they neither can speak nor attend to the discourses of others without being roused by some external taction upon the organs of speech and hearing; for which reason those persons who are able to afford it always keep a *Flapper* in their family as one of their domestics, nor ever walk abroad or make visits without him. And the business of this officer is, when two, three, or more persons are in company, gently to strike with his bladder

the mouth of him who is to speak, and the right ear of him or them to whom the speaker addresses himself. This flapper is likewise employed diligently to attend his master in his walks, and upon occasion to give him a soft flap on his eyes, because he is always so wrapt up in cogitation that he is in manifest danger of falling down every precipice and bouncing his head against every post.

The knowledge I had in mathematics gave me great assistance in acquiring their phraseology, which depended much on that science and music; and in the latter I was not unskilful. Their ideas are perpetually conversant in lines and figures. If they would, for example, praise the beauty of a woman or any other animal, they describe it by rhombs, circles, parallelograms, ellipses, and other geometrical terms, or by words of art drawn from music, needless here to repeat. I observed that their houses are very ill built, without one right angle in any apartment; and this defect ariseth from the contempt they bear to practical geometry, which they despise as vulgar and mechanic, those instructions they give being too refined for the intellectuals of their workmen, which occasions perpetual mistakes. And although they are dexterous enough upon a piece of paper in the management of the ruler, the pencil, and the divider, yet in the common acts and behaviour of life I have not seen a more clumsy, awkward, and unhandy people, nor so slow and perplexed in their conceptions upon all other subjects except those of mathematics and music.

DEAN SWIFT.

## 21. MUSIC.

A SONG FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY, 1687.

From harmony, from heavenly harmony,  
 This universal frame began :  
 When Nature underneath a heap  
 Of jarring atoms lay,  
 And could not heave her head,  
 The tuneful voice was heard on high,—  
 “ Arise, ye more than dead ! ”  
 Then hot, and cold, and moist, and dry  
 In order to their stations leap,  
 And music's power obey.  
 From harmony, from heavenly harmony,  
 This universal frame began ;  
 Through all the compass of the notes it ran,  
 The diapason closing full in man.

What passion cannot music raise and quell ?  
 When Jubal struck the chorded shell,  
 His listening brethren stood around,  
 And, wondering, on their faces fell  
 To worship that celestial sound ;  
 Less than a god they thought there could not dwell  
 Within the hollow of that shell  
 That spoke so sweetly and so well.  
 What passion cannot Music raise and quell ?

The trumpet's loud clangour  
 Excites us to arms,  
 With shrill notes of anger,  
 And mortal alarms.  
 The double, double, double beat  
 Of the thundering drum  
 Cries Hark ! the foes come ;  
 Charge, charge, 'tis too late to retreat !

The soft complaining flute  
 In dying notes discovers  
 The woes of hapless lovers,  
 Whose dirge is whispered by the warbling lute.

Sharp violins proclaim  
 Their jealous pangs and desperation  
 Fury, frantic indignation,  
 Depth of pain, and height of passion,  
 For the fair, disdainful dame.

But oh, what art can teach,  
 What human voice can reach,  
 The sacred organ's praise?  
 Notes inspiring holy love,  
 Notes that wing their heavenly ways  
 To mend the choirs above.

Orpheus could lead the savage race;  
 And trees uprooted left their place,  
 Sequacious of the lyre;  
 But bright Cecilia raised the wonder higher:  
 When to her organ vocal breath was given,  
 An angel heard, and straight appeared,  
 Mistaking earth for heaven.

As from the power of sacred lays  
 The spheres began to move,  
 And sung the great Creator's praise  
 To all the blest above;  
 So when the last and dreadful hour  
 This crumbling pageant shall devour,  
 The trumpet shall be heard on high,  
 The dead shall live, the living die,  
 And music shall untune the sky!

DRYDEN.

## 22. THE GREAT DISMAL SWAMP.

There are many swamps or morasses in this low, flat region, and one of the largest of these occurs between the towns of Norfolk and Weldon. We traversed several miles of its northern extremity on the railway, which is supported on piles. It bears the appropriate and very expressive name of the "Great Dismal," and is no less than forty miles in length from north to south, and twenty-five miles in its greatest width from east to west, the northern half being situated in Virginia, the southern in North Carolina.

I observed that the water was obviously in motion in several places, and the morass had somewhat the appearance of a broad, inundated river-plain, covered with all kinds of aquatic trees and shrubs, the soil being as black as in a peat-bog. The accumulation of vegetable matter going on here in a hot climate, over so vast an area, is a subject of such high geological interest, that I shall relate what I learned of this singular morass. It is one enormous quagmire, soft and muddy, except where the surface is rendered partially firm by a covering of vegetables and their matted roots; yet, strange to say, instead of being lower than the level of the surrounding country, it is actually higher than nearly all the firm and dry land which encompasses it, and, to make the anomaly complete, in spite of its semi-fluid character, it is higher in the interior than towards its margin.

The only exception to both these statements is

found on the eastern side, where, for the distance of about twelve or fifteen miles, the streams flow from slightly elevated but higher land, and supply all its abundant and overflowing water. Towards the north, the east, and the south the waters flow from the swamp to different rivers, which give abundant evidence, by the rate of their descent, that the Great Dismal is higher than the surrounding firm ground. Upon the whole, the centre of the morass seems to lie more than twelve feet above the flat country round it.

Some small ridges, however, of land must have existed in the original plain or basin, for these now rise like low islands in various places above the general surface. But the streams to the westward do not bring down any sediment. The soil of the swamp is formed of vegetable matter, usually without any admixture of earthy particles. We have here, in fact, a deposit of peat from ten to fifteen feet in thickness, in a latitude where, owing to the heat of the sun and the length of the summer, no peat-mosses like those of Europe would be looked for under ordinary circumstances.

In countries like Scotland and Ireland, where the climate is damp and the summer short and cool, the natural vegetation of one year does not rot away during the next in moist situations. If water flows into such land, it is absorbed, and promotes the vigorous growth of mosses and other aquatic plants; and when they die, the same water arrests their putrefaction. But, as a general rule, no such accu-

mulation of peat can take place in a country like that of Virginia, where the summer's heat causes annually as large a quantity of dead plants to decay as is equal in amount to the vegetable matter produced in one year.

There are many trees and shrubs in the region of the Pine Barrens (and the same may be said of the United States generally), which, like our willows, flourish luxuriantly in water. The juniper trees or white cedars stand firmly in the softest part of the quagmire, supported by their long taproots, and afford, with many other evergreens, a dark shade, under which a multitude of ferns, reeds, and shrubs, from nine to eighteen feet high, and a thick carpet of mosses, four or five inches high, spring up, and are protected from the rays of the sun. When these are most powerful, the large cedar and many other deciduous trees are in full leaf.

The black soil formed beneath this shade, to which the mosses and the leaves make annual additions, does not perfectly resemble the peat of Europe, most of the plants being so decayed as to leave little more than soft black mud, without any traces of organization. This loose soil is called sponge by the labourers; and it has been ascertained that, when exposed to the sun and thrown out on the bank of a canal where clearings have been made, it rots entirely away. Hence it is evident that it owes its preservation in the swamp to moisture and the shade of the dense foliage. The evaporation continually going on in the wet, spongy soil during summer cools the



*“The juniper trees stand firmly in the softest part of the quagmire.”*



air and generates a temperature resembling that of a more northern climate, or a region more elevated above the level of the sea.

Numerous trunks of large and tall trees lie buried in the black mire of the morass. In so loose a soil they are easily overthrown by winds, and nearly as many have been found lying beneath the surface of the peaty soil as standing erect upon it. When thrown down, they are soon covered by water; and keeping wet, they never decompose, except the sapwood, which is less than an inch thick. Much of the timber is obtained by sounding a foot or two below the surface, and it is sawn into planks while half under water.

The Great Dismal has been described as being highest towards its centre. Here, however, there is an extensive lake of an oval form, seven miles long and more than five wide, the depth, where greatest, fifteen feet; and its bottom consisting of mud like the swamp, but sometimes with a pure white sand, a foot deep, covering the mud. The water is transparent, though tinged of a pale brown colour, like that of our peat-mosses, and contains abundance of fish. This sheet of water is usually even with its banks, on which a thick and tall forest grows. There is no beach, for the bank sinks perpendicularly; so that if the waters are lowered several feet, it makes no alteration in the breadth of the lake.

Much timber has been cut down and carried out from the swamp by means of canals, which are perfectly straight for long distances, with the trees

on each side arching over, and almost joining their branches across, so that they throw a dark shade on the water, which of itself looks black, being coloured as before mentioned. When the boats emerge from the gloom of these avenues into the lake, the scene is said to be "as beautiful as fairyland."

The bears inhabiting the swamp climb trees in search of acorns and gum-berries, breaking off large boughs of the oaks in order to draw the acorns near to them. These same bears are said to kill hogs and even cows. There are also wild cats, and occasionally a solitary wolf, in the morass.

That the ancient seams of coal were produced for the most part by terrestrial plants of all sizes, not drifted but growing on the spot, is a theory more and more generally adopted in modern times; and the growth of what is called sponge in such a swamp and in such a climate as the Great Dismal, already covering so many square miles of a low, level region, bordering the sea, and capable of spreading itself indefinitely over the adjacent country, helps us greatly to conceive the manner in which the coal of the ancient carboniferous rocks may have been formed.

The heat, perhaps, may not have been excessive when the coal-measures originated, but the entire absence of frost, with a warm and damp atmosphere, may have enabled tropical forms to flourish in latitudes far distant from the line. Huge swamps in a rainy climate, standing above the level of the surrounding firm land, and supporting a dense forest,

may have spread far and wide, invading the plains, like some European peat-mosses when they burst, and the frequent submergence of these masses of vegetable matter beneath seas or estuaries, as often as the land sank down during subterranean movements, may have given rise to the deposition of strata of mud, sand, or limestone immediately upon the vegetable matter.

The conversion of successive surfaces into dry land, where other swamps supporting trees may have formed, might give origin to a continued series of coal-measures of great thickness. In some kinds of coal the vegetable texture is apparent throughout under the microscope; in others, it has only partially disappeared.

SIR CHARLES LYELL.

### 23. THE BERMUDAS.

Where the remote Bermudas ride  
 In the ocean's bosom unespied,  
 From a small boat that rowed along  
 The listening winds received this song :—  
 "What should we do but sing His praise  
 That led us through the watery maze,  
 Where He the huge sea-monsters wracks  
 That lift the deep upon their backs,  
 Unto an isle so long unknown,  
 And yet far kinder than our own?  
 He lands us on a grassy stage,  
 Safe from the storms and prelates' rage;  
 He gave us this eternal spring  
 Which here enamels everything,  
 And sends the fowls to us in care  
 On daily visits through the air.

He hangs in shades the orange bright,  
 Like golden lamps in a green night,  
 And does in the pomegranates close  
 Jewels more rich than Ormus shows ;  
 He makes the figs our mouths to meet,  
 And throws the melons at our feet ;  
 But apples plants of such a price,  
 No tree could ever bear them twice.  
 With cedars chosen by His hand  
 From Lebanon He stores the land,  
 And makes the hollow seas that roar  
 Proclaim the ambergrease on shore.  
 He cast (of which we rather boast)  
 The gospel's pearl upon our coast,  
 And in these rocks for us did frame  
 A temple where to sound His name.  
 O let our voice His praise exalt  
 Till it arrive at heaven's vault,  
 Which thence (perhaps) rebounding may  
 Echo beyond the Mexique Bay ! "

Thus sang they in the English boat  
 A holy and a cheerful note ;  
 And all the way, to guide their chime,  
 With falling oars they kept the time.

ANDREW MARVELL.



It is this earth that, like a kind mother, receives us at our birth, and sustains us when born ; it is this alone of all the elements around us that is never found an enemy to man. The earth, gentle and indulgent, ever subservient to the wants of man, spreads his walks with flowers and his table with plenty ; returns with interest every good committed to her care, and though she produces the poison, she still supplies the antidote ; though constantly teased more to furnish the luxuries of man than his necessities, yet, even to the last, she continues her kind indulgence, and when life is over she piously covers his remains in her bosom.—*Pliny*.

## 24. THE YOUNG GEOLOGIST.

It was twenty years last February since I set out a little before sunrise to make my first acquaintance with a life of labour and restraint, and I have rarely had a heavier heart than on that morning. I was but a thin, loose-jointed boy at the time, fond of romance, and of dreaming when broad awake; and, woeful change, I was now going to work in a quarry.

The portion of my life which had already gone by had been happy beyond the common lot. I had been a wanderer amongst rocks and woods, a reader of curious books when I could get them, a gleaner of old traditionary stories; and now I was going to exchange all my day-dreams and all my amusements for the kind of life in which men toil every day that they may be enabled to eat, and eat every day that they may be enabled to toil.

The quarry in which I worked lay on the southern shore of a noble inland bay, with a little clear stream on the one side and a thick fir wood on the other. It had been opened in the old red sandstone of the district, and was overtopped by a huge bank of clay, which rose over it in some places to the height of nearly thirty feet, and which at this time was rent and shivered by a recent frost.

A heap of loose fragments, which had fallen from above, blocked up the face of the quarry, and my first employment was to clear them away. The friction of the shovel soon blistered my hands, but the

pain was by no means very severe, and I wrought hard and willingly that I might see how the huge strata below, which presented so firm and unbroken a frontage, were to be torn up and removed.

Picks and wedges and levers were applied by my brother workmen, and simple and rude as I had been accustomed to regard these implements, I found I had much to learn in the way of using them. They all proved inefficient, however, and the workmen had to bore into one of the lower strata and employ gunpowder. The process was new to me, and I deemed it a highly amusing one. It had the merit, too, of being attended with some such degree of danger as a boating or rock excursion.

We had a few capital shots. The fragments of rock flew in every direction, and an immense mass of clay came toppling down, bearing with it two dead birds, that in a recent storm had crept into one of the deeper fissures, to die in the shelter. I felt a new interest in examining them. The one was a pretty cock goldfinch, with its hood of vermillion, and its wings inlaid with the gold to which it owes its name, as unsoiled and smooth as if it had been preserved for a museum. The other, a somewhat rarer bird, of the woodpecker tribe, was variegated with light blue and a grayish yellow.

I was engaged in admiring the poor little things, thinking of the contrast between the warmth and jollity of their green summer haunts and the cold and darkness of their last retreat, when I heard our employer bidding the workmen lay by their tools.

I looked up, and saw the sun sinking behind the thick fir wood beside us, and the long, dark shadows of the trees stretching downwards towards the shore.

This was no very formidable beginning of the course of life I had so much dreaded. To be sure, my hands were a little sore, and I felt nearly as much fatigued as if I had been climbing among the rocks; but I had worked, and been useful, and had yet enjoyed the day fully as much as usual. It was no small matter, too, that the evening was all my own.

I was as light of heart next morning as any of my brother workmen. There had been a smart frost during the night, and the rime lay white on the grass as we passed onwards through the fields; but the sun rose in a clear atmosphere, and the day mellowed, as it advanced, into one of those delightful days of early spring which give so pleasing an earnest of whatever is mild and genial in the better half of the year.

All the workmen rested at midday, and I went to enjoy my half-hour alone, on a mossy knoll in the neighbouring wood, which commands through the trees a wide prospect of the bay and the opposite shore. There was not a wrinkle on the water, nor a cloud in the sky, and the branches were as moveless in the calm as if they had been traced on canvas.

From a wooded promontory that stretched half-way across the firth there ascended a thin column of smoke. It rose straight as the line of a plummet for more than a thousand yards, and then, on reaching a thinner stratum of air, spread out equally on

every side like the foliage of a stately tree. Ben Wyvis rose to the west, white with the yet unwasted snows of winter, and as sharply defined in the clear atmosphere as if all its sunny slopes and blue retiring hollows had been chiselled in marble.

A line of snow ran along the opposite hills; all above was white, and all below was purple. I returned to the quarry, convinced that a very exquisite pleasure may be a very cheap one, and that the busiest employments may afford leisure enough to enjoy it.

The gunpowder had loosened a large mass in one of the inferior strata, and our first employment, on resuming our labours, was to raise it from its bed. I assisted the other workmen in placing it on edge, and was much struck by the appearance of the platform on which it had rested. The entire surface was ridged and furrowed like a bank of sand that had been left by the tide an hour before.

I could trace every bend and curvature, every cross hollow and counter ridge: for the resemblance was no half-resemblance—it was the thing itself; and I had observed it a hundred and a hundred times, when sailing my little schooner in the shallows left by the ebb. But what had become of the waves that had thus fretted the solid rock? I felt as completely at fault as Robinson Crusoe did on his discovering the print of the man's foot on the sand.

The evening furnished me with still further cause of wonder. We raised another block in a different part of the quarry, and found that a cir-



cular depression in the stratum below was broken and flawed in every direction, as if it had been the bottom of a pool recently dried up, which had shrunk and split in the hardening.

Several large stones came rolling down from the bank of clay in the course of the afternoon. They were of different qualities from the sandstone below, and from one another; and, what was more wonderful still, they were all rounded and water-worn, as if they had been tossed about in the sea or the bed of a river for hundreds of years. There could not, surely, be a more conclusive proof that the bank which had enclosed them so long could not have been created on the rock on which it rested. And if not the bank, why then the sandstone underneath? I was lost in conjecture, and found I had food enough for thought that evening, without once thinking of the unhappiness of a life of labour.

The immense masses of clay which we had to clear away rendered the working of the quarry laborious and expensive, and all the party quitted it in a few days to make trial of another that seemed to promise better. The one we left is situated, as I have said, on the southern shore of an inland bay, the Bay of Cromarty; the one to which we removed had been opened in a lofty wall of cliffs that overhangs the northern shore of the Moray Frith. I soon found I was to be no loser by the change.

Not the united labours of a thousand men for more than a thousand years could have furnished a better section of the geology of the district than this

range of cliffs. We see in one place the Primary rock, with its veins of granite and quartz, its dizzy precipices of gneiss, and its huge masses of hornblende; we find the Secondary rock in another, with its beds of sandstone and shale, its spars, its clays, and its limestones.

We discover the still little known but highly interesting fossils of the old red sandstone in one formation; we find beautifully preserved shells and lignites in another. There are the remains of two several creations at once before us. The shore, too, is heaped with rolled fragments of almost every variety of rock.

In short, the young geologist, had he all Europe before him, could hardly choose for himself a better field. I had, however, no one to tell me so at the time, for geology had not yet travelled so far north; and so, without guide, I had to grope my way as I best might, and find out all its wonders for myself. But so slow was the process, and so much was I a seeker in the dark, that the facts contained in these few sentences were the patient gatherings of years.

In the course of the first day's employment I picked up a nodular mass of blue limestone, and laid it open by a stroke of the hammer. Wonderful to relate, it contained inside a beautifully finished piece of sculpture; and not the far-famed walnut of the fairy tale, had I broken the shell and found the little dog lying within, could have surprised me more.

Was there another such curiosity in the whole world? I broke open a few other nodules of similar

appearance, for they lay pretty thickly on the shore, and found that there might be. In one of these there were what seemed to be the scales of fishes, and the impressions of a few minute bivalves; in the centre of another there was actually a piece of decayed wood. Of all nature's riddles these seemed to me to be at once the most interesting and the most difficult to expound.

I treasured them carefully up, and was told by one of the workmen to whom I showed them that there was a part of the shore about two miles farther to the west where curiously shaped stones, somewhat like the heads of boarding-pikes, were occasionally picked up; and that in his father's days the country people called them thunderbolts. Our employer, on quitting the quarry for the building on which we were to be engaged, gave all the workmen a half-holiday. I employed it in visiting the place where the thunderbolts had fallen so thickly, and found it a richer scene of wonder than I could have fancied in even my dreams.

What first attracted my notice was a detached group of low-lying skerries, wholly different in form and colour from the sandstone cliffs above or the rocks a little farther to the west. I found them composed of thin strata of limestone, alternating with thicker beds of a black slaty substance, which, as I ascertained in the course of the evening, burns with a powerful flame, and emits a strong bituminous odour.

The layers into which the beds readily separate

are hardly an eighth part of an inch in thickness, and yet on every layer there are the impressions of thousands and tens of thousands of fossils. We may turn over these wonderful leaves one after one, and find the pictorial records of a former creation in every page.

Shells, twigs of wood, leaves of plants, cones of an extinct species of pine, bits of charcoal, and the scales of fishes are all to be seen. And, as if to render their pictorial appearance more striking, though the leaves of this interesting volume are of a deep black, most of the impressions are of a chalky whiteness. I was lost in admiration and astonishment.

I passed on from ledge to ledge, and at length found one of the supposed thunderbolts I had come in quest of, firmly imbedded in a mass of shale. But I had skill enough to determine that it was other than what it had been deemed. A very near relative, who had been a sailor in his time on almost every ocean, and had visited almost every quarter of the globe, had brought home one of these meteoric stones with him from the coast of Java. There was nothing organic in its structure, whereas the stone I had now found was organized very curiously indeed.

It was of a conical form and threadlike texture, the threads radiating in straight lines from the centre to the circumference. In its upper half finely marked veins ran transversely to the point, while the space below was occupied by an internal cone. I learned in time to call this stone a belemnite, and became

acquainted with enough of its history to know that it once formed part of a variety of cuttle-fish, long since extinct.

My first year of labour came to a close, and I found that the amount of my happiness had not been less than in the last of my boyhood. My knowledge, too, had increased more than in former seasons; and as I had acquired the skill of at least the common mechanic, I had fitted myself for independence. The additional experience of twenty years has not shown me that there is any necessary connection between a life of toil and a life of wretchedness.

*From "The Old Red Sandstone," by HUGH MILLER.*

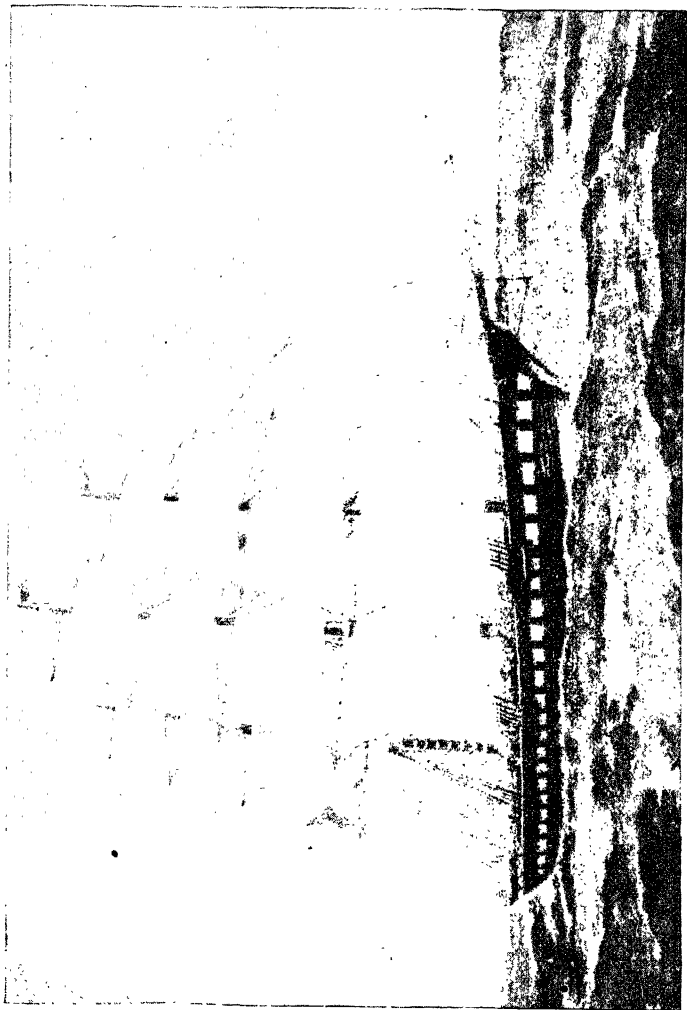
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## 25. THE SEA.

To sea! to sea! the calm is o'er,  
The wanton water leaps in sport,  
And rattles down the pebbly shore;  
The dolphin wheels, the sea cows snort,  
And unseen mermaid's pearly song  
Comes bubbling up the weeds among.  
Fling broad the sail, dip deep the oar;  
To sea! to sea! the calm is o'er.

To sea! to sea! our white-winged bark  
Shall billowing cleave its watery way  
And with its shadow, fleet and dark,  
Break the caved Tritons' azure day,  
Like mountain eagle soaring light  
O'er antelopes on Alpine height.  
The anchor heaves; the ship swings free;  
Our sails swell full; to sea! to sea!

T. L. BEDDOES.



*"Our white-winged hawk"*

## 26. TRANQUILLITY.

Tranquillity ! thou better name  
 Than all the family of Fame !  
 Thou ne'er wilt leave my riper age  
 To low intrigue or factious rage ;  
 For oh, dear child of thoughtful Truth,  
 To thee I gave my early youth,  
 And left the bark, and blest the steadfast shore,  
 Ere yet the tempest rose and scared me with its roar.

Who late and lingering seeks thy shrine,  
 On him but seldom, Power divine,  
 Thy spirit rests ! Satiety  
 And Sloth, poor counterfeits of thee,  
 Mock the tired worldling. Idle Hope  
 And dire Remembrance interlope,  
 To vex the feverish slumbers of the mind :  
 The bubble floats before, the spectre stalks behind.

But me thy gentle hand will lead  
 At morning through the accustomed mead,  
 And in the sultry summer's heat  
 Will build me up a mossy seat ;  
 And when the gust of autumn crowds,  
 And breaks the busy moonlight clouds,  
 Thou best the thought canst raise, the heart attune,  
 Light as the busy clouds, calm as the gliding moon.

The feeling heart, the searching soul,  
 To thee I dedicate the whole ;  
 And while within myself I trace  
 The greatness of some future race,  
 Aloof with hermit-eye I scan  
 The present works of present man—  
 A wild and dream-like trade of blood and guile,  
 Too foolish for a tear, too wicked for a smile !

COLERIDGE.

## 27. THE PRISONERS.

He stepped aside to the ledge where the vine leaves yet lay strewn about, collected two or three, and stood wiping his hands upon them, with his back to the light.

"Well," he demanded after a silence, "have you nothing to say to all that?"

"It's ugly," returned the little man, who had risen, and was brightening his knife upon his shoe, as he leaned an arm against the wall.

"What do you mean?"

John Baptist polished his knife in silence.

"Do you mean that I have not represented the case correctly?"

"Al-tro!" returned John Baptist. The word was an apology now, and stood for, "Oh, by no means!"

"What then?"

"Presidents and tribunals are so prejudiced."

"Well," cried the other, uneasily flinging the end of his cloak over his shoulder with an oath, "let them do their worst!"

"Truly I think they will," murmured John Baptist to himself, as he bent his head to put his knife in his sash.

Nothing more was said on either side, though they both began walking to and fro, and necessarily crossed at every turn. Monsieur Rigaud sometimes half stopped, as if he were going to put his case in a new light, or make some irate remonstrance; but Signor Cavalletto continuing to go slowly to and fro



at a grotesque kind of jog-trot pace, with his eyes turned downward, nothing came of these inclinings.

By-and-by the noise of the key in the lock arrested them both. The sound of voices succeeded, and the tread of feet. The door clashed, the voices and the feet came on, and the prison-keeper slowly ascended the stairs, followed by a guard of soldiers.

"Now, Monsieur Rigaud," said he, pausing for a moment at the grate, with his keys in his hand, "have the goodness to come out."

"I am to depart in state, I see?"

"Why, unless you did," returned the jailer, "you might depart in so many pieces that it would be difficult to get you together again. There's a crowd, Monsieur Rigaud, and it doesn't love you."

He passed on out of sight, and unlocked and unbarred a low door in the corner of the chamber. "Now," said he, as he opened it and appeared within, "come out."

There is no sort of whiteness in all the hues under the sun at all like the whiteness of Monsieur Rigaud's face as it was then.

He lighted another of his paper cigars at his companion's, put it tightly between his teeth, covered his head with a soft slouched hat, threw the end of his cloak over his shoulder again, and walked out into the side gallery on which the door opened, without taking any further notice of Signor Cavalletto. As to that little man himself, his whole attention had become absorbed in getting near the door and looking out at it. Precisely as a beast might approach the

opened gate of his den and eye the freedom beyond, he passed those few minutes in watching and peering until the door was closed upon him.

There was an officer in command of the soldiers, a stout, serviceable, profoundly calm man, with his drawn sword in his hand, smoking a cigar. He very briefly directed the placing of Monsieur Rigaud in the midst of the party, put himself with consummate indifference at their head, gave the word "March!" and so they all went jingling down the staircase. The door clashed, the key turned, and a ray of unusual light, and a breath of unusual air, seemed to have passed through the jail, vanishing in a thin wreath of smoke from the cigar.

Still, in his captivity, like a lower animal—like some impatient ape, or roused bear of the smaller species—the prisoner, now left solitary, had jumped upon the ledge, to lose no glimpse of this departure. As he yet stood clasping the grate with both hands, an uproar broke upon his hearing—yells, shrieks, oaths, threats, execrations, all comprehended in it, though (as in a storm) nothing but a raging swell of sound distinctly heard.

Excited into a still greater resemblance to a caged wild animal by his anxiety to know more, the prisoner leaped nimbly down, ran round the chamber, leaped nimbly up again, clasped the grate and tried to shake it, leaped down and ran, leaped up and listened, and never rested until the noise, becoming more and more distant, had died away. How many better prisoners have worn their noble hearts out so! no man think-

ing of it, not even the beloved of their souls realizing it; great kings and governors, who had made them captive, careering in the sunlight jauntily, and men cheering them on. Even the said great personages dying in bed, making exemplary ends and sounding speeches; and polite history, more servile than their instruments, embalming them!

At last John Baptist, now able to choose his own spot within the compass of those walls, for the exercise of his faculty of going to sleep when he would, lay down upon the bench, with his face turned over on his crossed arms, and slumbered—in his submission, in his lightness, in his good humour, in his short-lived passion, in his easy contentment with hard bread and hard stones, in his ready sleep, in his fits and starts altogether, a true son of the land that gave him birth.

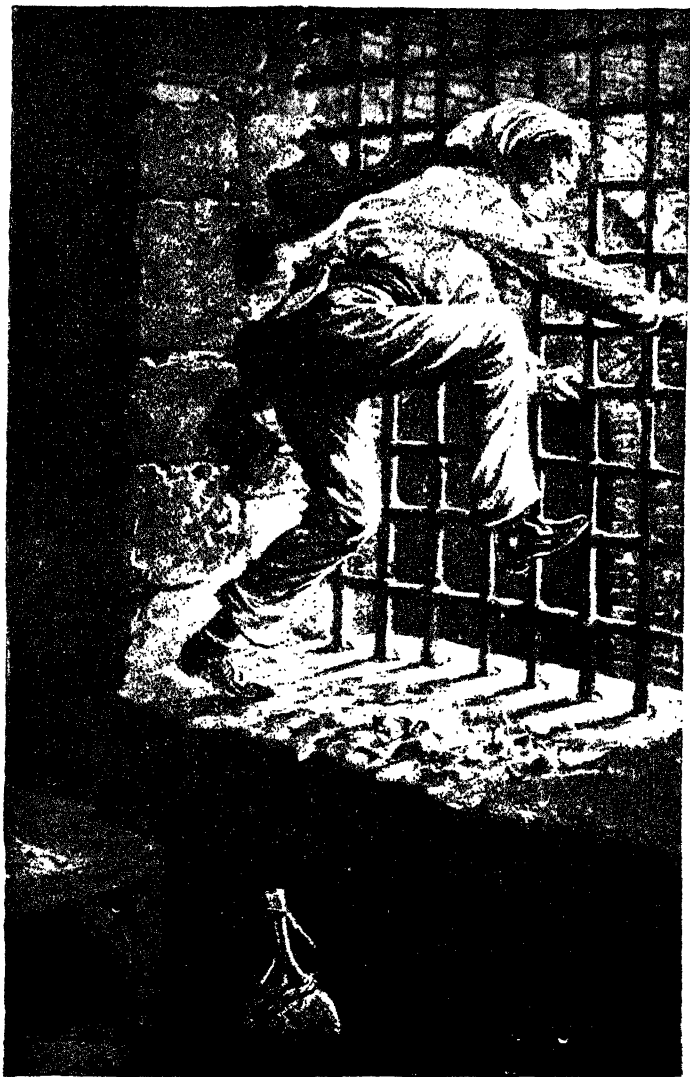
The wide stare stared itself out for one while; the sun went down in a red, green, golden glory; the stars came out in the heavens, and the fireflies mimicked them in the lower air, as men may feebly imitate the goodness of a better order of beings; the long dusty roads and the interminable plains were in repose; and so deep a hush was on the sea that it scarcely whispered of the time when it shall give up its dead.

*From "Little Dorrit," by CHARLES DICKENS.*



Stone walls do not a prison make,  
Nor iron bars a cage;  
Minds innocent and quiet take  
That for an heritage.

*Richard Lovelace.*



*"Clasped the grate and tried to shake it."*

## 28. THE RELIEF OF LEYDEN.

A week had elapsed since the great dyke had been pierced, and the flotilla now lay motionless in shallow water, having accomplished less than two miles. The wind, too, was easterly, causing the sea rather to sink than to rise. Everything wore a gloomy aspect when, fortunately, on the 18th, the wind shifted to the north-west, and for three days blew a gale. The waters rose rapidly, and before the second day was closed the armada was afloat again. Some fugitives from Zoetermeer village now arrived, and informed the admiral that, by making a detour to the right, he could completely circumvent the bridge and the mere. They guided him, accordingly, to a comparatively low dyke, which led between the villages of Zoetermeer and Benthuyzen.

A strong force of Spaniards was stationed in each place; but seized with a panic, instead of sallying to defend the barrier, they fled inwardly towards Leyden, and halted at the village of North Aa. It was natural that they should be amazed. Nothing is more appalling to the imagination than the rising ocean tide, when man feels himself within its power; and here were the waters, hourly deepening and closing around them, devouring the earth beneath their feet, while on the waves rode a flotilla manned by a determined race, whose courage and ferocity were known throughout the world. The Spanish soldiers, brave as they were on land, were not sailors, and in the naval contests which had taken place between them and the

Hollanders, had been almost invariably defeated. It was not surprising, in these amphibious skirmishes, where discipline was of little avail, and habitual audacity faltered at the vague dangers which encompassed them, that the foreign troops should lose their presence of mind.

Three barriers, one within the other, had now been passed, and the flotilla, advancing with the advancing waves, and driving the enemy steadily before it, was drawing nearer to the beleaguered city. As one circle after another was passed, the besieging army found itself compressed within a constantly contracting field. The *Ark of Delft*, an enormous vessel, with shot-proof bulwarks, and moved by paddle-wheels turned by a crank, now arrived at Zoetermeer, and was soon followed by the whole fleet. After a brief delay, sufficient to allow the few remaining villagers to escape, both Zoetermeer and Benthuyzen, with the fortifications, were set on fire, and abandoned to their fate. The blaze lighted up the desolate and watery waste around, and was seen at Leyden, where it was hailed as the beacon of hope. Without further impediment, the armada proceeded to North Aa—the enemy retreating from this position also, and flying to Zoeterwoude, a strongly fortified village, but a mile and three-quarters from the city walls.

The fleet was, however, delayed at North Aa by another barrier, called the “Kirkway.” The waters, too, spreading once more over a wider space, and diminishing under an east wind, which had again

arisen, no longer permitted their progress, so that very soon the whole armada was stranded anew. The waters fell to the depth of nine inches, while the vessels required eighteen and twenty. Day after day the fleet lay motionless upon the shallow sea.

Orange, rising from his sick-bed as soon as he could stand, now came on board the fleet. His presence diffused universal joy; his words inspired his desponding army with fresh hope. He rebuked the impatient spirits who, weary of their compulsory idleness, had shown symptoms of ill-timed ferocity; and those eight hundred mad Zealanders, so frantic in their hatred to the foreigners who had so long profaned their land, were as docile as children to the prince. He reconnoitred the whole ground, and issued orders for the immediate destruction of the Kirkway, the last important barrier which separated the fleet from Leyden. Then, after a long conference with Admiral Boisot, he returned to Delft.

Meantime the besieged city was at its last gasp. The burghers had been in a state of uncertainty for many days—being aware that the fleet had set forth for their relief, but knowing full well the thousand obstacles which it had to surmount. They had guessed its progress by the illumination from the blazing villages; they had heard its salvos of artillery on its arrival at North Aa; but since then all had been dark and mournful again, hope and fear, in sickening alternation, distracting every breast. They knew that the wind was unfavourable, and at the dawn of each day every eye was turned wist-

fully to the vanes of the steeples. So long as the easterly breeze prevailed, they felt, as they anxiously stood on towers and house-tops, that they must look in vain for the welcome ocean. Yet, while thus patiently waiting, they were literally starving: for even the misery endured at Haarlem had not reached that depth and intensity of agony to which Leyden was now reduced.

Bread, malt-cake, horse-flesh, had entirely disappeared; dogs, cats, rats, and other vermin were esteemed luxuries. A small number of cows, kept as long as possible for their milk, still remained; but a few were killed from day to day, and distributed in minute proportions hardly sufficient to support life among the famishing population. Starving wretches swarmed daily around the shambles where these cattle were slaughtered, contending for any morsel which might fall, and lapping eagerly the blood as it ran along the pavement; while the hides, chopped and boiled, were greedily devoured. The green leaves were stripped from the trees, every living herb was converted into human food; but these expedients could not avert starvation.

The daily mortality was frightful. In many a house the watchmen, in their rounds, found a whole family of corpses—father, mother, and children—side by side; for a disorder called the plague, naturally engendered of hardship and famine, now came, as if in kindness, to abridge the agony of the people. The pestilence stalked at noonday through the city, and the doomed inhabitants fell like grass



beneath its scythe. From six thousand to eight thousand human beings sank before this scourge alone; yet the people resolutely held out, women and men mutually encouraging each other to resist the entrance of their foreign foe—an evil more horrible than pest or famine.

The missives from Valdez, who saw more vividly than the besieged could do the uncertainty of his own position, now poured daily into the city—the enemy becoming more prodigal of his vows as he felt that the ocean might yet save the victims from his grasp. The inhabitants, in their ignorance, had gradually abandoned their hopes of relief, but they spurned the summons to surrender. Leyden was sublime in its despair. A few murmurs were, however, occasionally heard at the steadfastness of the magistrates; and a dead body was placed at the door of the burgomaster, as a silent witness against his inflexibility. A party of the more faint-hearted even assailed the heroic Adrian Van der Werf with threats and reproaches as he passed through the streets. A crowd had gathered around him as he reached a triangular place in the centre of the town, into which many of the principal streets emptied themselves.

There stood the burgomaster, a tall, haggard, imposing figure, with dark visage and a tranquil but commanding eye. He waved his broad-leaved felt hat for silence, and then exclaimed, in language which has been almost literally preserved, “What would ye, my friends? Why do ye murmur that we do not break our vows and surrender the city



*"A crowd had gathered."*

to the Spaniards?—a fate more horrible than the agony which she now endures. I tell you I have made an oath to hold the city; and may God give me strength to keep my oath! I can die but once—whether by your hands, the enemy's, or by the hand of God. My own fate is indifferent to me; not so that of the city entrusted to my care. I know that we shall starve if not soon relieved; but starvation is preferable to the dishonoured death which is the only alternative. Your menaces move me not; my life is at your disposal. Here is my sword; plunge it into my breast, and divide my flesh among you. Take my body to appease your hunger, but expect no surrender so long as I remain alive."

The words of the stout burgomaster inspired a new courage in the hearts of those who heard him, and a shout of applause and defiance arose from the famishing but enthusiastic crowd. They left the place, after exchanging new vows of fidelity with their magistrate, and again ascended tower and battlement to watch for the coming fleet. From the ramparts they hurled renewed defiance at the enemy. "Ye call us rat-eaters and dog-eaters," they cried, "and it is true. So long, then, as ye hear dog bark or cat mew within the walls, ye may know that the city holds out. And when all has perished but ourselves, be sure that we will each devour our left arms, retaining our right to defend our women, our liberty, and our religion against the foreign tyrant. Should God, in His wrath, doom us to destruction, and deny us all relief, even then will we maintain ourselves for

ever against your entrance. When the last hour has come, with our own hands we will set fire to the city, and perish, men, women, and children, together in the flames, rather than suffer our homes to be polluted and our liberties to be crushed." Such words of defiance, thundered daily from the battlements, sufficiently informed Valdez as to his chance of conquering the city, either by force or fraud; but at the same time he felt comparatively relieved by the inactivity of Boisot's fleet, which still lay stranded at North Aa. "As well," shouted the Spaniards derisively to the citizens—"as well can the Prince of Orange pluck the stars from the sky as bring the ocean to the walls of Leyden for your relief."

On the 28th of September a dove flew into the city, bringing a letter from Admiral Boisot. In this dispatch the position of the fleet at North Aa was described in encouraging terms, and the inhabitants were assured that, in a very few days at furthest, the long-expected relief would enter their gates. The letter was read publicly upon the market-place, and the bells were rung for joy. Nevertheless, on the morrow the vanes pointed to the east; the waters, so far from rising, continued to sink; and Admiral Boisot was almost in despair. He wrote to the prince that if the spring-tide, now to be expected, should not, together with a strong and favourable wind, come immediately to their relief, it would be in vain to attempt anything further, and that the expedition would of necessity be abandoned.

The tempest came to their relief. A violent equi-

noctial gale, on the night of the 1st and 2nd of October, came storming from the north-west, shifting after a few hours full eight points, and then blowing still more violently from the south-west. The waters of the North Sea were piled in vast masses upon the southern coast of Holland, and then dashed furiously landward, the ocean rising over the earth, and sweeping with unrestrained power across the ruined dykes.

In the course of twenty-four hours the fleet at North Aa, instead of nine inches, had more than two feet of water. No time was lost. The Kirkway, which had been broken through according to the prince's instructions, was now completely overflowed; and the fleet sailed at midnight, in the midst of the storm and darkness. A few sentinel vessels of the enemy challenged them as they steadily rowed towards Zoeterwoude. The answer was a flash from Boisot's cannon, lighting up the black waste of waters. There was a fierce naval midnight battle—a strange spectacle among the branches of those quiet orchards, and with the chimney-stacks of half-submerged farm-houses rising around the contending vessels. The neighbouring village of Zoeterwoude shook with the discharges of the Zealanders' cannon, and the Spaniards assembled in that fortress knew that the rebel admiral was at last afloat and on his course.

Meantime the citizens had grown wild with expectation. A dove had been dispatched by Boisot informing them of his precise position; and a number of citizens accompanied the burgomaster at

nightfall toward the tower of Hengist. "Yonder," cried the magistrate, stretching out his hand towards Lammen—"yonder, behind that fort, are bread and meat, and brethren in thousands. Shall all this be destroyed by the Spanish guns? or shall we rush to the rescue of our friends?" "We will tear the fortress to fragments with our teeth and nails," was the reply, "before the relief, so long expected, shall be wrested from us." It was resolved that a sortie, in conjunction with the operations of Boisot, should be made against Lammen with the earliest dawn.

Night descended upon the scene, a pitch-dark night, full of anxiety to the Spaniards, to the armada, to Leyden. Strange sights and sounds occurred at different moments to bewilder the anxious sentinels. A long procession of lights issuing from the fort was seen to flit across the black face of the waters, in the dead of night; and the whole of the city wall between the Cowgate and the Tower of Burgundy fell with a loud crash. The horror-struck citizens thought that the Spaniards were upon them at last; the Spaniards imagined the noise to indicate a desperate sortie of the citizens. Everything was vague and mysterious.

Day dawned at length after the feverish night, and the admiral prepared for the assault. Within the fortress reigned a deathlike stillness, which inspired a sickening suspicion. Had the city, indeed, been carried in the night? had the massacre already commenced? had all this labour and audacity been expended in vain? Suddenly a man was descried

wading breast-high through the water from Lammen towards the fleet, while at the same time one solitary boy was seen to wave his cap from the summit of the fort. After a moment of doubt the happy mystery was solved. The Spaniards had fled, panic-struck, during the darkness. Their position would still have enabled them, with firmness, to frustrate the enterprise of the patriots; but the hand of God, which had sent the ocean and the tempest to the deliverance of Leyden, had struck her enemies with terror likewise. The lights which had been seen moving during the night were the lanterns of the retreating Spaniards, and the boy who was now waving his triumphant signal from the battlements had alone witnessed the spectacle. So confident was he in the conclusion to which it led him that he had volunteered at daybreak to go thither all alone.

Valdez, flying himself from Leyderdorp, had ordered Colonel Borgia to retire with all his troops from Lammen. Thus the Spaniards had retreated at the very moment that an extraordinary accident had laid bare a whole side of the city for their entrance. The noise of the wall as it fell only inspired them with fresh alarm; for they believed that the citizens had sallied forth in the darkness to aid the advancing flood in the work of destruction. All obstacles being now removed, the fleet of Boisot swept by Lammen, and entered the city on the morning of the 3rd of October. Leyden was relieved!

*From "History of the Rise of the Dutch Republic," by J. L. MOTLEY.*

# 29. THE FORSAKEN MERMAN.

Come, dear children, let us away—  
Down and away below !  
Now my brothers call from the bay,  
Now the great winds shoreward blow.  
Now the salt tides seaward flow ;  
Now the wild white horses play,  
Champ and chafe and toss in the spray.  
Children dear, let us away !  
This way, this way !

Call her once before you go—  
Call once yet,  
In a voice that she will know,—  
“ Margaret ! Margaret ! ”  
Children's voices should be dear  
(Call once more) to a mother's ear ;  
Children's voices, wild with pain—  
Surely she will come again !  
Call her once and come away ;  
This way, this way !  
“ Mother dear, we cannot stay !  
The wild white horses foam and fret.”  
Margaret ! Margaret !

Come, dear children, come away down ;  
Call no more !  
One last look at the white-walled town,  
And the little gray church on the windy shore ;  
Then come down !  
She will not come though you call all day ;  
Come away, come away !

Children dear, was it yesterday  
We heard the sweet bells over the bay ?  
In the caverns where we lay,  
Through the surf and through the swell,  
The far-off sound of a silver bell ?



Sand-strewn caverns, cool and deep,  
Where the winds are all asleep;  
Where the spent lights quiver and gleam,  
Where the salt-weed sways in the stream;  
Where the sea-beasts, ranged all round,  
Feed in the ooze of their pasture-ground;  
Where the sea-snakes coil and twine,  
Dry their mail and bask in the brine;  
Where great whales come sailing by,  
Sail and sail, with unshut eye,  
Round the world for ever and aye?  
When did music come this way?  
Children dear, was it yesterday?

Children dear, was it yesterday  
(Call yet once) that she went away?  
Once she sat with you and me,  
On a red gold throne in the heart of the sea,  
And the youngest sate on her knee.  
She combed its bright hair, and she tended it well,  
When down swung the sound of a far-off bell.  
She sighed, she looked up through the clear green sea;  
She said: "I must go, for my kinsfolk pray  
In the little gray church on the shore to-day.  
'Twill be Easter-time in the world—ah me!  
And I lose my poor soul, Merman, here with thee."  
I said: "Go up, dear heart, through the waves;  
Say thy prayer, and come back to the kind sea-caves!"  
She smiled, she went up through the surf in the bay.  
Children dear, was it yesterday?

Children dear, were we long alone?  
"The sea grows stormy, the little ones moan;  
Long prayers," I said, "in the world they say.  
Come!" I said; and we rose through the surf in the bay.  
We went by the beach, by the sandy down  
Where the sea-stocks bloom, to the white-walled town;  
Through the narrow-paved streets, where all was still,  
To the little gray church on the windy hill.

From the church came a murmur of folk at their prayers,  
But we stood without in the cold blowing airs.  
We climbed on the graves, on the stones worn with  
rains,

And we gazed up the aisle through the small leaded panes.  
She sate by the pillar ; we saw her clear.

“Margaret, hist ! come quick, we are here !  
Dear heart,” I said, “we are long alone ;  
The sea grows stormy, the little ones moan.”  
But, ah, she gave me never a look,  
For her eyes were sealed to the holy book !  
Loud prays the priest ; shut stands the door.  
Come away, children, call no more !  
Come away, come down, call no more !

Down, down, down—

Down to the depths of the sea !

She sits at her wheel in the humming town,  
Singing most joyfully.

Hark what she sings : “O joy, O joy,  
For the humming street and the child with its toy ;  
For the priest, and the bell, and the holy well ;  
For the wheel where I spun,  
And the blessed light of the sun !”

And so she sings her fill,

Singing most joyfully,

Till the spindle drops from her hand,

And the whizzing wheel stands still.

She steals to the window, and looks at the sand,

And over the sand at the sea ;

And her eyes are set in a stare ;

And anon there breaks a sigh,

And anon there drops a tear,

From a sorrow-clouded eye,

And a heart sorrow-laden—

A long, long sigh,

For the cold, strange eyes of a little mermaid,

And the gleam of her golden hair.

**The Forsaken Merman.**

Come away, away, children,  
Come, children, come down !  
The hoarse wind blows colder,  
Lights shine in the town.  
She will start from her slumber  
When gusts shake the door :  
She will hear the winds howling  
Will hear the waves roar.  
We shall see, while above us  
The waves roar and whirl,  
A ceiling of amber,  
A pavement of pearl—  
Singing : “ Here came a mortal,  
But faithless was she !  
And alone dwell for ever  
The kings of the sea.”

But, children, at midnight,  
When soft the winds blow,  
When clear falls the moonlight,  
When spring-tides are low ;  
When sweet airs come seaward  
From heaths starred with broom,  
And high rocks throw mildly  
On the blanched sands a gloom,—  
Up the still, glistening beaches,  
Up the creeks we will hie,  
Over banks of bright seaweed  
The ebb-tide leaves dry.  
We will gaze from the sand-hills ;  
At the white sleeping town,  
At the church on the hillside,  
And then come back down—  
Singing : “ There dwells a loved one,  
But cruel is she !  
She left lonely for ever  
The kings of the sea.”

MATTHEW ARNOLD

## 30. THE PARTITION OF SPAIN.

A momentous event, which had during many years been constantly becoming more and more probable, was now certain and near. Charles the Second of Spain, the last descendant in the male line of the Emperor Charles the Fifth, would soon die without posterity. Who would then be the heir to his many kingdoms, dukedoms, counties, lordships, acquired in different ways, held by different titles, and subject to different laws? That was a question about which jurists differed, and which it was not likely that jurists would, even if they were unanimous, be suffered to decide. Among the claimants were the mightiest sovereigns of the Continent: there was little chance that they would submit to any arbitration but that of the sword; and it could not be hoped that, if they appealed to the sword, other potentates who had no pretension to any part of the disputed inheritance would long remain neutral. For there was in Western Europe no government which did not feel that its own prosperity, dignity, and security might depend on the event of the contest.

It is true that the empire, which had in the preceding century threatened both France and England with subjugation, had of late been of hardly so much account as the Duchy of Savoy or the Electorate of Brandenburg. But it by no means followed that the fate of that empire was matter of indifference to the rest of the world. The paralytic helplessness and drowsiness of the body once, so formidable could not

be imputed to any deficiency of the natural elements of power. The dominions of the Catholic king were, in extent and in population, superior to those of Lewis and of William united.

Spain alone, without a single dependency, ought to have been a kingdom of the first rank; and Spain was but the nucleus of the Spanish monarchy. The outlying provinces of that monarchy in Europe would have sufficed to make three highly respectable states of the second order. One such state might have been formed in the Netherlands. It would have been a wide expanse of cornfield, orchard, and meadow, intersected by navigable rivers and canals. At short intervals, in that thickly-peopled and carefully-tilled region, rose stately old towns, encircled by strong fortifications, embellished by fine cathedrals and senate-houses, and renowned either as seats of learning or as seats of mechanical industry.

A second flourishing principality might have been created between the Alps and the Po, out of that well-watered garden of olives and mulberry trees which spreads on every side of the great white temple of Milan. Yet neither the Netherlands nor the Milanese could, in physical advantages, vie with the kingdom of the two Sicilies—a land which nature had taken pleasure in enriching and adorning, a land which would have been paradise if tyranny and superstition had not, during many ages, lavished all their noxious influences on the bay of Campania, the plain of Enna, and the sunny banks of Galesus.

In America the Spanish territories spread from the

equator northward and southward through all the signs of the zodiac, far into the temperate zone. Thence came gold and silver to be coined in all the mints, and curiously wrought in all the jewellers' shops of Europe and Asia. Thence came the finest tobacco, the finest chocolate, the finest indigo, the finest cochineal, the hides of innumerable wild oxen, quinquina, coffee, sugar. Either the viceroyalty of Mexico or the viceroyalty of Peru would, as an independent state, with ports open to all the world, have been an important member of the great community of nations.

And yet the aggregate, made up of so many parts, each of which separately might have been powerful and highly considered, was impotent to a degree which moved at once pity and laughter. Already one most remarkable experiment had been tried on this strange empire. A small fragment, hardly a three-hundredth part of the whole in extent, hardly a thirtieth part of the whole in population, had been detached from the rest, had from that moment begun to display a new energy and to enjoy new prosperity, and was now, after the lapse of a hundred and twenty years, far more feared and revered than the huge mass of which it had once been an obscure corner. What a contrast between the Holland which Alva had oppressed and plundered and the Holland from which William had sailed to deliver England! And who, with such an example before him, would venture to foretell what changes might be at hand if the most languid and torpid of monarchies should be

dissolved, and if every one of the members which had composed it should enter on an independent existence?

To such a dissolution that monarchy was peculiarly liable. The king, and the king alone, held it together. The populations which acknowledged him as their chief either knew nothing of each other, or regarded each other with positive aversion. The Biscayan was in no sense the countryman of the Valencian, nor the Lombard of the Biscayan, nor the Fleming of the Lombard, nor the Sicilian of the Fleming. The Arragonese had never ceased to pine for their lost independence. Within the memory of many persons still living the Catalans had risen in rebellion, had entreated Lewis the Thirteenth of France to become their ruler, with the old title of Count of Barcelona, and had actually sworn fealty to him. Before the Catalans had been quieted the Neapolitans had taken arms, had abjured their foreign master, had proclaimed their city a republic, and had elected a Doge.

In the New World the small caste of born Spaniards which had the exclusive enjoyment of power and dignity was hated by Creoles and Indians, Mestizos and Quadroons. The Mexicans especially had turned their eyes on a chief who bore the name and had inherited the blood of the unhappy Montezuma. Thus it seemed that the empire against which Elizabeth and Henry the Fourth had been scarcely able to contend would not improbably fall to pieces of itself, and that the first violent shock

from without would scatter the ill-cemented parts of the huge fabric in all directions.

But though such a dissolution had no terrors for the Catalanian or the Fleming, for the Lombard or the Calabrian, for the Mexican or the Peruvian, the thought of it was torture and madness to the Castilian. Castile enjoyed the supremacy in that great assemblage of races and languages. Castile sent out governors to Brussels, Milan, Naples, Mexico, Lima. To Castile came the annual galleons laden with the treasures of America. In Castile were ostentatiously displayed and lavishly spent great fortunes made in remote provinces by oppression and corruption. In Castile were the king and his court. There stood the stately Escorial, once the centre of the politics of the world—the place to which distant potentates looked, some with hope and gratitude, some with dread and hatred, but none without anxiety and awe.

The glory of the house had indeed departed. It was long since couriers bearing orders big with the fate of kings and commonwealths had ridden forth from those gloomy portals. Military renown, maritime ascendancy, the policy once reputed so profound, the wealth once deemed inexhaustible, had passed away. An undisciplined army, a rotting fleet, an incapable council, an empty treasury, were all that remained of that which had been so great. Yet the proudest of nations could not bear to part even with the name and the shadow of a supremacy which was no more. All, from the grandee of the first class to the peasant, looked forward with dread to the day



when God should be pleased to take their king to Himself. Some of them might have a predilection for Germany, but such predilections were subordinate to a stronger feeling. The paramount object was the integrity of the empire of which Castile was the head, and the prince who should appear to be most likely to preserve that integrity unviolated would have the best right to the allegiance of every true Castilian.

*From MACAULAY'S "History of England."*

### 31. THE RAVEN.

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,  
 Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore,—  
 While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,  
 As of some one gently rapping—rapping at my chamber door.  
 "Tis some visitor," I muttered, "tapping at my chamber door—  
                     Only this, and nothing more."

Ah! distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December,  
 And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.  
 Eagerly I wished the morrow; vainly I had sought to borrow  
 From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost Lenore,  
 For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore—  
                     Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken sad uncertain rustling of each purple  
curtain  
Thrilled me—filled me—with fantastic terrors never felt  
before ;  
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood  
repeating,  
“’Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber  
door—  
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door.  
This it is, and nothing more.”

Presently my soul grew stronger. Hesitating then no  
longer,  
“Sir,” said I, “or Madam, truly your forgiveness I im-  
plore ;  
But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you came  
rapping,  
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber  
door,  
That I scarce was sure I heard you.” Here I opened wide  
the door—  
Darkness there, and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there,  
wondering, fearing,  
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream  
before.  
But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no  
token,  
And the only word there spoken was the whispered word,  
“Lenore !”  
This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word,  
“Lenore !”—  
Merely this, and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me  
burning,

Soon again I heard a tapping, something louder than before.

"Surely," said I—"surely that is something at my window-lattice.

Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery explore;

Let my heart be still a moment, and 'this mystery explore.

'Tis the wind, and nothing more."

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,

In there stepped a stately raven of the saintly days of yore.

Not the least obeisance made he, not a minute stopped or stayed he,

But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door—

Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my chamber door—

Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebon bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,  
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,

"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said, "art sure no craven,

Ghastly, grim, and ancient Raven, wandering from the nightly shore.

Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's Plutonian shore!"

Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,

Though its answer little meaning, little relevancy bore;

For we cannot help agreeing that no living human  
 being  
 Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber  
 door—  
 Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber  
 door,

With such name as "Nevermore."

But the raven, sitting lonely on that placid bust, spoke  
 only  
 That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did out-  
 pour.  
 Nothing further then he uttered, not a feather then he  
 fluttered,  
 Till I scarcely more than muttered, "Other friends have  
 flown before !  
 On the morrow *he* will leave me, as my hopes have flown  
 before !"

Then the bird said, "Nevermore."

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly  
 spoken,  
 "Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only stock and  
 store,  
 Caught from some unhappy master whom unmerciful  
 disaster  
 Followed fast and followed faster, till his songs one burden  
 bore—  
 Till the dirges of his hope that melancholy burden bore  
 Of 'Never—nevermore !'"

But the raven still beguiling all my sad soul into  
 smiling,  
 Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird and  
 bust and door ;  
 Then upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to  
 linking

Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of  
yore—  
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous  
bird of yore  
Meant in croaking “Nevermore.”

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing  
To the fowl, whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom’s  
core;  
This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease  
reclining  
On the cushion’s velvet lining that the lamplight gloated  
o’er,  
But whose velvet violet lining, with the lamplight gloating  
o’er,  
*She* shall press, ah, nevermore !

Then methought the air grew denser, perfumed from an  
unseen censer  
Swung by seraphim whose footfalls tinkled on the tufted  
floor.  
“Wretch !” I cried, “thy God hath lent thee ; by these  
angels He hath sent thee  
Respite—respite and nepenthe from thy memories of  
Lenore !  
Quaff, oh quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget the lost  
Lenore !”  
Quoth the raven, “Nevermore.”

“Prophet !” cried I, “thing of evil ! prophet still, if bird  
or devil !  
Whether tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee  
here ashore,  
Desolate, yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted,  
On this home by horror haunted—tell me truly, I im-  
plore,

Is there--*is* there balm in Gilead? tell me, tell me, I  
implore!"

Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" cried I, "thing of evil! prophet still, if bird  
or devil!

By that heaven that bends above us, by that God we  
both adore!—

Tell this soul with sorrow laden, if, within the distant  
Aidenn,

It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name  
Lenore—

Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name  
Lenore."

Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!" I shrieked,  
upstarting;

"Get thee back into the tempest and the Night's Plutonian  
shore!

Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath  
spoken!

Leave my loneliness unbroken! quit the bust above my  
door!

Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from  
off my door!"

Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

And the raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting  
On the pallid bust of Pallas, just above my chamber door;  
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is  
dreaming,

And the lamplight o'er him streaming throws his shadow  
on the floor;

And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on  
the floor

Shall be lifted—nevermore!

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

### 32. PRAISE OF THE AIR.

The element that I use to trade in, which is the air, is an element of more worth than weight—an element that doubtless exceeds both the earth and water; for though I sometimes deal in both, yet the air is most properly mine.

I and my hawks use that most, and it yields us most recreation. It stops not the high soaring of my noble, generous falcon; in it she ascends to such a height as the dull eyes of beasts and fish are not able to reach to; their bodies are too gross for such high elevations. In the air my troops of hawks soar up on high, and when they are lost in the sight of men, then they attend upon and converse with the gods; therefore I think my eagle is so justly styled “Jove’s servant in ordinary.” And that very falcon that I am now going to see deserves no meaner title; for she usually in her flight endangers herself, like the son of Dædalus, to have her wings scorched by the sun’s heat, she flies so near it. But her mettle makes her careless of danger; for then she heeds nothing, but makes her nimble pinions cut the fluid air, and so makes her highway over the steepest mountains and deepest rivers, and in her glorious career looks with contempt upon those high steeples and magnificent palaces which we adore and wonder at. From which height I can make her to descend by a word from my mouth (which she both knows and obeys), to accept of meat from my hand, to own me for her master, to go home with me, and



*“Jove’s servant in ordinary.”*



be willing the next day to afford me the like recreation.

And more: this element of air which I profess to trade in, the worth of it is such, and it is of such necessity, that no creature whatsoever, not only those numerous creatures that feed on the face of the earth, but those various creatures that have their dwelling within the waters, every creature that hath life in its nostrils, stands in need of my element. The waters cannot preserve the fish without air—witness the not breaking of ice in an extreme frost: the reason is, for that if the inspiring and expiring organ of any animal be stopped, it suddenly yields to nature and dies. Thus necessary is air to the existence both of fish and beasts—nay, even to man himself; that air or breath of life with which God at first inspired mankind, he, if he wants it, dies presently, and in an instant turns to putrefaction.

Nay, more: the very birds of the air, those that be not hawks, are both so many and so useful and pleasant to mankind, that I must not let them pass without some observations. They both feed and refresh him—feed him with their choice bodies, and refresh him with their heavenly voices. I will not undertake to mention the several kinds of fowl by which this is done, and his curious palate pleased by day, and which afford him a soft lodging at night—these I will pass by; but not those little nimble musicians of the air, that warble forth their curious ditties, with which nature hath furnished them to the shame of art.

As first the lark, when she means to rejoice, to cheer herself and those that hear her. She then quits the earth, and sings as she ascends higher into the air ; and having ended her heavenly employment, grows then mute and sad, to think she must descend to the dull earth, which she would not touch but for necessity.

How do the blackbird and thrassel with their melodious voices bid welcome to the cheerful spring, and in their fixed months warble forth such ditties as no art or instrument can reach to ! Nay, the smaller birds also do the like in their particular seasons—as, namely, the leverock, the tit-lark, the little linnet, and the honest robin, that loves mankind both alive and dead.

But the nightingale, another of my airy creatures, breathes such sweet loud music out of her little instrumental throat, that it might make mankind to think miracles are not ceased. He that at midnight, when the very labourer sleeps securely, should hear, as I have very often, the clear airs, the sweet descants, the natural rising and falling, the doubling and redoubling of her voice, might well be lifted above earth, and say, “ Lord, what music hast Thou provided for the saints in heaven, when Thou affordest bad men such music on earth ? ”

And this makes me the less to wonder at the many aviaries in Italy, or at the great charge of Varro's aviary, the ruins of which are yet to be seen in Rome, and is still so famous there that it is reckoned for one of those notables which men of foreign nations either record, or lay up in their memories, when they return from travel.

This for the birds of pleasure, of which very much more might be said. My next shall be of birds of political use. I think 'tis not to be doubted that swallows have been taught to carry letters between two armies. But it is certain that, when the Turks besieged Malta or Rhodes (I now remember not which it was), pigeons were then related to carry and recarry letters. And Mr. G. Sandys, in his Travels, relates it to be done between Aleppo and Babylon. But if that be disbelieved, it is not to be doubted that the dove was sent out of the ark by Noah, to give him notice of land, when to him all appeared to be sea; and the dove proved a faithful and comfortable messenger. And for the sacrifices of the law, a pair of turtle-doves or young pigeons were as well accepted as costly bulls and rams. And to conclude this part of my discourse, pray remember these wonders were done by birds of the air, the element in which they and I take so much pleasure.

There is also a little contemptible winged creature, an inhabitant of my aérial element—namely, the laborious bee, of whose prudence, policy, and regular government of their own commonwealth I might say much, as also of their several kinds, and how useful their honey and wax are both for meat and medicines to mankind; but I will leave them to their sweet labour, without the least disturbance, believing them to be all very busy at this very time amongst the herbs and flowers that we see nature puts forth this May morning.

*From the "Compleat Angler," by IZAAK WALTON.*

## 33. TROUT-FISHING.

*Venator.* Trust me, master : I see now it is a harder matter to catch a trout than a chub ; for I have put on patience, and followed you these two hours, and not seen a fish stir, neither at your minnow nor your worm.

*Piscator.* Well, scholar, you must endure worse luck some time, or you will never make a good angler. But what say you now ? There is a trout now, and a good one too, if I can but hold him, and two or three turns more will tire him. Now you see he lies still, and the sleight is to land him. Reach me that landing-net ; so, sir, now he is mine own. What say you now ? is not this worth all my labour and your patience ?

*Ven.* On my word, master, this is a gallant trout : what shall we do with him ?

*Pisc.* Marry, e'en eat him to supper. We'll go to my hostess, from whence we came ; she told me, as I was going out of door, that my brother Peter, a good angler and a cheerful companion, had sent word that he would lodge there to-night, and bring a friend with him. My hostess has two beds, and I know you, and I may have the best. We'll rejoice with my brother Peter and his friend, tell tales, or sing ballads, or make a catch, or find some harmless sport to content us and pass away a little time, without offence to God or man.

*Ven.* A match, good master. Let's go to that house ; for the linen looks white and smells of lavender, and

I long to lie in a pair of sheets that smell so. Let's be going, good master, for I am hungry again with fishing.

*Pisc.* Nay, stay a little, good scholar. I caught my last trout with a worm; now I will put on a minnow, and try a quarter of an hour about yonder trees for another; and so walk towards our lodging. Look you, scholar, thereabout we shall have a bite presently or not at all. Have with you, sir! o' my word I have hold of him. Oh, it is a great logger-headed chub! come hang him upon that willow twig, and let's be going. But turn out of the way a little, good scholar, towards yonder high honeysuckle hedge; there we'll sit and sing whilst this shower falls so gently upon the teeming earth, and gives yet a sweeter smell to the lovely flowers that adorn these verdant meadows.

Look! under that broad beech tree I sat down when I was last this way a-fishing. And the birds in the adjoining grove seemed to have a friendly contention with an echo, whose dead voice seemed to live in a hollow tree, near to the brow of that primrose hill. There I sat viewing the silver streams glide silently towards their centre, the tempestuous sea; yet sometimes opposed by rugged roots and pebble stones, which broke their waves and turned them into foam. And sometimes I beguiled time by viewing the harmless lambs—some leaping securely in the cool shade, whilst others sported themselves in the cheerful sun; and saw others craving comfort from the swollen udders, of their bleating dams. As

I thus sat, these and other sights had so fully possessed my soul with content, that I thought, as the poet hath happily expressed it,—

“I was for that time lifted above earth,  
And possessed joys not promised in my birth.”

As I left this place and entered into the next field, a second pleasure entertained me. ’Twas a handsome milkmaid, that had not yet attained so much age and wisdom as to load her mind with any fears of many things that will never be, as too many men too often do; but she cast away all care, and sang like a nightingale. Her voice was good, and the ditty fitted for it: it was that smooth song which was made by Kit Marlow, now at least fifty years ago. And the milkmaid’s mother sang an answer to it which was made by Sir Walter Raleigh in his younger days.

They were old-fashioned poetry, but choicely good; I think much better than the strong lines that are now in fashion in this critical age. Look yonder! on my word, yonder they both be a-milking again. I will give her the chub, and persuade them to sing those two songs to us.

*From IZAAK WALTON’S “Compleat Angler,” chap. iv.*

### 34. SONGS.

#### I.—The Passionate Shepherd to his Love.

Come, live with me, and be my love,  
And we will all the pleasures prove  
That hills and valleys, dales and fields,  
Or woods or steepy mountain yields.

And we will sit upon the rocks,  
 Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks  
 By shallow rivers, to whose falls  
 Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses,  
 And a thousand fragrant posies ;  
 A cap of flowers, and a kirtle  
 Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle ;

A gown made of the finest wool  
 Which from our pretty lambs we pull ;  
 Fair-lined slippers for the cold,  
 With buckles of the finest gold ;

A belt of straw and ivy-buds,  
 With coral clasps and amber studs :  
 And if these pleasures may thee move,  
 Come, live with me, and be my love.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing  
 For thy delight each May morning :  
 If these delights thy mind may move,  
 Then live with me and be my love. MARLOWE

## II.—Her Reply.

If all the world and love were young,  
 And truth in every shepherd's tongue,  
 These pretty pleasures might me move  
 To live with thee and be thy love.

But time drives flocks from field to fold,  
 When rivers rage and rocks grow cold ;  
 And Philomel becometh dumb ;  
 The rest complains of cares to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields  
 To wayward winter reckoning yields :  
 A honey tongue, a heart of gall,  
 Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall. RALEIGH.

### 35. SPORTS, AGRICULTURE, AND TRADE OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

The favourite diversions of the Middle Ages in the intervals of war were those of hunting and hawking. The former must in all countries be a source of pleasure, but it seems to have been enjoyed in moderation by the Greeks and Romans. With the northern invaders, however, it was rather a predominant appetite than an amusement; it was their pride and their ornament, the theme of their songs, the object of their laws, and the business of their lives. Falconry, unknown as a diversion to the ancients, became from the fourth century an equally delightful occupation. From the Salic and other barbarous codes of the fifth century to the close of the period under our review, every age could furnish testimony to the ruling passion for these two species of the chase, or, as they were sometimes called, the mysteries of woods and rivers.

A knight seldom stirred from his horse without a falcon on his wrist or a greyhound that followed him. Thus are Harold and his attendants represented in the famous tapestry of Bayeux. And in the monuments of those who died anywhere but on the field of battle it is usual to find the greyhound lying at their feet or the bird upon their wrist. Nor are the tombs of ladies without their falcon; for this diversion, being of less danger and fatigue than the chase, was shared by the delicate sex.

It was impossible to repress the eagerness with





HAWKING.  
(From a picture by Landseer.)

which the clergy, especially after the barbarians had been tempted by rich bishoprics to take upon them the sacred functions, rushed into these secular amusements. Prohibitions of councils, however frequently repeated, produced little effect. In some instances a particular monastery obtained a dispensation. Thus that of Saint Denis, in 774, represented to Charlemagne that the flesh of hunted animals was salutary for sick monks, and that their skins would serve to bind the books in the library. Reasons equally cogent, we may presume, could not be wanting in every other case. As the bishops and abbots were perfectly feudal lords, and often did not scruple to lead their vassals into the field, it was not to be expected that they should debar themselves of an innocent pastime.

Though hunting had ceased to be a necessary means of procuring food, it was a very convenient resource, on which the wholesomeness and comfort as well as the luxury of the table depended. Before the natural pastures were improved, and new kinds of fodder for cattle discovered, it was impossible to maintain the summer stock during the cold season. Hence a portion of it was regularly slaughtered and salted for winter provision. We may suppose that, when no alternative was offered but these salted meats, even the leanest venison was devoured with relish. There was somewhat more excuse, therefore, for the severity with which the lords of forests and manors preserved the beasts of the chase, than if they had been considered as merely objects of sport.

The laws relating to preservation of game were in every country uncommonly rigorous. They formed in England that odious system of forest laws which distinguished the tyranny of our Norman kings. Capital punishment for killing a stag or wild boar was frequent, and perhaps warranted by law, until the charter of John. The French code was less severe, but even Henry the Fourth enacted the pain of death against the repeated offence of chasing deer in the royal forests. The privilege of hunting was reserved to the nobility till the reign of Louis the Ninth, who extended it in some degree to persons of lower birth.

This excessive passion for the sports of the field produced those evils which are apt to result from it—a strenuous idleness, which disdained all useful occupations, and an oppressive spirit toward the peasantry. The devastation committed under the pretence of destroying wild animals, which had been already protected in their depredations, is noticed in serious authors, and has also been the topic of popular ballads. What effect this must have had on agriculture it is easy to conjecture. The levelling of forests, the draining of morasses, and the extirpation of mischievous animals which inhabit them, are the first object of man's labour in reclaiming the earth to his use; and these were forbidden by a landed aristocracy, who had not yet learned to sacrifice their pleasures to their avarice.

These habits of the rich, and the miserable servitude of those who cultivated the land, rendered its

fertility unavailing. There are but two possible modes in which the produce of the earth can be increased—one by rendering fresh land serviceable; the other by improving the fertility of that which is already cultivated. The last is only attainable by the application of capital and of skill to agriculture, neither of which could be expected in the ruder ages of society. The former is, to a certain extent, always practicable whilst waste lands remain; but it was checked by laws hostile to improvement, and by the general tone of manners.

Till the reign of Charlemagne there were no towns in Germany except a few that were erected on the Rhine and the Danube by the Romans. A house with its stables and farm buildings, surrounded by a hedge or enclosure, was called a court—the toft or homestead of a more genuine English dialect. One of these, with the adjacent domain of arable fields and woods, had the name of villa or manse. Several manses composed a march, and several marches formed a pagus or district. From these elements, in the progress of population, arose villages and towns. In France, undoubtedly, there were always cities of some importance. Country parishes contained several manses or farms of arable land around a common pasture, where every one was bound by custom to feed his cattle.

The condition even of internal trade was hardly preferable to that of agriculture. There is not a vestige, perhaps, to be discovered for several centuries of any considerable manufacture; I mean, of working

up articles of common utility to an extent beyond what the necessities of an adjacent district required. Rich men kept domestic artisans among their servants; even kings, in the ninth century, had their clothes made by the women upon their farms; but the peasantry must have been supplied with garments and implements of labour by purchase; and every town, it cannot be doubted, had its weaver, its smith, and its currier.

But there were almost insuperable impediments to any extended traffic—the insecurity of movable wealth, and the difficulty of accumulating it; the ignorance of mutual wants; the peril of robbery in conveying merchandise, and the certainty of extortion. In the domains of every lord a toll was paid in passing his bridge, or along his highway, or at his market.

These customs, fair and necessary in their principle, became in practice oppressive, because they were arbitrary, and renewed in every petty territory which the road might intersect. One regulation rather amusingly illustrates the modesty and moderation of the landholders. It is enacted that no one shall be compelled to go out of his way in order to pay toll at a particular bridge, when he can cross the river more conveniently at another place.

These provisions, like most others of that age, were unlikely to produce much amendment. It was only the milder species, however, of feudal lords who were content with the tribute of merchants. The more ravenous descended from their fortress to pil-

lage the wealthy traveller, or shared in the spoil of inferior plunderers, whom they both protected and instigated.

Proofs occur, even in the latter periods of the Middle Ages, when government had regained its energy, and civilization had made considerable progress, of public robberies by men of noble rank. In the more savage times, before the twelfth century, they were probably too frequent to excite much attention. It was a custom in some places to way-lay travellers, and not only to plunder, but to sell them as slaves, or compel them to pay ransom. Harold, son of Godwin, having been wrecked on the coast of Ponthieu, was imprisoned by the lord, says an historian, according to the custom of that territory.

Germany appears to have been, upon the whole, the country where downright robbery was most unscrupulously practised by the great. Their castles, erected on almost inaccessible heights among the woods, became the secure receptacle of robber bands, who spread terror over the country.

From these barbarian lords of the dark ages, as from a living model, the romancers are said to have drawn their giants and other disloyal enemies of true chivalry. Robbery, indeed, is the constant theme of the Anglo-Saxon laws. One has more reason to wonder at the intrepid thirst of lucre, which induced a very few merchants to exchange the products of different regions, than to ask why no general spirit of commercial activity prevailed.

HALLAM.

## 36. SIR PATRICK SPENS.

The king sat in Dunfermline town,  
Drinking the blude-red wine :  
“ Oh, whare will I get a skeely skipper  
To sail this new ship o’ mine ? ”

Oh, up and spake an eldern knight  
Sat at the king’s right knee,—  
“ Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailor  
That ever sailed the sea.”

Our king has written a braid letter,  
And sealed it wi’ his hand,  
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spens,  
Was walking on the sand.

“ To Noroway, to Noroway,  
To Noroway o’er the faem ;  
The king’s daughter o’ Noroway,  
’Tis thou maun bring her hame.”

“ Be it wind or weet, be it hail or sleet,  
Our ship must sail the faem ;  
The king’s daughter o’ Noroway,  
’Tis we must bring her hame.”

They hoisted their sails on Monenday morn  
Wi’ a’ the speed they may ;  
They hae landed safe in Noroway  
Upon a Wodensday.

They hadna been a week, a week  
In Noroway but twae.  
When that the lords o’ Noroway  
Began aloud to say,—

“Ye Scottishmen spend a’ our king’s goud  
And a’ our queenis fee.”—

“Ye lie, ye lie, ye liars loud!  
Fu’ loud I hear ye lie!

“For I brought as mickle white monie  
As gane my men and me,  
And I brought a half-fou o’ gude red goud  
Out o’er the sea wi’ me.

“Mak’ ready, mak’ ready, my merry men a’!  
Our gude ship sails the morn.”—

“Now ever, alake! my master dear,  
I fear a deadly storm.

“I saw the new moon late yestreen,  
Wi’ the auld moon in her arm;  
And if we gang to sea, master,  
I fear we’ll come to harm.”

They hadna sailed upon the sea  
A day but barely three,  
Till loud and boisterous grew the wind,  
And gurly grew the sea.

“Oh, where will I get a gude sailor  
To tak’ my helm in hand,  
Till I gae up to the tall top-mast  
To see if I can spy land?”—

“Oh, here am I, a sailor gude,  
To tak’ the helm in hand,  
Till you gae up to the tall top-mast,—  
But I fear you’ll never spy land.”

He hadna gane a step, a step,  
A step but barely ane,  
When a bolt flew out o’ our goodly ship,  
And the salt sea it came in.



**Sir Patrick Spens.**

“Gae fetch a web o’ the silken claith,  
Anither o’ the twine,  
And wap them into our ship’s side,  
And letna the sea come in.”

They fetched a web o’ the silken claith,  
Anither o’ the twine,  
And they wapped them into that gude ship’s side,  
But still the sea cam’ in.

Oh laith, laith were our gude Scots lords  
To weet their milk-white hands !  
But lang ere a’ the play was ower  
They wat their gouden bands.

Oh laith, laith were our gude Scots lords  
To weet their cork-heeled shoon !  
But lang ere a’ the play was played  
They wat their hats aboon.

Oh lang, lang may the ladies sit  
Wi’ their fans into their hand  
Before they see Sir Patrick Spens  
Come sailing to the land !

And lang, lang may the maidens sit  
Wi’ their goud kaims in their hair,  
Awaiting for their ain dear loves,  
For them they’ll see nae mair.

Half ower, half ower to Aberdour,  
It’s fifty fathoms deep ;  
And there lies gude Sir Patrick Spens,  
Wi’ the Scots lords at his feet.

*Old Ballad.*



## 37. THE SCOTTISH BORDERERS.

Their morality was of a singular kind. The rapine by which they subsisted they accounted lawful and honourable. Ever liable to lose their whole substance by an incursion of the English on a sudden breach of truce, they cared little to waste their time in cultivating crops to be reaped by their foes. Their cattle was therefore their chief property; and these were nightly exposed to the southern Borderers, as rapacious and active as themselves. Hence robbery assumed the appearance of fair reprisal. The fatal privilege of pursuing the marauders into their own country, for recovery of stolen goods, led to continual skirmishes.

The warden, also, himself frequently the chieftain of a Border horde, when redress was not instantly granted by the opposite officer for depredations sustained by his district, was entitled to retaliate upon England by a *warden raid*. In such cases the moss troopers who crowded to his standard found themselves pursuing their craft under legal authority, and became the followers and favourites of the military magistrate, whose ordinary duty it was to check and suppress them. Equally unable and unwilling to make nice distinctions, they were not to be convinced that what was to-day fair booty was to-morrow a subject of theft. National animosity usually gave an additional stimulus to their rapacity; although it must be owned that their depredations extended also to the more cultivated parts of their own country.

The Borderers had, in fact, little reason to regard the inland Scots as their fellow-subjects, or to respect the power of the crown. They were frequently resigned, by express compact, to the bloody retaliation of the English, without experiencing any assistance from their prince and his more immediate subjects. If they beheld him, it was more frequently in the character of an avenging judge than of a protecting sovereign. They were, in truth, in the time of peace, a kind of outcasts, against whom the united powers of England and Scotland were often employed.

Hence the men of the Borders had little attachment to their monarchs, whom they termed in derision the kings of Fife and Lothian—provinces which they were not legally entitled to inhabit, and which, therefore, they pillaged with as little remorse as if they had belonged to a foreign country. This strange, precarious, and adventurous mode of life led by the Borderers was not without its pleasures, and seems, in all probability, hardly so disagreeable to us as the monotony of regulated society must have been to those who had been long accustomed to a state of rapine.

The inroads of the Marchers, when stimulated only by the desire for plunder, were never marked by cruelty, and seldom even with bloodshed, unless in the case of opposition. They held that property was common to all who stood in want of it; but they abhorred and avoided the crime of unnecessary homicide. This was perhaps partly owing to the habits of intimacy betwixt the Borderers of both



A BORDER RAID.

kingdoms, notwithstanding their mutual hostility and reciprocal depredations.

A natural intercourse took place between the English and Scottish Marches at Border meetings and during the short intervals of peace. They met frequently at parties of the chase and football. The custom, also, of paying blackmail, or protection rent, introduced a connection betwixt the countries; for a Scottish Borderer taking blackmail from an English inhabitant was not only himself bound to abstain from injuring such person, but also to maintain his quarrel, and recover his property if carried off by others. Hence a union arose betwixt the parties, founded upon mutual interest, which counteracted, in many instances, the effects of national prejudice.

This humanity and moderation was, on certain occasions, entirely laid aside by the Borderers. In the case of deadly feud, either against an Englishman or against any neighbouring tribe, the whole force of the offended clan was bent to avenge the death of any of their number. This vengeance not only vented itself upon the homicide and his family, but upon all his kindred, on his whole tribe, and on every one, in fine, whose death or ruin could affect him with regret.

The immediate rulers of the Borders were the chiefs of the different clans. The abodes of these petty princes by no means corresponded to the extent of their power. We do not find on the Scottish Borders the splendid and extensive baronial castles which graced and defended the opposite frontier.

The Gothic grandeur of Alnwick, of Raby, and of Naworth marks the wealthier and more secure state of the English nobles. The Scottish chieftain, however extensive his domains, derived no pecuniary advantage, save from such parts as he could himself cultivate or occupy.

Payment of rent was hardly known on the Borders till after the Union of 1603. All that the landlord could gain from those residing upon his estate was their personal service in battle, their assistance in labouring the land retained in his natural possession, and perhaps a share in the spoil which they acquired by rapine. This, with his herds of cattle and of sheep, and with the *blackmail* which he exacted from his neighbours, constituted the revenue of the chieftain; and from funds so precarious he could rarely spare sums to expend in strengthening or decorating his habitation.

Another reason is found in the Scottish mode of warfare. It was early discovered that the English surpassed their neighbours in the arts of assaulting and defending fortified places. The policy of the Scots, therefore, deterred them from erecting upon the Borders buildings of such extent and strength as, being once taken by the foe, would have been capable of receiving a permanent garrison.

To themselves the woods and hills of their country were pointed out by the great Bruce as their safest bulwarks; and the maxim of the Douglasses, that "it was better to hear the lark sing than the mouse cheep," was adopted by every Border chief. For

these combined reasons the residence of the chieftain was commonly a large, square battlemented tower, called a keep or peel, placed on a precipice on the banks of a torrent, and, if the ground would permit, surrounded by a moat.

In short, the situation of a Border house, encompassed by woods, and rendered almost inaccessible by torrents, by rocks, or by morasses, sufficiently indicated the pursuits and apprehensions of its inhabitants. No wonder, therefore, that James the Fifth, on approaching the castle of Lockwood, the ancient seat of the Johnstones, is said to have exclaimed "that he who built it must have been a knave in his heart."

An outer wall, with some light fortifications, served as a protection for the cattle at night. The walls were of an immense thickness, and they could easily be defended against any small force—more especially as, the rooms being vaulted, each story formed a separate lodgment, capable of being held for a considerable time. On such occasions the usual mode adopted by the assailants was to expel the defenders by setting fire to wet straw in the lower apartments. But the Border chieftains seldom chose to abide in person a siege of this nature; and I have scarce observed a single instance of a distinguished baron made prisoner in his own house.

The common people resided in paltry huts, about the safety of which they were little anxious, as they contained nothing of value. On the approach of a superior force they unthatched them, to prevent their

being burned, and then abandoned them to the foe. Their only treasures were a fleet and active horse, with the ornaments which their rapine had procured for the females of their family, of whose gay appearance they were vain.

We are left to conjecture how they occupied the time when winter or when accident confined them to their habitations. The little learning which existed in the Middle Ages glimmered, a dim and dying flame, in the religious houses; and even in the sixteenth century, when its beams became more widely diffused, they were far from penetrating the recesses of the Border mountains. The tales of tradition, the song, with the pipe or harp of the minstrel, were probably the sole resources against weariness during the short intervals of repose from military adventure.

The more rude and wild the state of society, the more general and violent is the impulse received from poetry and music. The muse, whose effusions are the amusement of a very small part of a polished nation, records, in the lays of inspiration, the history, the laws, the very religion of savages. Where the pen and the press are wanting, the flow of numbers impressed upon the memory of posterity the deeds and sentiments of their forefathers.

Verse is naturally connected with music, and among a rude people the union is seldom broken. By this natural alliance, the lays, "steeped in the stream of harmony," are more easily retained by the reciter, and produce upon his audience a more impressive effect. Hence there has hardly been found



to exist a nation so rude as not to listen with enthusiasm to the songs of their bards, recounting the exploits of their forefathers, recording their laws and moral precepts, or hymning the praises of their deities.

But where the feelings are frequently stretched to the highest pitch by the vicissitudes of a life of danger and military adventure, this predisposition of a savage people to admire their own rude poetry and music is heightened, and its tone becomes peculiarly determined. It is not the peaceful Hindu at his loom, it is not the timid Esquimau in his canoe, whom we must expect to glow at the war-song. The music and the poetry of each country must keep pace with their usual tone of mind, as well as with the state of society.

The subject of their compositions is determined by the same circumstances. Those themes are necessarily chosen by the bard which regard the favourite exploits of the hearers, and he celebrates only those virtues which from infancy he has been taught to admire. Hence the music and songs of the Borderers were of a military nature, and celebrated the valour and success of their predatory expeditions.

The minstrels praised their chieftains for the very exploits against which the laws of the country denounced a capital doom. An outlawed freebooter was to them a more interesting person than the king of Scotland exerting legal power to punish his depredations; and when the characters are contrasted, the latter is always represented as a ruthless and sanguinary tyrant.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

## 38. LA GARDE DOLOUREUSE.

The morning light was scarce fully spread abroad, when Eveline Berenger, in compliance with her confessor's advice, commenced her progress around the walls and battlements of the beleaguered castle, to confirm, by her personal entreaties, the minds of the valiant, and to rouse the more timid to hope and to exertion. She wore a rich collar and bracelets, as ornaments which indicated her rank and high descent; and her under tunic, in the manner of the times, was gathered around her slender waist by a girdle, embroidered with precious stones, and secured by a large buckle of gold. From one side of the girdle was suspended a pouch or purse, splendidly adorned with needlework, and on the left side it sustained a small dagger of exquisite workmanship. A dark-coloured mantle, chosen as emblematic of her clouded fortunes, was flung loosely around her; and its hood was brought forward so as to shadow, but not hide, her beautiful countenance. Her looks had lost the high and ecstatic expression which had been inspired by supposed revelation, but they retained a sorrowful and mild yet determined character; and, in addressing the soldiers, she used a mixture of entreaty and command—now throwing herself upon their protection, now demanding in her aid the just tribute of their allegiance.

The garrison was divided, as military skill dictated, in groups, on the points most liable to attack, or from which an assailing enemy might be best an-

noyed; and it was this unavoidable separation of their force into small detachments which showed to disadvantage the extent of walls compared with the number of the defenders. And though Wilkin Flammock had contrived several means of concealing this deficiency of force from the enemy, he could not disguise it from the defenders of the castle, who cast mournful glances on the length of battlements which were unoccupied save by sentinels, and then looked out to the fatal field of battle, loaded with the bodies of those who ought to have been their comrades in this hour of peril.

The presence of Eveline did much to rouse the garrison from this state of discouragement. She glided from post to post, from tower to tower of the old gray fortress, as a gleam of light passes over a clouded landscape, and, touching its various points in succession, calls them out to beauty and effect. Sorrow and fear sometimes make sufferers eloquent. She addressed the various nations who composed her little garrison, each in appropriate language. To the English she spoke as children of the soil; to the Flemings, as men who had become denizens by the right of hospitality; to the Normans, as descendants of that victorious race whose sword had made them the nobles and sovereigns of every land where its edge had been tried. To them she used the language of chivalry, by whose rules the meanest of that nation regulated, or affected to regulate, his actions. The English she reminded of their good faith and honesty of heart; and to the Flemings she spoke of the de-

struction of their property, the fruits of their honest industry. To all she proposed vengeance for the death of their leader and his followers; to all she recommended confidence in God and Our Lady of the Garde Doloureuse; and she ventured to assure all of the strong and victorious bands that were already in march to their relief.

“Will the gallant champions of the Cross,” she said, “think of leaving their native land, while the wail of women and of orphans is in their ears? It were to convert their pious purpose into mortal sin, and to derogate from the high fame they have so well won. Yes! fight but valiantly, and perhaps, before the very sun that is now slowly rising shall sink in the sea, you will see it shining on the ranks of Shrewsbury and Chester. When did the Welshmen wait to hear the clangour of their trumpets or the rustling of their silken banners? Fight bravely—fight freely but awhile! Our castle is strong, our munition ample; your hearts are good, your arms are powerful. God is nigh to us, and our friends are not far distant. Fight, then, in the name of all that is good and holy! fight for yourselves, for your wives, for your children, and for your property; and oh, fight for an orphan maiden, who hath no other defenders but what a sense of her sorrows and the remembrance of her father may raise up among you!”

Such speeches as these made a powerful impression on the men to whom they were addressed, already hardened, by habits and sentiments, against a sense

of danger. The chivalrous Normans swore, on the cross of their swords, they would die to a man ere they would surrender their posts; the blunter Anglo-Saxons cried, "Shame on him who would render up such a lamb as Eveline to a Welsh wolf, while he could make her a bulwark with his body!" Even the cold Flemings caught a spark of the enthusiasm with which the others were animated, and muttered to each other praises of the young lady's beauty, and short but honest resolves to do the best they might in her defence.

Rose Flammock, who accompanied her lady with one or two attendants upon her circuit around the castle, seemed to have relapsed into her natural character of a shy and timid girl, out of the excited state into which she had been brought by the suspicions which in the evening before had attached to her father's character. She tripped closely but respectfully after Eveline, and listened to what she said from time to time with the awe and admiration of a child listening to its tutor, while only her moistened eye expressed how far she felt or comprehended the extent of the danger or the force of the exhortations.

There was, however, a moment when the youthful maiden's eye became more bright, her step more confident, her looks more elevated. This was when they approached the spot where her father, having discharged the duties of commander of the garrison, was now exercising those of engineer, and displaying great skill, as well as wonderful personal strength, in direct-



*"A huge sledge-hammer in his hand."*

ing and assisting the establishment of a large mangonel (a military engine used for casting stones) upon a station commanding an exposed postern gate, which led from the western side of the castle down to the plain, and where a severe assault was naturally to be expected. The greater part of his armour lay beside him, but covered with his cassock to screen it from morning dew; while in his leathern doublet, with arms bare to the shoulder, and a huge sledgehammer in his hand, he set an example to the mechanics who worked under his direction.

In slow and solid natures there is usually a touch of shamefacedness, and a sensitiveness to the breach of petty observances. Wilkin Flammock had been unmoved even to insensibility at the imputation of treason so lately cast upon him; but he coloured high and was confused while, hastily throwing on his cassock, he endeavoured to conceal the dishabille in which he had been surprised by the Lady Eveline. Not so his daughter. Proud of her father's zeal, her eye gleamed from him to her mistress with a look of triumph, which seemed to say, "And this faithful follower is he who was suspected of treachery!"

Eveline's own bosom made her the same reproach; and anxious to atone for her momentary doubt of his fidelity, she offered for his acceptance a ring of value, "in small amends," she said, "of a momentary misconstruction."

"It needs not, lady," said Flammock, with his usual bluntness, "unless I have the freedom to be-

stow the gaud on Rose ; for I think she was grieved enough at that which moved me little—as why should it ? ”

“ Dispose of it as thou wilt,” said Eveline ; “ the stone it bears is as true as thine own faith.”

Here Eveline paused, and looking on the broad expanded plain which extended between the site of the castle and the river, observed how silent and still the morning was rising over what had so lately been a scene of such extensive slaughter.

“ It will not be so long,” answered Flammock ; “ we shall have noise enough, and that nearer to our ears than yesterday.”

“ Which way lie the enemy ? ” said Eveline ; “ methinks I can spy neither tents nor pavilions.”

“ They use none, lady,” answered Wilkin Flammock. “ Heaven has denied them the grace and knowledge to weave linen enough for such a purpose. Yonder they lie on both sides of the river, covered with naught but their white mantles. Would one think that a host of thieves and cut-throats could look so like the finest object in nature—a well-spread bleaching field ! Hark ! hark !—the wasps are beginning to buzz ; they will soon be plying their stings.”

In fact, there was heard among the Welsh army a low and indistinct murmur, like that of

“ Bees alarmed, and arming in their hives.”

Terrified at the hollow menacing sound, which grew louder every moment, Rose, who had all the irritability



of a sensitive temperament, clung to her father's arm, saying, in a terrified whisper, "It is like the sound of the sea the night before the great inundation."

"And it betokens too rough weather for women to be abroad in," said Flammock. "Go to your chamber, Lady Eveline, if it be your will; and go you too, Roschen. God bless you both! ye do but keep us idle here."

And, indeed, conscious that she had done all that was incumbent upon her, and fearful lest the chill which she felt creeping over her own heart should infect others, Eveline took her vassal's advice, and withdrew slowly to her own apartment, often casting back her eye to the place where the Welsh, now drawn out and under arms, were advancing their ridgy battalions, like the waves of an approaching tide.

The Prince of Powys had, with considerable military skill, adopted a plan of attack suitable to the fiery genius of his followers, and calculated to alarm on every point the feeble garrison.

The three sides of the castle which were defended by the river were watched each by a numerous body of the British, with instructions to confine themselves to the discharge of arrows, unless they should observe that some favourable opportunity of close attack should occur. But far the greater part of Gwenwyn's forces, consisting of three columns of great strength, advanced along the plain on the western side of the castle, and menaced, with a desperate assault, the

walls, which in that direction were deprived of the defence of the river.

The first of these formidable bodies consisted entirely of archers, who dispersed themselves in front of the beleaguered place, and took advantage of every bush and rising ground which could afford them shelter; and then began to bend their bows and shower their arrows on the battlements and loopholes—suffering, however, a great deal more damage than they were able to inflict, as the garrison returned their shot in comparative safety, and with more secure and deliberate aim. Under cover, however, of their discharge of arrows, two very strong bodies of Welsh attempted to carry the outer defences of the castle by storm. They had axes to destroy the palisades, then called barriers; fagots to fill up the external ditches; torches to set fire to aught combustible which they might find; and, above all, ladders to scale the walls.

These detachments rushed with incredible fury towards the point of attack, despite a most obstinate defence and the great loss which they sustained by missiles of every kind, and continued the assault for nearly an hour, supplied by reinforcements which more than recruited their diminished numbers. When they were at last compelled to retreat, they seemed to adopt a new and yet more harassing species of attack. A large body assaulted one exposed point of the fortress with such fury as to draw thither as many of the besieged as could possibly be spared from other defended posts; and when there appeared

a point less strongly manned than was adequate to defence, that, in its turn, was furiously assailed by a separate body of the enemy.

Thus the defenders of the Garde Doloureuse resembled the embarrassed traveller engaged in repelling a swarm of hornets, which, while he brushes them from one part, fix in swarms upon another, and drive him to despair by their numbers and the boldness and multiplicity of their attacks. The postern being, of course, a principal point of attack, Father Aldrovand, whose anxiety would not permit him to be absent from the walls, and who, indeed, where decency would permit, took an occasional share in the active defence of the place, hasted thither, as the point chiefly in danger.

Here he found the Fleming, like a second Ajax, grim with dust and blood, working with his own hands the great engine which he had lately helped to erect, and at the same time giving heedful eye to all the exigencies around.

"How thinkest thou of this day's work?" said the monk in a whisper.

"What skills it talking of it, father?" replied Flammoek; "thou art no soldier, and I have no time for words."

"Nay, take thy breath," said the monk, tucking up the sleeves of his frock. "I will try to help thee the whilst, although, Our Lady pity me, I know nothing of these strange devices, not even the names. But our rule commands us to labour; there can be no harm, therefore, in turning this winch, or in

placing this steel-headed piece of wood opposite to the cord" (suiting his actions to his words); "nor see I aught uncanonical in adjusting the lever thus, or in touching the spring."

The large bolt whizzed through the air as he spoke, and was so successfully aimed that it struck down a Welsh chief of eminence, to whom Gwenwyn himself was in the act of giving some important charge.

"Well driven, *trebuchet*; well flown, *quarrel*!" cried the monk, unable to contain his delight, and giving, in his triumph, the true technical names to the engine and the javelin which it discharged.

"And well aimed, monk," said Wilkin Flammock; "I think thou knowest more than is in thy breviary."

"Care thou not for that," said the father. "And now that thou seest I can work an engine, and that the Welsh knaves seem something low in stomach, what thinkest thou of our estate?"

"Well enough—for a bad one—if we may hope for speedy succour; but men's bodies are of flesh, not of iron, and we may be at last wearied out by numbers. Only one soldier to four yards of wall is a fearful odds; and the villains are aware of it, and keep us to sharp work."

The renewal of the assault here broke off their conversation, nor did the active enemy permit them to enjoy much repose until sunset; for, alarming them with repeated menaces of attack upon different points, besides making two or three formidable and furious assaults, they left them scarce time to breathe,

or to take a moment's refreshment. Yet the Welsh paid a severe price for their temerity; for while nothing could exceed the bravery with which their men repeatedly advanced to the attack, those which were made latest in the day had less of animated desperation than their first onset; and it is probable that the sense of having sustained great loss, and the apprehension of its effects on the spirits of his people, made nightfall, and the interruption of the contest, as acceptable to Gwenwyn as to the exhausted garrison of the Garde Doloureuse.

*From "The Betrothed," by SIR WALTER SCOTT.*

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### 39. MARY AMBREE.

When captains courageous, whom death could not daunt,  
Did march to the siege of the city of Gaunt,  
They mustered their soldiers by two and by three,  
And the foremost in battle was Mary Ambree.

When brave Sir John Major was slain in her sight,  
Who was her true lover, her joy and delight,  
Because he was slain most treacherously,  
Then vowed to revenge him Mary Ambree.

She clothed herself from the top to the toe  
In buff of the bravest, most seemly to show;  
A fair shirt of mail then slipped on she:  
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree?

A helmet of proof she straight did provide,  
A strong arming sword she girt by her side,  
On her hand a goodly fair gauntlet put she:  
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree?

Then took she her sword and her target in hand,  
Bidding all such as would be of her band ;  
To wait on her person came thousand and three :  
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree ?

“ My soldiers,” she saith, “ so valiant and bold,  
Now follow your captain, whom you do behold ;  
Still foremost in battle myself will I be.”  
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree ?

Then cried out her soldiers, and loud they did say,—  
“ So well thou becomest this gallant array,  
Thy heart and thy weapons so well do agree,  
There was none ever like Mary Ambree.”

She cheerèd her soldiers, that fought for life,  
With ancient and standard, with drum and with fife,  
With brave clanging trumpets, that sounded so free :  
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree ?

“ Before I will see the worst of you all  
To come into danger of death or of thrall,  
This hand and this life I will venture so free !”  
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree ?

She led up her soldiers in battle array,  
’Gainst three times their numbers, by break of the day ;  
Seven hours in skirmish continuèd she :  
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree ?

She filled the skies with the smoke of her shot,  
And her enemies’ bodies with bullets so hot ;  
For one of her own men a score killèd she :  
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree ?

And when her false gunner, to spoil her intent,  
Away all her pellets and powder had sent,  
Straight with her keen weapon she slashed him in three :  
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree ?

Being falsely betrayed for lucre of hire,  
 At length she was forced to make a retire ;  
 Then her soldiers into a strong castle drew she :  
 Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree ?

Her foes they beset her on every side,  
 As thinking close siege she could never abide ;  
 To beat down the walls they all did decree,  
 But stoutly defied them brave Mary Ambree.

Then took she her sword and her target in hand,  
 And mounting the walls all undaunted did stand,  
 There daring their captains to match any three :  
 Oh what a brave captain was Mary Ambree !

“ Now say, English captain, what wouldest thou give  
 To ransom thyself, which else must not live ?  
 Come, yield thyself quickly, or slain thou must be.”  
 Then smiled sweetly brave Mary Ambree.

“ Ye captains courageous, of valour so bold,  
 Whom think you before you now you do behold ?”—  
 “ A knight, sir, of England, and captain so free,  
 Who shortly with us must a prisoner be.”—

“ No knight, sirs, of England, nor captain you see,  
 But a poor simple lass called Mary Ambree.”—

“ But art thou a woman, as thou dost declare,  
 Whose valour hath proved so undaunted in war ?  
 If England doth yield such brave lasses as thee,  
 Full well may they conquer, fair Mary Ambree.”

The Prince of Great Parma heard of her renown,  
 Who long had advanced for England's fair crown ;  
 He wooed her and sued her his mistress to be,  
 And offered rich presents to Mary Ambree.

But to her own country she back did return,  
 Still holding the foes of fair England in scorn ;  
 Therefore, English captains of every degree,  
 Sing forth the brave valours of Mary Ambree. *Old Ballad.*

#### 40. SWINEHERDS OF THE NEW FOREST.

These woods afford excellent feeding for hogs, which are led in the autumn season into many parts of the forest, but especially among the oaks and beeches of Boldre Wood, to fatten on mast. It is among the rights of the forest borderers to feed their hogs in the forest during the pannage month, as it is called, which commences about the end of September, and lasts six weeks. For this privilege they pay a trifling acknowledgment at the steward's court at Lyndhurst. The word "pannage" was the old term for the money thus collected.

The method of treating hogs at this season of migration, and of reducing a large herd of these unmanageable brutes to perfect obedience and good government, is curious.

The first step the swineherd takes is to investigate some close, sheltered part of the forest, where there is a conveniency of water and plenty of oak or beech mast, the former of which he prefers when he can have it in abundance. He fixes next on some spreading tree, round the bole of which he wattles a slight circular fence of the dimensions he wants, and covering it roughly with boughs and sods, he fills it plentifully with straw or fern.

Having made this preparation, he collects his colony among the farmers, with whom he commonly agrees for a shilling a head, and will get together perhaps a herd of five or six hundred hogs. Having driven them to their destined habitation, he gives

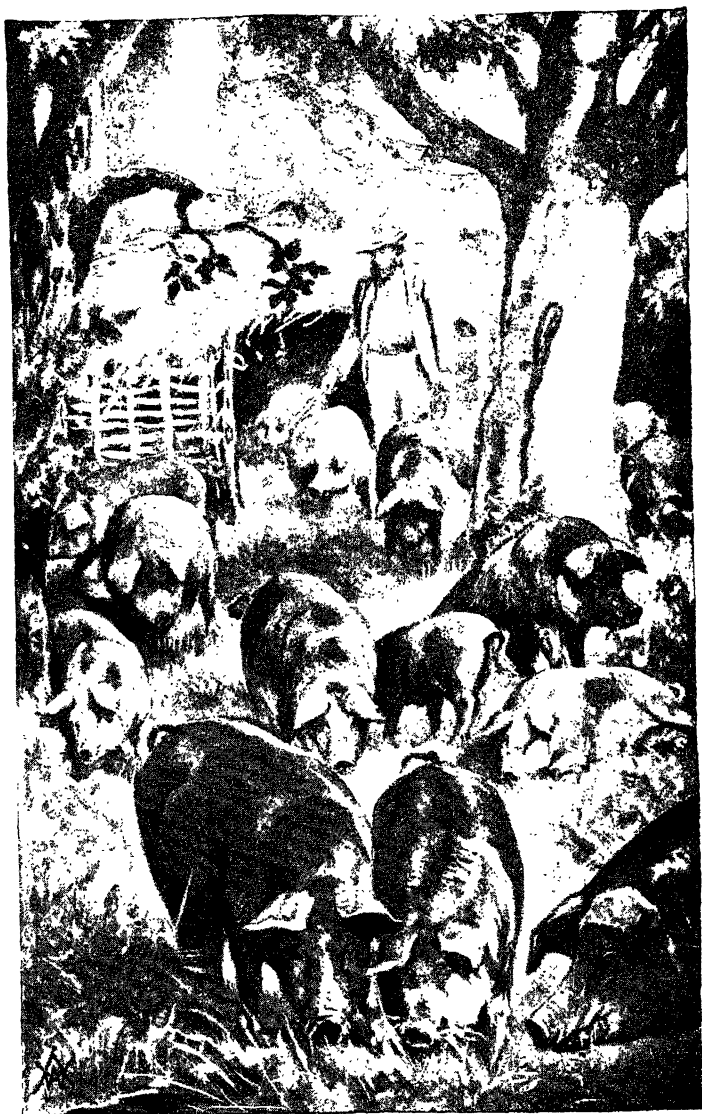


them a plentiful supper of acorns or beech mast, which he had already provided, sounding his horn during the repast. He then turns them into the litter, where, after a long journey and a hearty meal, they sleep deliciously.

The next morning he lets them look a little round them, shows them the pool or stream where they may occasionally drink, leaves them to pick up the offals of the last night's meal; and, as evening draws on, gives them another plentiful repast under the neighbouring trees, which rains acorns upon them for an hour together, at the sound of his horn. He then sends them again to sleep.

The following day he is perhaps at the pains of procuring them another meal, with music playing as usual. He then leaves them a little more to themselves, having an eye, however, on their evening hours. But as they have eaten plentifully, they seldom wander far from home, retiring commonly very orderly and early to bed.

After this he throws his sty open, and leaves them to cater for themselves; and from henceforward has little more trouble with them during the whole time of their migration. Now and then, in calm weather, when mast falls sparingly, he calls them perhaps together by the music of his horn to a meal; but in general they need little attention, returning regularly home at night, though they often wander in the day two or three miles from their sty. There are experienced leaders in all herds, which have spent this roving life before, and can instruct



THE SWINEHERD.

their juniors in the method of it. By this management the herd is carried home to their respective owners in such condition that a little dry meat will soon fatten them.

I would not, however, have it supposed that all the swineherds in the forest manage their colonies with this exactness. Bad governments and bad governors will everywhere exist; but I mention this as an example of sound policy. The hog is commonly supposed to be an obstinate, headstrong, unmanageable brute; and he may perhaps have a degree of positiveness in his temper. In general, however, if he be properly managed, he is an orderly, docile animal. The only difficulty is to make your meanings, when they are fair and friendly, intelligible to him. Effect this, and you may lead him with a straw.

Nor is he without his social feelings, when he is at liberty to indulge them. In these forest migrations it is commonly observed that, of whatever number the herd consists, they generally separate, in their daily excursions, into such little knots and societies as have formerly had habits of intimacy together; and in these friendly groups they range the forest, returning home at night, in different parties, some earlier and some later, as they have been more or less fortunate in the pursuits of the day.

It sounds oddly to affirm the life of a hog to be enviable; and yet there is something uncommonly pleasing in the lives of these emigrants—something at least more desirable than is to be found in the

life of a hog. They seem themselves also to enjoy their mode of life. You see them perfectly happy, going about at their ease, and conversing with each other in short, pithy, interrupted sentences, which are no doubt expressive of their own enjoyments and of their social feelings.

Besides the hogs thus led out in the mast season to fatten, there are others, the property of forest-keepers, which spend the whole year in such societies. After the mast season is over, the forest hog depends chiefly for his livelihood on the roots of fern ; and he would find this food very nourishing if he could have it in abundance. But he is obliged to procure it by so laborious an operation that he rarely finds enough. He continues, however, by great industry, to obtain a tolerable subsistence through the winter, except in frosty weather, when the ground resists his delving snout ; then he must perish if he do not in some degree experience his master's care.

As spring advances, fresh grasses and salads of different kinds add a variety to his bill of fare ; and as summer comes on he finds juicy berries and grateful seeds, on which he lives plentifully till autumn returns and brings with it the extreme of abundance.

WILLIAM GILPIN.



England, with all thy faults, I love thee still,  
My country ! and while yet a nook is left  
Where English minds and manners may be found,  
Shall be constrained to love thee.—*Cowper.*

#### 41. THE BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

The English were strongly fortified in their position by lines of trenches and palisadoes; and within these defences they were marshalled according to the Danish fashion, shield against shield, presenting an impenetrable front to the enemy. The men of Kent formed the vanguard, for it was their privilege to be the first in the strife. The burgesses of London, in like manner, claimed and obtained the honour of being the royal bodyguard, and they were drawn up around the standard. At the foot of this banner stood Harold, with his brothers Leofwin and Gurth, and a chosen body of the bravest thanes, all anxiously gazing on that quarter from whence they expected the advance of the enemy.

Before the Normans began their march, and very early in the morning of the feast of St. Calixtus (October 14, 1066), William had assembled his barons around him, and exhorted them to maintain his righteous cause. As the invaders drew nigh, Harold saw a division advancing, composed of the volunteers from the county of Boulogne and from the Amiennois, under the command of William Fitz-Osbern and Roger Montgomery. "It is the duke," exclaimed Harold, "and little shall I fear him. By my forces will his be four times outnumbered!" Gurth shook his head, and expatiated on the strength of the Norman cavalry, as opposed to the foot-soldiers of England; but their discourse was stopped by the appearance of the combined cohorts, under Aimeric, Viscount of Thouars,

and Alan Fergant of Brittany. Harold's heart sank at the sight, and he broke out into passionate exclamations of fear and dismay. But now the third and last division of the Norman army was drawing nigh. The consecrated Gonfanon floats amidst the forest of spears, and Harold is now too well aware that he beholds the ranks which are commanded in person by the Duke of Normandy.

As the Normans were marshalled in three divisions, so they began the battle by simultaneous attacks upon three points of the English forces. Immediately before the duke rode Taillefer the minstrel, singing, with a loud and clear voice, the lay of Charlemagne and Roland, and the emprises of the paladins who had fallen in the dolorous Pass of Roncevaux. Taillefer, as his guerdon, had craved permission to strike the first blow; for he was a valiant warrior, emulating the deeds which he sung. His appellation, *Taille-fer*, is probably to be considered not as his real name, but as an epithet derived from his strength and prowess; and he fully justified his demand by transfixing the first Englishman whom he attacked, and by felling the second to the ground.

The battle now became general, and raged with the greatest fury. The Normans advanced beyond the English lines; but they were driven back and forced into a trench, where horses and riders fell upon each other in fearful confusion. More Normans were slain here than in any other part of the field. The alarm spread; the light troops left in charge of the baggage and the stores thought that all was lost, and were

about to take flight. But the fierce Odo, Bishop of Bayeux, the duke's half-brother, who was better fitted for the shield than for the mitre, succeeded in reassuring them; and then, returning to the field and rushing into that part where the battle was hottest, he fought as the stoutest of the warriors engaged in the conflict, directing their movements, and inciting them to slaughter.

From nine in the morning till three in the afternoon the successes on either side were nearly balanced. The charges of the Norman cavalry gave them great advantage; but the English phalanx repelled their enemies, and the soldiers were so well protected by their targets that the artillery of the Normans was long discharged in vain. The bowmen, seeing that they had failed to make any impression, altered the direction of their shafts, and, instead of shooting point-blank, the flights of arrows were directed upwards, so that the points came down upon the heads of the men of England, and the iron shower fell with murderous effect.

The English ranks were exceedingly distressed by the volleys, yet they still stood firm; and the Normans now employed a stratagem to decoy their opponents out of their intrenchments. A feigned retreat on their part induced the English to pursue them with great heat. The Normans suddenly wheeled about, and a new and fiercer battle was urged. The field was covered with separate bands of foemen, each engaged with one another. Here the English yielded; there they conquered. One

English thane, armed with a battle-axe, spread dismay amongst the Frenchmen. He was cut down by Roger de Montgomery. The Normans have preserved the name of the Norman baron, but that of the Englishman is lost in oblivion. Some other English thanes are also praised, as having singly, and by their personal prowess, delayed the ruin of their countrymen and country.

At one period of the battle the Normans were nearly routed. The cry was raised that the duke was slain, and they began to fly in every direction. William threw off his helmet, and galloping through the squadrons, rallied his barons, though not without great difficulty. Harold, on his part, used every possible exertion, and was distinguished as the most active and bravest amongst the soldiers in the host which he led on to destruction. A Norman arrow wounded him in the left eye; he dropped from his steed in agony, and was borne to the foot of the standard. The English began to give way, or rather to retreat to the standard as their rallying-point. The Normans encircled them, and fought desperately to reach this goal. Robert Fitz-Ernest had almost seized the banner, but he was killed in the attempt. William led his troops on, with the intention, it is said, of measuring his sword with Harold. He did encounter an English horseman, from whom he received such a stroke upon his helmet that he was nearly brought to the ground. The Normans flew to the aid of their sovereign, and the bold Englishman was pierced by their lances. About the same time





*"The standard as their rallying-point."*

the tide of battle took a momentary turn. The Kentish men and East Saxons rallied, and repelled the Norman barons; but Harold was not amongst them, and William led on his troops with desperate intrepidity. Gurth was at the foot of the standard without hope, but without fear: he fell by the falchion of William. The English banner was cast down, and the Gonfanon, planted in its place, announced that William of Normandy was the conqueror.

It was now late in the evening. The English troops were entirely broken; yet no Englishman would surrender. The conflict continued in many parts of the field long after dark. The fugitives spread themselves over the adjoining country, then covered with wood and forest. Wherever the English could make a stand they resisted; and the Normans confess that the great preponderance of their force alone enabled them to obtain the victory.

*From PALGRAVE'S "History of the Anglo-Saxons."*



I see before me the gladiator lie.  
He leans upon his hand—his manly brow  
Consents to death, but conquers agony;  
And his drooped head sinks gradually low,  
And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow  
From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,  
Like the first of a thunder-shower; and now  
The arena swims around him—he is gone.  
Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hailed the wretch  
who won.—*Byron.*

## 42. A GLANCE AT THE WITENAGEMOT.

We will suppose ourselves placed in the hall of Edward the Confessor—he who, like his predecessors, held the state of “King of the English”—and suppose yourself to be Haco, a Norwegian stranger, introduced by an Anglo-Saxon friend, and listening to his explanations of the assembly which you behold.

“Those persons who are sitting and standing nearest to the king are his chief officers of state. That tall, thin, rough-looking man is Algar, whom the Franks call the Constable of the Host; and great as he is, I assure you, Haco, that not one of the king’s horses is sent to grass without his special order. The portly nobleman with the huge knife and wooden trencher is Æthelmar, the *dish thane*: he carves the meat for royalty. Hugoline, that cautious, sly-looking clerk, is the *bower thane* or chamberlain: he keeps the key of the king’s *hoard*. You would be astonished to see the heaps of treasure in the low, vaulted chamber; and yet there is not quite so much in the hoard as there used to be.

“After we had driven out your countryman the usurper Hardicanute, and restored our darling King Edward, the true heir of the right royal line of Cerdic, the *huscarls* of the palace still continued to collect the Danegeld as rigidly as before; and many an honest husbandman had his house and land sold over his head, within three days after the tax became due, to pay the arrears which he had incurred. Not that our worthy king was ever a penny the better for

the Danegeld. Good man, he never troubles himself about money; he leaves all that charge to Hugoline. If you were to empty King Edward's purse before his face, he would not bid you stay your hand; he would only say, 'Take care, friend, that you are not found out by Hugoline.'

"The king was little benefited by these taxes, but I suppose that others fared better; and the Danegeld was levied as rigidly as ever, until one day the king rose from his bed, asked Hugoline for the key, and went alone into the hoard. And when he came out again, he told us all, with looks of the utmost horror, that he had seen the foul fiend dancing upon the money-bags containing the gold which had been wrung from his suffering people, and grinning with delight. Whether the king had really seen anything or not, I cannot tell, but from that day the Danegeld was levied no more.

"Those quiet, shrewd-looking men with shaven crowns are the clerks of the king's chapel. He who sits at the head of the bench is the chancellor. These venerable persons have been gradually gaining more and more influence in the Witenagemot; though anciently they were only appointed for the purpose of celebrating mass and singing in the king's chapel.

"But for some time past our kings have been accustomed to turn their chaplains really to good use, by employing them constantly as their writing clerks. In this capacity the most important matters of public business must pass through their hands. Hence they have much power, and a power which was totally

unknown to our ancestors; and in this innovating age their influence has been greatly increased by a fashion which our good King Edward has brought from France. He has caused a great seal to be made, on which you may see his effigy in his imperial robes; and to all the *writs* or written letters which issue in his name an impression from that seal is appended.

“So much for those about the king. With respect to the Witenagemot itself, you will observe that it is divided into three orders or estates. The mitres and cowls of those who are nearest the king sufficiently point out that the laymen have yielded the place of honour to the clergy. The prelates, however, have a double right to be present, not only as teachers of the people, but as landlords. Our government, Haco, is founded upon the principle that in all matters concerning the commonwealth the king ought to take the advice and opinion of the principal owners of the soil. But noble birth alone, much as we respect ancient lineage, tells for nothing whatever in our English Witenagemot, if unaccompanied by the qualification of clerkship or property.

“Beneath the clergy sit the lay peers and other rulers, who are bound by homage to the crown. That vacant seat belongs to Malcolm, King of the Scots, or, as some begin to call him, the King of Scotland. Malcolm ought to be here in person. When he comes up he is escorted from shire to shire by earls and bishops; and at convenient distances, mansions and townships have been assigned to him,

where he and his attendants may abide and rest. Yet with all these aids the journey is most tedious, and not unfrequently accompanied by danger; besides which it is not altogether safe for Malcolm to leave the wild Scots, his turbulent subjects, uncontrolled during the very long space of time—seldom so little as half a year—which he must pass upon the road. Watling Street is much out of repair; it has not had a stone laid upon it since the arrival of Hengist and Horsa. And the top of the Roman fosseway is worse than the bottom of a ditch, and therefore the attendance of the King of Scots is generally excused.

“The King of Cumbria, and the kings or underkings of the Welsh, sit nigh unto the King of Scots. The two latter, Blethyn and Rhivallon, have just now sworn oaths to King Edward, and given hostages that they will be faithful to him in all things, and everywhere ready to serve him by sea and land, and that they will perform all such obligations, in respect of the country, as ever their predecessors had done to his predecessors. The Welsh are constantly rebelling against us; but we keep a firm hold upon them, and compel them, upon every needful occasion, to acknowledge our supremacy. To do them justice, though they rebel they are truth-tellers, and never deny the fact of their legal subjection.

“On the same bench with these vassal kings sit the great earls of the realm, distinguished by the golden collars and caps of maintenance which they wear. These marks of honour have, however, long belonged to them. He who looks so fell and grim is



THE WITENAGEMOT.

Siward, the son of Beorn, Earl of Northumbria. The good people in the north, who give credit to all the sagas, or tales of your scalds, actually believe that Siward's grandfather was a bear in the forests of Norway, and that when his father Beorn lifted up his uncombed locks, the two pointed shaggy ears, which he had inherited from the bear, testified the nature of his sire. Siward himself takes no pains to contradict this story. On the contrary, I rather think that he considers it as a piece of good policy to encourage any report which may add to the terror inspired by his name. He has declared that he will never die except in full armour.

"Earl Leofric of Mercia, as you see, keeps at a distance from Earl Godwin of Wessex. These noblemen are always opposed to each other; and I dread the consequences of such dissensions. Some earls rule only single shires. They ought more properly to be called aldermen. But our Old English name is becoming unfashionable; it has given way to the Danish appellation, introduced under Canute, who conquered England.

"The earls thus constitute the second order of the Witan. The third and lowest order in rank, yet by no means the least in importance, is composed of the thanes, who serve the king in time of war with the swords by which they are girt. The thanes are all landholders, and no individual, however noble he may be, can sit amongst them unless he is entitled to land.

"When the Witenagemot was last held at Oxford, I recollect conversing with some thanes who came



from the Danish burghs; and here also may be others from the great cities of this kingdom. I understand that in many of our ancient cities the aldermen, the law-men, and other magistrates exercise their authority by virtue of the lands to which their offices are annexed. I dare say they are all in the house, but the place is so dark that at this distance I really cannot distinguish their faces.

“As to that mixed multitude by whom the farther part of the hall is crowded, and who can be just seen behind the thanes, they consist, as far as I can judge, of the class of folks who come together in vast crowds at the meetings of our hundreds and our shires. It is usual in these assemblies that four good men and the reeve should appear from every upland or rural township—their office being to give testimony, and to perform other acts relating to the administration of justice, and also to receive the commands of their superiors.

“In the Witenagemot, I believe, they are seldom or never called upon to act. They attend from ancient custom, but they have no weight or influence in the enactment of any law; voices indeed they may have, but only for the purpose of crying out, ‘Yea, yea,’ when the doom enacted by advice of the Witan is proclaimed.

“Yet you must not suppose that these rustics are excluded by any perpetual bar. It was at one time the Old English law that, if a merchant crossed the sea three times at his own risk, he obtained the rank of thane. Five hydes of land possessed by the churl

for three generations placed the family in the class of those who were gentle by birth and blood. Though such laws are connected with usages and doctrines which have become obsolete, still we retain all the spirit of our ancient lessons of freedom; and if qualified by station and property, there is no man between the Channel and the Water of Scotland who may not acquire a share in the government of our empire.

“Haco, you well know how we call this assembly? —a *Witena-gemot*, or ‘Meeting of the Wise.’ And at present it well deserves its name. Our counsellors, the members of the legislature, ponder much before they come together, say little, and write less. All the dooms or statutes which have been enacted since the days of King Ethelbert would not fill four-and-twenty leaves of that brass-bound missal which yonder acolyte has dropped amongst the rushes on the floor. Hence our common people know the laws and respect them; and, what is of much greater importance, they respect the law-makers. Long may they continue to deserve respect.

“But I am not without apprehensions for the future. We are strangely fond of novelty. Since the days of King Egbert we have been accustomed to consider the French as the very patterns of good government and civilization. And although we have seen king after king expelled, there are numbers amongst us, including some very estimable personages, who continue firm in this delusion.

“I hear that amongst the French they designate

such legislative assemblies as ours by the name of a *colloquium*, or, as we should say, a *talk*—which they render in their corrupted Romance jargon by the word *parlement*; and should our *Witenagemot* ever cease to be a *Meeting of the Wise*, and become a *Parlement*, or *Great-talk*, it will be worse for England than if a myriad of your northern pirates were to ravage the land from sea to sea.

“Haco, mark my words. If our Witan ever enter into long debates, consequences most ruinous to the state must inevitably ensue: they will begin by contradicting one another, and end by contradicting themselves. The soemen and churls, who compose the great body of the people, will at last fancy that the *Witan* are no wiser than the rest of the community. They will suppose that the art of government requires neither skill nor practice, and that it requires nothing but *Parlement*, or *Great-talk*; leaving their ploughs and their harrows, armed with their flails and pitchforks, they will rush into the Hall. They will demolish the throne, and seizing the sceptre and the sword, they will involve the whole state in unutterable confusion and misery.”

Allowing for a few errors in the grouping of the individual characters, which do not alter the general truth of the picture, such was the aspect of the *Witenagemot*, as far as it can be gathered from the documents which now exist.

SIR FRANCIS PALGRAVE.



**43. KING JOHN OF FRANCE AT POITIERS.**

It often happens that fortune in war turns out more favourable and wonderful than could have been hoped for or expected. To say the truth, this battle which was fought near Poitiers was very bloody and perilous; many gallant deeds of arms were performed that were never known, and the combatants on each side suffered much. King John himself did wonders. He was armed with a battle-axe, with which he fought and defended himself. The Earl of Tancarville, in endeavouring to break through the crowd, was made prisoner close to him, as were also Sir James de Bourbon, Earl of Ponthieu, and the Lord John d'Artois. In another part, a little farther off, the Lord Charles d'Artois and many other knights and squires were captured by the division under the banner of the Captal de Buch.

The pursuit continued even to the gates of Poitiers, where there was much slaughter and overthrow of men and horses. For the inhabitants of Poitiers had shut their gates, and would suffer none to enter; upon which account there was great butchery on the causeway, before the gate, where such numbers were killed or wounded that several surrendered themselves the moment they spied an Englishman, and there were many English archers who had four, five, or six prisoners.

The Lord de Chargny, who was near the king, combated bravely during the whole engagement. He was always in the crowd, because he carried

the king's sovereign banner; his own also was displayed in the field with his arms. The English and Gascons poured so fast upon the king's division that they broke through the ranks by force; and the French were so intermixed with their enemies that at times there were five men attacking one gentleman. The Lord de Chagny was slain, with the banner of France in his hands, by the Lord Reginald Cobham; and afterwards the Earl of Dammartin shared the same fate.

There was much pressing at this time, through eagerness to take the king; and those who were nearest to him, and knew him, cried out, "Surrender yourself, surrender yourself, or you are a dead man." In that part of the field was a young knight from St. Omer, who was engaged by a salary in the service of the King of England; his name was Denys de Morbeque, who for five years had attached himself to the English, on account of having been banished in his younger days from France for a murder committed in an affray at St. Omer. It fortunately happened for this knight that he was at the time near to the King of France, when he was so much pulled about. He by dint of force—for he was very strong and robust—pushed through the crowd, and said to the king in good French, "Sire, sire, surrender yourself." The king, who found himself very disagreeably situated, turning to him, asked, "To whom shall I surrender myself—to whom? Where is my cousin, the Prince of Wales? If I could see him, I would speak to him." "Sire," replied Sir

Denys, "he is not here. But surrender yourself to me, and I will lead you to him." "Who are you?" said the king. "Sire, I am Denys de Morbeque, a knight from Artois; but I serve the King of England, because I cannot belong to France, having forfeited all I possessed there." The king then gave him his right-hand glove, and said, "I surrender myself to you." There was much crowding and pushing about, for every one was eager to cry out, "I have taken him." Neither the king nor his youngest son Philip were able to get forward, and free themselves from the throng.

The Prince of Wales, who was as courageous as a lion, took great delight that day to combat his enemies. Sir John Chandos, who was near his person, and had never quitted it during the whole of the day, nor stopped to make prisoners, said to him towards the end of the battle, "Sir, it will be proper for you to halt here, and plant your banner on the top of this bush, which will serve to rally your forces that seem very much scattered; for I do not see any banners or pennons of the French, nor any considerable bodies able to rally against us. And you must refresh yourself a little, as I perceive you are very much heated."

Upon this the banner of the prince was placed on a high bush; the minstrels began to play, and trumpets and clarions to do their duty. The prince took off his helmet, and the knights attendant on his person, and belonging to his chamber, were soon ready, and pitched a small pavilion of crimson colour, which the prince entered. Wine was then brought to him and the

other knights who were with him. They increased every moment, for they were returning from the pursuit, and stopped there, surrounded by their prisoners.

As soon as the two marshals were come back, the prince asked them if they knew anything of the King of France. They replied, "No, sir, not for a certainty; but we believe he must be either killed or made prisoner, since he has never quitted his battalion." The prince then, addressing the Earl of Warwick and Lord Cobham, said, "I beg of you to mount your horses, and ride over the field, so that on your return you may bring me some certain intelligence of him." The two barons, immediately mounting their horses, left the prince, and made for a small hillock, that they might look about them.

From their stand they perceived a crowd of men-at-arms on foot, who were advancing very slowly. The King of France was in the midst of them, and in great danger; for the English and Gascons had taken him from Sir Denys de Morbeque, and were disputing who should have him—the stoutest bawling out, "It is I that have got him." "No, no," replied the others; "we have him." The king, to escape from this peril, said, "Gentlemen, gentlemen, I pray you conduct me and my son in a courteous manner to my cousin the prince; and do not make such a riot about my capture, for I am so great a lord that I can make all sufficiently rich." These words, and others which fell from the king, appeased them a little; but the disputes were always beginning again, and they did not move a step without rioting.

When the two barons saw this troop of people, they descended from the hillock, and sticking spurs into their horses, made up to them. On their arrival they asked what was the matter. They were answered that it was the King of France, who had been made prisoner, and that upwards of ten knights and squires challenged him at the same time, as belonging to each of them. The two barons then pushed through the crowd by main force, and ordered all to draw aside. They commanded, in the name of the prince, and under pain of instant death, that every one should keep his distance, and not approach unless ordered or desired so to do. They all retreated behind the king, and the two barons, dismounting, advanced to the king with profound reverences, and conducted him in a peaceable manner to the Prince of Wales.

*From Johnes's translation of FROISSART'S "Chronicles."*

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#### 44. ISEULT'S TALE.

What tale did Iseult to the children say,  
Under the hollies, that bright winter's day?

She told them of the fairy-haunted land  
Away the other side of Brittany,  
Beyond the heaths, edged by the lonely sea ;  
Of the deep forest glades of Broce-liande,  
Through whose green boughs the golden sunshine creeps,  
Where Merlin by the enchanted thorn-tree sleeps.  
For here he came with the fay Vivian,  
One April, when the warm days first began.  
He was on foot, and that false fay his friend  
On her white palfrey ; here he met his end,



In these lone sylvan glades, that April day.  
This tale of Merlin and the lovely fay  
Was the one Iseult chose, and she brought clear  
Before the children's fancy him and her.

Blowing between the stems, the forest air  
Had loosened the brown locks of Vivian's hair,  
Which played on her flushed cheek, and her blue eyes  
Sparkled with mocking glee and exercise.  
Her palfrey's flanks were mired and bathed in sweat,  
For they had travelled far and not stopped yet.  
A brier in that tangled wilderness  
Had scored her white right hand, which she allows  
To rest ungloved on her green riding-dress ;  
The other warded off the drooping boughs.  
But still she chatted on, with her blue eyes  
Fixed full on Merlin's face, her stately prize.  
Her 'haviour had the morning's fresh clear grace,  
The spirit of the woods was in her face.  
She looked so witching fair, that learned wight  
Forgot his craft, and his best wits took flight ;  
And he grew fond, and eager to obey  
His mistress, use her empire as she may.

They came to where the brushwood ceased, and day  
Peered 'twixt the stems ; and the ground broke away,  
In a sloped sward, down to a brawling brook ;  
And up as high as where they stood to look  
On the brook's farther side was clear, but then  
The underwood and trees began again.  
This open glen was studded thick with thorns  
Then white with blossom ; and you saw the horns,  
Through last year's fern, of the shy fallow deer  
Who come at noon down to the water here.  
You saw the bright-eyed squirrels dart along  
Under the thorns on the greensward ; and strong  
The blackbird whistled from the dingles near,  
And the weird chipping of the woodpecker

Rang lonelily and sharp ; the sky was fair,  
And a fresh breath of spring stirred everywhere,  
Merlin and Vivian stopped on the slope's brow,  
To gaze on the light sea of leaf and bough  
Which glistening plays all round them, lone and mild,  
As if to itself the quiet forest smiled.  
Upon the brow-top grew a thorn, and here  
The grass was dry and mossed, and you saw clear  
Across the hollow ; white anemones  
Starred the cool turf, and clumps of primroses  
Ran out from the dark underwood behind—  
No fairer resting-place a man could find.  
“Here let us halt,” said Merlin then ; and she  
Nodded, and tied her palfrey to a tree.

They sate them down together, and a sleep  
Fell upon Merlin, more like death, so deep.  
Her finger on her lips, then Vivian rose,  
And from her brown-locked head the wimple throws,  
And takes it in her hand, and waves it over  
The blossomed thorn-tree and her sleeping lover,  
Nine times she waved the fluttering wimple round,  
And made a little plot of magic ground.  
And in that daisied circle, as men say,  
Is Merlin prisoner till the judgment-day ;  
But she herself whither she will can rove—  
For she was passing weary of his love.

MATTHEW ARNOLD. (*Tristram and Iseult.*)



And so on a time it happed that Merlin showed to her in a rock whereas was a great wonder, and wrought by enchantment, that went under a great stone. So by her subtle working she made Merlin to go under that stone to let her wit of the marvels there, but she wrought so there for him that he never came out for all the craft that he could do. And so she departed and left Merlin.—*Sir Thomas Malory.*

## 45. CROSSING THE ALPS.

*TURIN, November 7, N.S., 1739.*

I am this night arrived here, and have just set down to rest me after eight days' tiresome journey. For the three first we had the same road we before passed through to go to Geneva; the fourth we turned out of it, and for that day and the next travelled rather among than upon the Alps—the way commonly running through a deep valley by the side of the river Arc, which works itself a passage, with great difficulty and a mighty noise, among vast quantities of rocks, that have rolled down from the mountain tops. The winter was so far advanced as in great measure to spoil the beauty of the prospect; however, there was still somewhat fine remaining among the savageness and horror of the place. The sixth we began to go up several of these mountains, and as we were passing one, met with an odd accident enough.

Mr. Walpole had a little fat black spaniel, that he was very fond of, which he sometimes used to set down, and let it run by the chaise side. We were at that time in a very rough road, not two yards broad at most. On one side was a great wood of pines, and on the other a vast precipice. It was noonday, and the sun shone bright, when all of a sudden from the wood-side (which was as steep upwards as the other part was downwards) out rushed a great wolf, came close to the head of the horses, seized the dog by the throat, and rushed up the hill again with him in his mouth. This was done in less than a quarter of a

minute. We all saw it, and yet the servants had not time to draw their pistols or do anything to save the dog. If he had not been there, and the creature had thought fit to lay hold of one of the horses, chaise and we and all must inevitably have tumbled about fifty fathoms perpendicular down the precipice.

The seventh we came to Lanebourg, the last town in Savoy; it lies at the foot of the famous Mont Cenis, which is so situated as to allow no room for any way but over the very top of it. Here the chaise was forced to be pulled to pieces, and the baggage and that to be carried by mules. We ourselves were wrapped up in our furs, and seated upon a sort of matted chair without legs, which is carried upon poles in the manner of a bier; and so began to ascend by the help of eight men.

It was six miles to the top, where a plain opens itself about as many more in breadth, covered perpetually with very deep snow, and in the midst of that a great lake of unfathomable depth, from whence a river takes its rise, and tumbles over monstrous rocks quite down the other side of the mountain. The descent is six miles more, but infinitely more steep than the going up; and here the men perfectly fly down with you, stepping from stone to stone with incredible swiftness in places where none but they could go three paces without falling. The immensity of the precipices, the roaring of the river and torrents that run into it, the huge crags covered with ice and snow, and the clouds below you and about you, are objects it is impossible to conceive without seeing them; and

though we had heard many strange descriptions of the scene, none of them at all came up to it. We were but five hours in performing the whole, from which you may judge of the rapidity of the men's motion.

We are now got into Piedmont, and stopped a little while at La Ferriere, a small village about three-quarters of the way down, but still among the clouds, where we began to hear a new language spoken round about us. At last we got quite down, went through the Pas de Suse, a narrow road among the Alps, defended by two fortresses, and lay at Bossolens. Next evening, through a fine avenue of nine miles in length, as straight as a line, we arrived at this city, which, as you know, is the capital of the principality, and the residence of the King of Sardinia.....We shall stay here, I believe, a fortnight, and proceed for Genoa, which is three or four days' journey to go post.—I am, etc. *From GRAY'S "Letters."*

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#### 46. CHAMOUNI.

From Servoz three leagues remain to Chamouni. Mont Blanc was before us—the Alps, with their innumerable glaciers on high all around, closing in the complicated windings of the single vale; forests inexpressibly beautiful, but majestic in their beauty—intermingled beech and pine and oak—overshadowed our road, or receded, whilst lawns of such verdure as I have never seen before occupied these openings, and

gradually became darker in their recesses. Mont Blanc was before us, but it was covered with cloud ; its base, furrowed with dreadful gaps, was seen above. Pinnacles of snow, intolerably bright, part of the chain connected with Mont Blanc, shone through the clouds at intervals on high.

I never knew—I never imagined—what mountains were before. The immensity of these aërial summits excited, when they suddenly burst upon the sight, a sentiment of ecstatic wonder not unallied to madness. And remember this was all one scene ; it all pressed home to our regard and our imagination. Though it embraced a vast extent of space, the snowy pyramids which shot into the bright blue sky seemed to overhang our path ; the ravine, clothed with gigantic pines, and black with its depth below, so deep that the very roaring of the untamable Arve, which rolled through it, could not be heard above—all was as much our own as if we had been the creators of such impressions in the minds of others as now occupied our own. Nature was the poet, whose harmony held our spirits more breathless than that of the divinest.

As we entered the valley of Chamouni (which, in fact, may be considered as a continuation of those which we followed from Bonneville and Cluses), clouds hung upon the mountains at the distance, perhaps, of six thousand feet from the earth, but so as effectually to conceal, not only Mont Blanc, but the other *aiguilles*, as they call them here, attached and subordinate to it. We were travelling along the valley,



CHAMOUNI.

when suddenly we heard a sound as of the burst of smothered thunder rolling above; yet there was something earthly in the sound, that told us it could not be thunder. Our guide hastily pointed out to us a part of the mountain opposite, from whence the sound came. It was an avalanche. We saw the smoke of its path among the rocks, and continued to hear at intervals the bursting of its fall. It fell on the bed of a torrent, which it displaced, and presently we saw its tawny-coloured waters also spread themselves over the ravine, which was their couch.

We did not, as we intended, visit the Glacier de Boisson to-day, although it descends within a few minutes' walk of the road—wishing to survey it at least when unfatigued. We saw this glacier, which comes close to the fertile plain, as we passed. Its surface was broken into a thousand unaccountable figures; conical and pyramidical crystallizations, more than fifty feet in height, rise from its surface, and precipices of ice, of dazzling splendour, overhang the woods and meadows of the vale. This glacier winds upwards from the valley, until it joins the masses of frost from which it was produced above, winding through its own ravine like a bright belt flung over the black region of pines. There is more in all these scenes than mere magnitude of proportion; there is a majesty of outline; there is an awful grace in the very colours which invest these wonderful shapes—a charm which is peculiar to them, quite distinct even from the reality of their unutterable greatness.

“*Essays, Letters from Abroad, etc.,*” by P. B. SHELLEY.



47. HYMN BEFORE SUNRISE IN THE VALE  
OF CHAMOUNI.

Hast thou a charm to stay the morning star  
In his steep course? So long he seems to pause  
On thy bald, awful head, O sovereign Blanc !  
The Arvë and Arveiron at thy base  
Rave ceaselessly ; but thou, most awful form,  
Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines,  
How silently ! Around thee, and above,  
Deep is the air and dark, substantial, black,  
An ebon mass : methinks thou piercest it  
As with a wedge. But when I look again,  
It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,  
Thy habitation from eternity.  
O dread and silent mount ! I gazed upon thee  
Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,  
Didst vanish from my thought ; entranced in prayer  
I worshipped the Invisible alone.

Yet, like some sweet beguiling melody,  
So sweet we know not we are listening to it,  
Thou the meanwhile wast blending with my thought—  
Yea, with my life, and life's own secret joy ;  
Till the dilating soul, enrapt, transfused,  
Into the mighty vision passing—there,  
As in her natural form, swelled vast to heaven.

Awake, my soul ! not only passive praise  
Thou owest ! not alone these swelling tears,  
Mute thanks, and secret ecstasy ! Awake,  
Voice of sweet song ! Awake, my heart ! awake,  
Green vales and icy cliffs ! all join my hymn.

Thou first and chief, sole sovereign of the vale !  
Oh, struggling with the darkness all the night,  
And visited all night by troops of stars,  
Or when they climb the sky, or when they sink,—  
Companion of the morning star at dawn,

Thyself Earth's rosy star, and of the dawn  
Co-herald, wake, O wake, and utter praise!  
Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in earth?  
Who filled thy countenance with rosy light?  
Who made thee parent of perpetual streams?

And you, ye five wild torrents fiercely glad!  
Who called you forth from night and utter death,  
From dark and icy caverns called you forth,  
Down those precipitous, black, jagged rocks,  
For ever shattered, and the same for ever?  
Who gave you your invulnerable life,  
Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your joy,  
Unceasing thunder and eternal foam?  
And who commanded, and the silence came,—  
“Here let the billows stiffen and have rest”?

Ye ice-falls! ye that from the mountain's brow  
Adown enormous ravines slope amain—  
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,  
And stopped at once amid their maddest plunge!  
Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!  
Who made you glorious as the gates of heaven  
Beneath the keen full moon? Who bade the sun  
Clothe you with rainbows? Who, with living flowers  
Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet?—  
God! let the torrents, like a shout of nations,  
Answer! and let the ice plains echo, God!  
God! sing, ye meadow streams, with gladsome voice!  
Ye pine groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds!  
And they, too, have a voice, yon piles of snow,  
And in their perilous fall shall thunder, God!  
Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost!  
Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's nest!  
Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain storm!  
Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds!  
Ye signs and wonders of the elements!  
Utter forth God! and fill the hills with praise!

S. T. COLERIDGE.

## 48. NAPOLEON.

Napoleon understood his business. Here was a man who in each moment and emergency knew what to do next. It is an immense comfort and refreshment to the spirits, not only of kings, but of citizens. Few men have any next; they live from hand to mouth without plan, and are ever at the end of their line, and after each action wait for an impulse from abroad. Napoleon had been the first man of the world if his ends had been purely public. As he is, he inspires confidence and vigour by the extraordinary unity of his action. He is firm, sure, self-denying, self-postponing, sacrificing everything—money, troops, generals, and his own safety also—to his aim; not misled, like common adventurers, by the splendour of his own means. “Incidents ought not to govern policy,” he said, “but policy incidents.” “To be hurried away by every event is to have no political system at all.” His victories were only so many doors, and he never for a moment lost sight of his way onward in the dazzle and uproar of the present circumstance.

He knew what to do, and he flew to his mark. He would shorten a straight line to come at his object. Horrible anecdotes may, no doubt, be collected from his history of the price at which he bought his successes; but he must not therefore be set down as cruel, but only as one who knew no impediment to his will; not bloodthirsty, not cruel—but woe to what thing or person stood in his way! Not bloodthirsty,

but not sparing of blood, and pitiless. He saw only the object: the obstacle must give way. "Sire, General Clarke cannot combine with General Junot, for the dreadful fire of the Austrian battery."—"Let him carry the battery."—"Sire, every regiment that approaches the heavy artillery is sacrificed. Sire, what orders?"—"Forward, forward!" Serurier, a colonel of artillery, gives, in his "Military Memoirs," the following sketch of a scene after the battle of Austerlitz:—"At the moment in which the Russian army was making its retreat, painfully, but in good order, on the ice of the lake, the Emperor Napoleon came riding at full speed towards the artillery. 'You are losing time,' he cried. 'Fire upon those masses; they must be engulfed: fire upon the ice!' The order remained unexecuted for ten minutes. In vain several officers and myself were placed on the slope of a hill to produce the effect: their balls and mine rolled upon the ice without breaking it up. Seeing that, I tried a simple method of elevating light howitzers. The almost perpendicular fall of the heavy projectiles produced the desired effect. My method was immediately followed by the adjoining batteries, and in less than no time we buried some thousands of Russians and Austrians under the waters of the lake."

In the plenitude of his resources every obstacle seemed to vanish. "There shall be no Alps," he said; and he built his perfect roads, climbing by graded galleries their steepest precipices, until Italy was as open to Paris as any town in France. He laid his

bones to, and wrought for his crown. Having decided what was to be done, he did that with might and main. He put out all his strength. He risked everything and spared nothing—neither ammunition, nor money, nor troops, nor generals, nor himself.

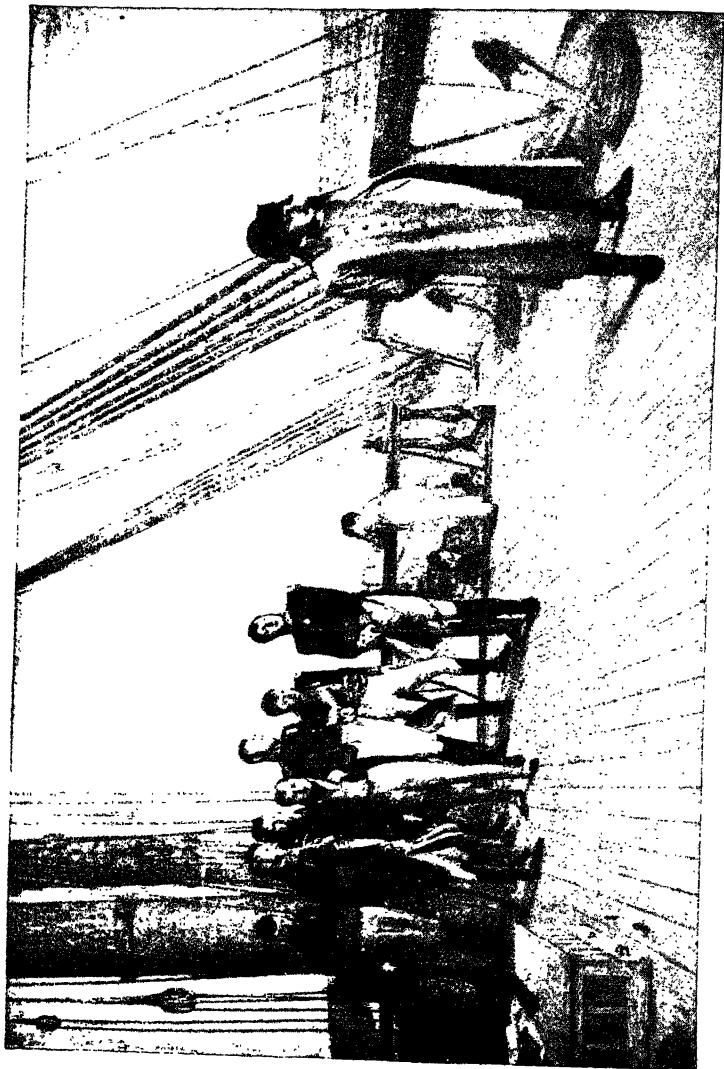
We like to see everything do its office after its kind, whether it be a milch-cow or a rattlesnake; and if fighting be the best mode of adjusting national differences (as large majorities of men seem to agree), certainly Bonaparte was right in making it thorough. The grand principle of war, he said, was that an army ought always to be ready, by day and by night, and at all hours, to make all the resistance it is capable of making. He never economized his ammunition, but on a hostile position rained a torrent of iron—shells, balls, grape-shot—to annihilate all defence. On any point of resistance he concentrated squadron on squadron in overwhelming numbers, until it was swept out of existence. To a regiment of horse-chasseurs at Lobenstein, two days before the battle of Jena, Napoleon said, "My lads, you must not fear death; when soldiers brave death, they drive him into the enemy's ranks."

In the fury of assault he no more spared himself. He went to the edge of his possibility. It is plain that in Italy he did what he could, and all that he could. He came several times within an inch of ruin, and his own person was all but lost. He was flung into the marsh at Arcola. The Austrians were between him and his troops in the *mêlée*, and he was brought off with desperate efforts. At Lonato, and

at other places, he was on the point of being taken prisoner. He fought sixty battles. He had never enough. Each victory was a new weapon. "My power would fall were I not to support it by new achievements. Conquest has made me what I am, and conquest must maintain me." He felt, with every wise man, that as much life is needed for conservation as for creation. We are always in peril, always in a bad plight, just on the edge of destruction, and only to be saved by invention and courage.

This vigour was guarded and tempered by the coldest prudence and punctuality. A thunderbolt in the attack, he was found invulnerable in his intrenchments. His very attack was never the inspiration of courage, but the result of calculation. His idea of the best defence consists in being still the attacking party. "My ambition," he says, "was great, but was of a cold nature." In one of his conversations with Las Casas he remarked, "As to moral courage, I have rarely met with the two-o'clock-in-the-morning kind—I mean unprepared courage; that which is necessary on an unexpected occasion, and which, in spite of the most unforeseen events, leaves full freedom of judgment and decision;" and he did not hesitate to declare that he was himself eminently endowed with this two-o'clock-in-the-morning courage, and that he had met with few persons equal to himself in this respect.

Everything depended on the nicety of his combinations, and the stars were not more punctual than his arithmetic. His personal attention descended to the smallest particulars. "At Montebello I ordered



NAPOLÉON ON BOARD THE "BELLÉROPHON."  
(Orchardson.)

Kellermann to attack with eight hundred horse, and with these he separated the six thousand Hungarian Grenadiers before the very eyes of the Austrian cavalry. This cavalry was half a league off, and required a quarter of an hour to arrive on the field of action; and I have observed that it is always these quarters of an hour that decide the fate of a battle."

"Before he fought a battle, Bonaparte thought little about what he should do in case of success, but a great deal about what he should do in case of a reverse of fortune." The same prudence and good sense mark all his behaviour. His instructions to his secretary at the Tuileries are worth remembering: "During the night enter my chamber as seldom as possible. Do not awake me when you have any good news to communicate—with that there is no hurry; but when you bring bad news, rouse me instantly, for then there is not a moment to be lost."

It was a whimsical economy of the same kind which dictated his practice, when general in Italy, in regard to his burdensome correspondence. He directed Bourrienne to leave all letters unopened for three weeks, and then observed with satisfaction how large a part of the correspondence had thus disposed of itself, and no longer required an answer. His achievement of business was immense, and enlarges the known powers of man. There have been many working kings, from Ulysses to William of Orange, but none who accomplished a tithe of this man's performance.

*From "Representative Men," by RALPH WALDO EMERSON.*



## 49. ESCAPE FROM THE BASTILLE.

(1749-1756.)

To any man who had the least notion of the situation of the Bastille, its extent, its towers, its discipline, and the incredible precautions to chain its victims, the mere idea of escaping from it would appear the effect of insanity, and would inspire nothing but pity for a wretch so devoid of sense as to dare to conceive it.

A moment's reflection would show that it was hopeless to attempt an escape by the gates. We had no resource but by the outside. There was in our chamber a fireplace, the chimney of which came out in the extreme height of the tower; it was full of gratings and bars of iron, which in several parts of it scarcely left a free passage for the smoke. Should we be able to get to the top of the tower, we should have below us a precipice of great height, at the bottom of which was a broad ditch, surrounded by a very lofty wall.

We were without assistance, without tools, without materials, constantly watched night and day, and guarded, besides, by a great number of sentinels. So many obstacles, so many dangers, did not deter me. I hinted my scheme to my comrade; he thought me a madman, and relapsed into despair. I was obliged alone to digest my plan, to anticipate the frightful host of difficulties, and find the means of remedying them all.

To accomplish our object, we had to climb to

the top of the chimney, notwithstanding the many iron gratings which were opposed to our ascent; and then, in order to descend from the top of the tower into the ditch, we required a ladder of eighty feet at least, and another ladder, necessarily of wood, to get out of the ditch. If I could get these materials, I must hide them from every eye, must work without noise, deceive all our spies, and this for months together.

Now for the details of my operations. Our first object was to find a place of concealment for our tools and materials, in case we should be so fortunate as to procure any. By dint of reflecting on the subject, a thought struck me which appeared to me a very happy one. I had occupied several different chambers in the Bastille, and had always observed, whenever the chambers either above or below me were inhabited, that I had heard very distinctly any noise made in either. On the present occasion I heard all the movements of the prisoner above, but not of him below; nevertheless I felt confident there was a prisoner there. I conjectured at last that there might be a double floor with a space between.

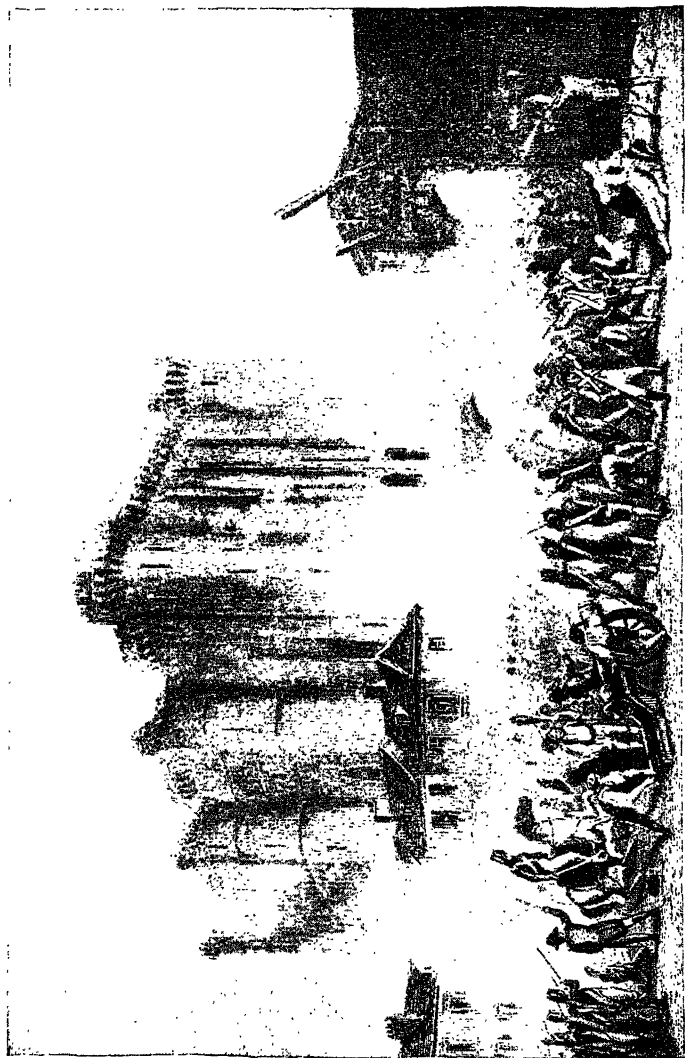
By making a calculation, I came to the conclusion that there must be, between the floor of our chamber and the ceiling of that below, a space of five feet six inches, which could not be filled up either by stones or wood on account of their weight. As soon as we were shut up and bolted in, I embraced D'Alegre with delight. "My friend," said I, "patience and courage; we are saved! We can hide our ropes

and materials; that is all that is wanted! We are saved!"

"What!" said he, "have you not given up your dreams? Ropes and materials! where are they, and where shall we get them?" "Ropes!" said I; "why, we have more than we want: that trunk" (showing him mine) "contains a thousand feet of them." Looking at me steadfastly, he replied, "My good friend, try to regain your senses and to calm your frenzy. I know the contents of your trunk: there is not a single inch of rope in it." "Ay," said I; "but have I not a large stock of linen—twelve dozen of shirts, a great number of napkins, stockings, nightcaps, and other things;—will not they supply us? We will unravel them, and we shall have ropes enough."

"But how are we to extract the iron gratings of our chimney?" said D'Alegre. "Where are we to get the materials for the wooden ladder which we shall want? where obtain tools for all these works? We cannot create things." "My friend," I replied, "it is genius which creates; and we have that which despair gives, that will guide our hands. Once more, we are saved!" We had a flat table supported by iron legs; we gave them an edge by rubbing them on the tiled floor. Of the steel of our tinder-box we made, in less than two hours, a good knife, with which we formed two handles to these iron legs. The principal use of these was to force out the gratings of our chimney.

In the evenings, after the daily inspection, with these iron legs we raised some tiles of our floor; and



ATTACK ON THE BASTILLE DURING THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.  
(From an old French engraving.)

by digging for about six hours, we discovered that there was a vacant space of about four feet between the floor and the ceiling. We replaced the tiles, so that they scarcely appeared to have been raised.

This done, we ripped the seams and hems of two shirts, and drew out the threads of them one by one. We twisted these and formed a cord about fifty-five feet long, and with it constructed a rope ladder, which was intended to support us aloft while we drew the bars and spikes of iron out of the chimney.

This was the most painful and troublesome of our labours, and cost us six months' toil, the recollection of which makes one shudder. We could only work by bending our bodies in the most painful positions; an hour at a time was all we could well bear, and we never came down without hands covered with blood. The iron bars were fastened with an extremely hard mortar, which we had no means of softening but by blowing water with our mouths into the holes as we worked them.

Judge what this work must have been when we were well pleased if, in a whole night, we had worked away the eighth of an inch of this mortar. When we got a bar out, we replaced it in its holes, that when we were inspected the deficiency might not appear, and so as to enable us to take all of them out at once should we be in a situation to escape. After six months of this obstinate and cruel work, we applied ourselves to the wooden ladder which was necessary to mount from the ditch upon the parapet,

and from thence into the governor's garden. This ladder required to be twenty feet long.

We devoted to this part of our work nearly all our fuel: it consisted of round logs about eighteen or twenty inches long. We found we should want blocks or pulleys, and several other things, for which a saw was indispensable. I made one from an iron candlestick, by means of my knife; with this knife, the saw, and the iron legs of our table we reduced the size of our logs, and made mortises to join them one into the other.

We made the ladder with only one upright, through which we put twenty rounds, each round being fifteen inches long. The upright was three inches diameter, so that each round projected clear six inches on each side. To every piece of which the ladder was composed the proper round of each joint was tied with a string, to enable us to put it together readily in the dark. As we completed each piece we concealed it between the two floors. With our tools we made others—a pair of compasses, a square, a carpenter's rule, etc., etc.—and hid them in our magazine.

These things being complete, we set about our principal ladder, which was to be at least eighty feet long. We began by unravelling our linen; shirts, napkins, nightcaps, stockings, drawers, pocket handkerchiefs—everything which could supply thread or silk. As we made a ball we concealed it in the hiding-place, and when we had a sufficient quantity we employed a whole night in twisting it into a rope; and I defy a ropemaker to have done it better.

The upper part of the building of the Bastille overhangs three or four feet. This would necessarily cause our ladder to swing about, enough to turn the strongest head. To obviate this, and to prevent our falling, we made a second rope, one hundred and sixty feet long. This rope was to be reeved through a kind of double block without sheaves, in case the person descending should be suspended in the air without being able to get down lower. Besides these, we made several other ropes of shorter lengths, to fasten our ladder to a cannon, and for other unforeseen occasions.

When all these ropes were finished we measured them: they amounted to fourteen hundred feet. We then made two hundred and eight rounds for the rope and wooden ladders. To prevent the noise which the rounds would make against the wall during our descent, we gave them coverings formed of the linings of our morning gowns, of our waistcoats, and our under-waistcoats. In all these preparations we employed eighteen months, but still they were incomplete.

We had provided means to get to the top of the tower, to get into and out of the ditch; two more were wanting—one to climb upon the parapet, from the parapet into the governor's garden, from thence to get down into the ditch of the Port St. Antoine; the other to avoid the sentinels with which the parapet was always well furnished.

We might fix on a dark and rainy night, when the sentinels did not go their rounds, and escape in that way; but it might rain when we climbed our chimney, and might clear up at the very moment

when we arrived at the parapet. We should then meet with the chief of the rounds, who constantly inspected the parapet; and he being always provided with lights, it would be impossible to conceal ourselves, and we should be inevitably ruined.

The other plan increased our labours, but was the less dangerous of the two. It consisted in making a way through the wall which separates the ditch of the Bastille from that of the Port St. Antoine. I considered that in the numerous floods during which the Seine had filled this ditch the water must have injured the mortar, and rendered it less difficult, and so we should be enabled to break a passage through the wall. For this purpose we should require an auger to make holes in the mortar, so as to insert the points of iron bars to be taken out of our chimney, and with them force out the stones, and so make our way through. Accordingly, we made an auger with one of the feet of a bedstead, and fastened a handle to it in the form of a cross.

We fixed on Wednesday, the 25th February 1756, for our flight. The river had overflowed its banks; there were four feet of water in the ditch of the Bastille, as well as in that of the Port St. Antoine, by which we hoped to effect our deliverance. I filled a leathern portmanteau with a change of clothes for both of us, in case we were so fortunate as to escape.

Dinner was scarcely over when we set up our great ladder of ropes—that is, we put the rounds to it, and hid it under our beds; then we arranged our



wooden ladder in three pieces. We put our iron bars in their cases, to prevent their making a noise ; and we packed up our bottle of spirits to warm us, and restore our strength during our work in the water, up to the neck, for many hours. These precautions taken, we waited till our supper was brought up.

I first got up the chimney. I had rheumatism in my left arm, but I thought little of the pain : I soon experienced one much more severe. I had taken none of the precautions used by chimney-sweepers. I was nearly choked by the soot ; and having no guards on my knees and elbows, they were so scratched that the blood ran down my legs and hands. As soon as I got to the top of the chimney I let down a piece of twine to D'Alegre ; to this he attached the end of the rope to which our port-manteau was fastened. I drew it up, unfastened it, and threw it on the platform of the Bastille.

In the same way we hoisted up the wooden ladder, the two iron bars, and all our other articles : we finished by the ladder of ropes, the end of which I allowed to hang down to aid D'Alegre in getting up, while I held the upper part by means of a large wooden peg which we had prepared on purpose. I passed it through the cord and placed it across the funnel of the chimney. By these means my companion avoided suffering what I did. This done, I came down from the top of the chimney, where I had been in a very painful position, and both of us were on the platform of the Bastille.

We now arranged our different articles. We

began by making a roll of our ladder of ropes of about four feet diameter and one foot thick. We rolled it to the tower called the Tower of Treason, which appeared to us the most favourable for our descent. We fastened one end of the ladder of ropes to a piece of cannon, and then lowered it down the wall; then we fastened the block, and passed the long rope through it. This I tied round my body, and D'Alegre slackened it as I went down the ladder. Notwithstanding this precaution, I swung about in the air at every step I made. At length I landed without accident in the ditch.

Immediately D'Alegre lowered my portmanteau and other things. I found a little spot uncovered by water, on which I put them. Then my companion followed my example. It did not rain; and we heard the sentinel marching at a distance of twenty or thirty feet. We were, therefore, forced to give up our plan of escaping by the parapet and the governor's garden. We resolved to use our iron bars. We crossed the ditch straight over to the wall which divides it from the Port St. Antoine, and went to work sturdily.

Just at this point the water was deep. Elsewhere it was about up to our middles; here, to our armpits. It had thawed only a few days, so that the water had still floating ice in it; we were nine hours in it, exhausted by fatigue and benumbed by the cold. We had hardly begun our work before the chief of the watch came round with his lantern, which cast a light on the place where we were working. We had

no alternative but to put our heads under water as he passed, which was every half-hour.

At length, after nine hours of incessant alarm and exertion, after having worked out the stones one by one, we succeeded in making, in a wall four feet six inches thick, a hole sufficiently wide, and we both crept through. We were giving way to our transports, when we fell into a danger which we had not foreseen, and which nearly proved fatal to us. In crossing the ditch St. Antoine to get into the road to Bercy, we fell into the aqueduct which was in the middle. This aqueduct had ten feet water over our heads, and two feet of mud on the side.

D'Alegre fell on me, and nearly carried me down. Had that misfortune happened we were lost, for we had not strength enough left to get up again, and we must have been drowned. Finding myself laid hold of by D'Alegre, I gave him a blow with my fist, which made him let go; and at the same instant throwing myself forward, I got out of the aqueduct. I then felt for D'Alegre, and getting hold of his hair, drew him to me. We were soon out of the ditch, and just as the clock struck five were on the highroad. Penetrated by the same feeling, we threw ourselves into each other's arms, and after a long embrace we fell on our knees to offer our thanks to the Almighty, who had snatched us from so many dangers.

DE LATUDE.



Know ye not

Who would be free themselves must strike the blow?

By their right arms the conquest must be wrought.—*Byron.*

## 50. L'ALLEGRO.

Hence, loathèd Melancholy,  
Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born  
In Stygian cave forlorn,  
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sounds  
unholy !

Find out some uncouth cell,  
Where brooding Darkness spreads his jealous wings,  
And the night-raven sings ;  
There, under ebon shades and low-browed rocks,  
As ragged as thy locks,  
In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.  
But come, thou Goddess fair and free,  
In heaven yclept Euphrosyne.....

Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee  
Jest, and youthful Jollity,  
Quips and Cranks and wanton Wiles,  
Nods and Becks and wreathèd Smiles,  
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,  
And love to live in dimple sleek ;  
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,  
And Laughter holding both his sides.  
Come, and trip it, as you go,  
On the light fantastic toe ;  
And in thy right hand lead with thee  
The mountain-nymph, sweet Liberty ;  
And, if I give thee honour due,  
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,  
To live with her, and live with thee,  
In unreprovèd pleasures free ;  
To hear the lark begin his flight,  
And, singing, startle the dull Night,  
From his watch-tower in the skies,  
Till the dappled Dawn doth rise ;  
Then to come, in spite of Sorrow,  
And at my window bid good-morrow,

Through the sweet-briar, or the vine,  
 Or the twisted eglantine ;  
 While the cock with lively din  
 Scatters the rear of Darkness thin,  
 And to the stack or the barn-door  
 Stoutly struts his dames before—  
 Oft listening how the hounds and horn  
 Cheerly rouse the slumbering Morn,  
 From the side of some hoar hill,  
 Through the high wood echoing shrill—  
 Some time walking, not unseen,  
 By hedgerow elms, on hillocks green,  
 Right against the eastern gate  
 Where the great Sun begins his state,  
 Robed in flames and amber light,  
 The clouds in thousand liveries dight ;  
 While the ploughman, near at hand,  
 Whistles o'er the furrowed land ;  
 And the milkmaid singeth blithe,  
 And the mower whets his scythe,  
 And every shepherd tells his tale  
 Under the hawthorn in the dale.

MILTON.



Who the melodies of morn can tell—  
 The wild brook babbling down the mountain side ;  
 The lowing herd ; the sheepfold's simple bell ;  
 The pipe of early shepherd dim descried  
 In the lone valley ; echoing far and wide  
 The clamorous horn along the cliffs above ;  
 The hum of bees, the linnet's lay of love,  
 And the full choir that wakes the universal grove.

*Beattie.*

## 51. IL PENSEROSO.

Hence, vain deluding Joys,  
 The brood of Folly without father bred !  
 How little you bestead,  
 Or fill the fixèd mind with all your toys !  
 Dwell in some idle brain,  
 And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,  
 As thick and numberless  
 As the gay motes that people the sun-beams,  
 Or likest hovering dreams  
 The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train.  
 But, hail ! thou Goddess, sage and holy !  
 Hail, divinest Melancholy !  
 Whose saintly visage is too bright  
 To hit the sense of human sight,  
 And therefore to our weaker view  
 O'erlaid with black, staid Wisdom's hue.....

Come ! but keep thy wonted state,  
 With even step, and musing gait,  
 And looks commérceing with the skies,  
 Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes :  
 There, held in holy passion still,  
 Forget thyself to marble, till,  
 With a sad leaden downward cast,  
 Thou fix them on the earth as fast.  
 And join with thee calm Peace and Quiet,  
 Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet,  
 And hears the Muses in a ring  
 Aye round about Jove's altar sing ;  
 And add to these retirèd Leisure,  
 That in trim gardens takes his pleasure ;  
 But, first and chiefest, with thee bring  
 Him that yon soars on golden wing,  
 Guiding the fiery-wheelèd throne,  
 The Cherub Contemplation ;

And the mute Silence hist along,  
 'Less Philomel will deign a song,  
 In her sweetest, saddest plight,  
 Smoothing the rugged brow of Night,  
 While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke  
 Gently o'er the accustomed oak.  
 Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,  
 Most musical, most melancholy !  
 Thee, chantress, oft the woods among  
 I woo, to hear thy even-song ;  
 And, missing thee, I walk unseen  
 On the dry smooth-shaven green,  
 To behold the wandering moon,  
 Riding near her highest noon,  
 Like one that hath been led astray  
 Through the heaven's pathless way,  
 And oft, as if her head she bowed,  
 Stooping through a fleecy cloud.  
 Oft, on a plat of rising ground,  
 I hear the far-off curfew sound,  
 Over some wide-watered shore,  
 Swinging slow with sullen roar ;  
 Or, if the air will not permit,  
 Some still removèd place will fit,  
 Where glowing embers through the room  
 Teach Light to counterfeit a gloom,  
 Far from all resort of mirth,  
 Save the cricket on the hearth,  
 Or the bellman's drowsy charm  
 To bless the doors from nightly harm.

MILTON.



Then is the time,  
 For those whom wisdom and whom nature charm,  
 To steal themselves from the degenerate crowd,  
 And soar above this little scene of things ;  
 To tread low-thoughted vice beneath their feet ;  
 To soothe the throbbing passions into peace,  
 And woo lone Quiet in her silent walks.—*Thomson.*



*"Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly."*



## 52. WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

When I am in a serious humour I very often walk by myself in Westminster Abbey, where the gloominess of the place and the use to which it is applied, with the solemnity of the building and the condition of the people who lie in it, are apt to fill the mind with a kind of melancholy, or rather thoughtfulness, that is not disagreeable. I yesterday passed a whole afternoon in the churchyard, the cloisters, and the church, amusing myself with the tombstones and inscriptions that I met with in those several regions of the dead. Most of them recorded nothing else of the buried person but that he was born upon one day and died upon another—the whole history of his life being comprehended in those two circumstances that are common to all mankind. I could not but look upon these registers of existence, whether of brass or marble, as a kind of satire upon the departed persons, who had left no other memorial of them but that they were born and that they died. They put me in mind of several persons mentioned in the battles of heroic poems, who have sounding names given them for no other reason but that they may be killed, and are celebrated for nothing but being knocked on the head.

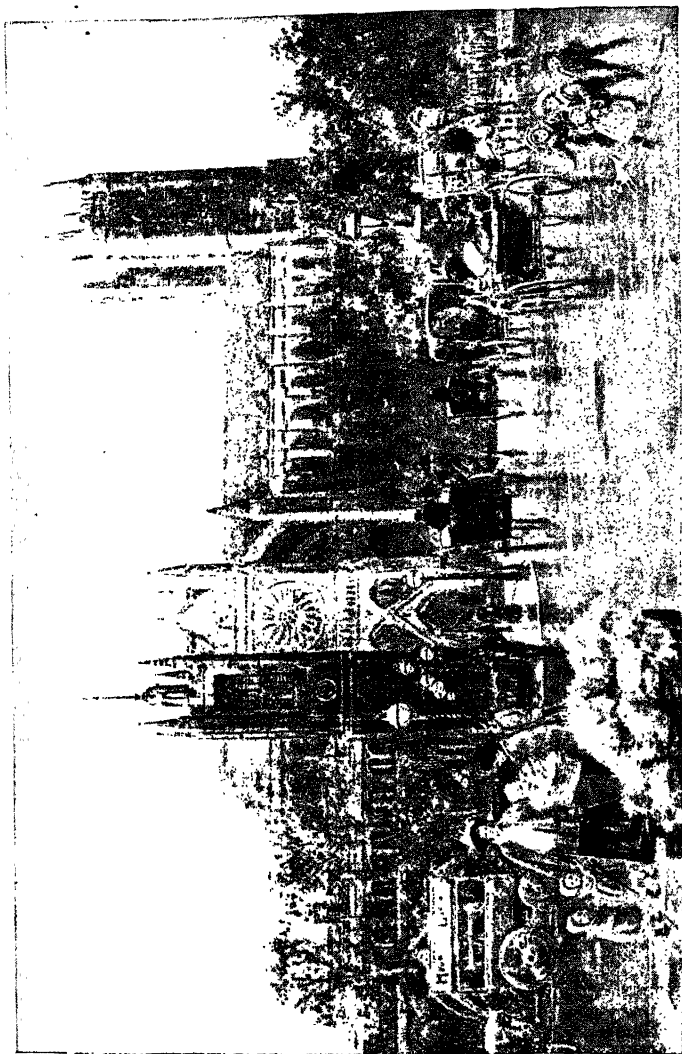
The life of these men is finely described in Holy Writ by *the path of an arrow*, which is immediately closed up and lost.

Upon my going into the church, I entertained myself with the digging of a grave, and saw in every

shovelful of it that was thrown up the fragment of a bone or skull intermixed with a kind of fresh, mouldering earth that some time or other had a place in the composition of a human body. Upon this I began to consider with myself what innumerable multitudes of people lay confused together under the pavement of that ancient cathedral; how men and women, friends and enemies, priests and soldiers, monks and prebendaries, were crumbled amongst one another and blended together in the same common mass; how beauty, strength, and youth, with old age, weakness, and deformity, lay undistinguished in the same promiscuous heap of matter.

After having thus surveyed this great magazine of mortality, as it were in the lump, I examined it more particularly by the accounts which I found on several of the monuments which are raised in every quarter of that ancient fabric. Some of them were covered with such extravagant epitaphs that, if it were possible for the dead person to be acquainted with them, he would blush at the praises which his friends have bestowed upon him. There are others so excessively modest that they deliver the character of the person departed in Greek or Hebrew, and by that means are not understood once in a twelve-month.

In the poetical quarter I found there were poets who had no monuments, and monuments which had no poets. I observed, indeed, that the present war had filled the church with many of these uninhabited monuments, which had been erected to



WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

the memory of persons whose bodies were perhaps buried in the plains of Blenheim or in the bosom of the ocean.

I could not but be very much delighted with several modern epitaphs, which are written with great elegance of expression and justness of thought, and therefore do honour to the living as well as to the dead. As a foreigner is very apt to conceive an idea of the ignorance or politeness of a nation from the turn of their public monuments and inscriptions, they should be submitted to the perusal of men of learning and genius before they are put in execution. Sir Cloudesley Shovel's monument has very often given me great offence. Instead of the brave, rough English admiral, which was the distinguishing character of that plain, gallant man, he is represented on his tomb by the figure of a beau, dressed in a long periwig, and reposing himself upon velvet cushions under a canopy of state. The inscription is answerable to the monument, for, instead of celebrating the many remarkable actions he had performed in the service of his country, it acquaints us only with the manner of his death, in which it was impossible for him to reap any honour. The Dutch, whom we are apt to despise for want of genius, show an infinitely greater taste of antiquity and politeness in their buildings and works of this nature than what we meet with in those of our own country. The monuments of their admirals, which have been erected at the public expense, represent them like themselves, and are adorned with rostral crowns and naval

ornaments, with beautiful festoons of seaweed, shells, and coral.

But to return to our subject. I have left the repository of our English kings for the contemplation of another day when I shall find my mind disposed for so serious an amusement. I know that entertainments of this nature are apt to raise dark and dismal thoughts in timorous minds and gloomy imaginations; but for my own part, though I am always serious, I do not know what it is to be melancholy, and can therefore take a view of nature in her deep and solemn scenes with the same pleasure as in her most gay and delightful ones. By this means I can improve myself with those objects which others consider with terror. When I look upon the tombs of the great, every emotion of envy dies in me; when I read the epitaphs of the beautiful, every inordinate desire goes out; when I meet with the grief of parents upon a tombstone, my heart melts with compassion; when I see the tomb of the parents themselves, I consider the vanity of grieving for those whom we must quickly follow. When I see kings lying by those who deposed them, when I consider rival wits placed side by side, or the holy men that divided the world with their contests and disputes, I reflect with sorrow and astonishment on the little competitions, factions, and debates of mankind. When I read the several dates of the tombs—of some that died yesterday, and some six hundred years ago—I consider that great day when we shall all of us be contemporaries, and make our appearance together.

ADDISON.

## 53. THE OPINIONS OF AN OLD BOOK.

While I sat meditating, with my head resting on my hand, I was thrumming with the other hand upon the quarto, until by accident I loosened the clasps; when, to my great surprise, the little book gave two or three yawns, like one awakening from a deep sleep, then a husky "hem," and at length began to talk. At first its voice was very hoarse and broken, being much troubled by a cobweb which some studious spider had woven across it, and having probably caught a cold from the chills and damps of the Abbey. In a short time, however, its words became more distinct.

It began with railings about the neglect of the world, and complained bitterly that it had not been opened for more than two centuries. "What do they mean?" said the little quarto—"what do they mean by keeping several thousand volumes of us shut up here, merely to be looked at now and then by the dean? Books were written to give pleasure and to be enjoyed, and I would have a rule passed that the dean should pay each of us a visit at least once a year."

"Softly, my worthy friend," replied I; "you are not aware how much better you are off than most books of your generation, whose remains have long since returned to the dust."

"Sir," said the little tome, ruffling his leaves and looking big, "I was written for all the world, not for the bookworms of an abbey. I was intended to circulate from hand to hand, like other great

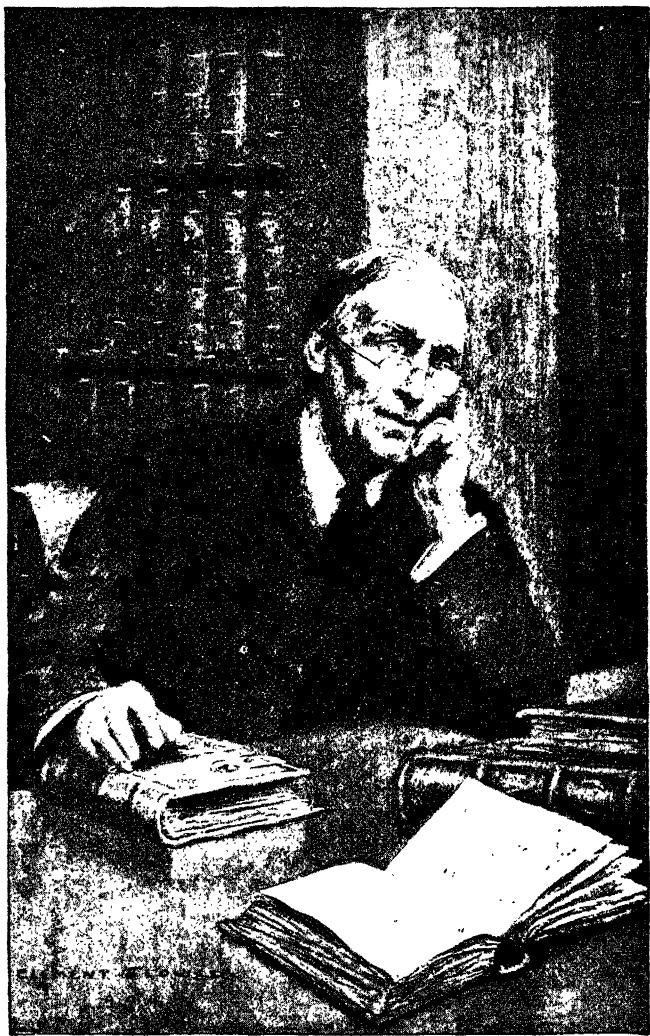
works; but here have I been clasped up for more than two centuries, and might have silently fallen a prey to the worms if you had not by chance given me an opportunity of uttering a few last words before I go to pieces."

"My good friend," rejoined I, "had you been left to the circulation of which you speak, you would long ere this have been no more. You talk of the books of your day as if they were still in circulation; where do we meet with them? Only a few fragments are scattered in various libraries."

"Prithee, friend," cried the quarto, in a testy tone, "how old do you think me? You are thinking of authors that lived long before my time, and wrote either in Latin or French, so that they deserved to be forgotten; but I, sir, was written in my own native tongue, at a time when the language had become fixed; and, indeed, I was considered a model of pure and elegant English."

"I cry your mercy," said I, "for mistaking your age; but it matters little. Almost all the writers of your time have likewise passed into forgetfulness, and are mere rarities among book collectors. I declare," added I, with some emotion, "when I behold a modern library, filled with new works in all the bravery of rich gilding and binding, I feel disposed to sit down and weep, like the good Xerxes, when he surveyed his splendid army and reflected that in one hundred years not one of them would be alive!"

"Ah!" said the little quarto, with a heavy sigh, "I see how it is. I suppose nothing is read now-



*"While I sat meditating."*



adays but Sir Philip Sydney's 'Arcadia,' Sackville's stately plays, or the fine-spun sentences of John Lyly."

"There you are again mistaken," said I: "these writers have long since had their day. A whole crowd of authors who wrote and wrangled at the time have likewise gone down, with all their writings. Wave after wave of literature has rolled over them, until they are buried so deep that it is only now and then that some industrious diver brings up a specimen of their works.

"For my part," I continued, "I consider this to be for the benefit of the world at large, and of authors in particular. Formerly, works had to be transcribed by hand, which was a slow and laborious operation: they were written either on parchment, which was expensive, or on papyrus, which was fragile and perishable. But the inventions of paper and the press have put an end to all these restraints. They have enabled every mind to pour itself into print. The stream of literature has swollen into a river—expanded into a sea."

"My very good sir," said the little quarto, yawning in my face, "excuse my interrupting you, but I perceive you are rather given to prose. I would ask the fate of an author who was making some noise just as I left the world. His fame, however, was believed to be quite temporary. The learned shook their heads at him, for he was a poor, half-educated varlet that knew little of Latin and nothing of Greek, and had been obliged to run the country for deer-

stealing. I think his name was Shakespeare; I presume he soon sank into oblivion."

"On the contrary," said I, "it is owing to that very man that the literature of his period has lasted beyond the ordinary term. There rise authors now and then who seem like the great trees that we sometimes see on the banks of a stream: by their vast and deep roots laying hold on the very foundations of the earth, they preserve the soil around them from being swept away by the current, and thus save from ruin many a neighbouring plant, and perhaps many a worthless weed. Such is the case with Shakespeare, whom we behold defying time, and retaining in modern use the language and literature of his day."

Here the little quarto began to heave his sides and chuckle, until at length he broke out into a fit of laughter that had well-nigh choked him. "Mighty well!" cried he, as soon as he could recover breath, "mighty well! And so you would persuade me that the literature of an age is to be preserved by a vagabond deer-stealer—by a man without learning—by a poet, forsooth, a poet!" And here he wheezed forth another fit of laughter.

"Yes," I replied, "a poet; for of all writers he has the best chance of living. He gives the choicest thoughts in the choicest language. He illustrates them by everything that he sees most striking in nature and art. He enriches them by pictures of human life, such as it is passing before him. His writings, therefore, contain the spirit, the flavour of the age in which he lives. They are caskets which

enclose within a small compass the wealth of the language—its family jewels, which are thus handed down to posterity.”

The sudden opening of the door caused me to turn my head. It was the verger, who came to inform me that it was time to close the library. I sought to have a parting word with the quarto; but the worthy little tome was silent, the clasps were closed, and it looked perfectly unconscious of all that had passed. I have been to the library two or three times since, and have tried to draw it into further conversation, but in vain; and whether all this actually took place, or whether it was one of those odd day-dreams to which I am subject, I have never to this moment been able to discover.

*Adapted from* WASHINGTON IRVING.

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#### 54. ON CHAPMAN'S HOMER.

Much have I travelled in the realms of gold,  
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen;  
Round many western islands have I been,  
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold;  
Oft of one wide expanse had I been told  
That deep-browed Homer ruled as his demesne,  
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene  
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold:  
Then felt I like some watcher of the skies  
When a new planet swims into his ken,  
Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes  
He stared at the Pacific—and all his men  
Looked at each other with a wild surmise—  
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

KEATS.

## 55. THE TEMPLE OF FAME.

Before my view appeared a structure fair,  
Its site uncertain, if in earth or air ;  
With rapid motion turned the mansion round,  
With ceaseless noise the ringing walls resound ;  
Not less in number were the spacious doors  
Than leaves on trees, or sands upon the shores ;  
Which still unfolded stand, by night, by day,  
Pervious to winds, and open every way.  
As flames by nature to the skies ascend,  
As weighty bodies to the centre tend,  
As to the sea returning rivers roll,  
And the touched needle trembles to the pole,—  
Hither, as to their proper place, arise  
All various sounds from earth, and seas, and skies,  
Or spoke aloud, or whispered in the ear ;  
Nor ever silence, rest, or peace is here.  
As on the smooth expanse of crystal lakes  
The sinking stone at first a circle makes ;  
The trembling surface, by the motion stirred,  
Spreads in a second circle, then a third ;  
Wide, and more wide, the floating rings advance,  
Fill all the watery plain, and to the margin dance,—  
Thus every voice and sound, when first they break,  
On neighbouring air a soft impression make :  
Another ambient circle then they move ;  
That, in its turn, impels the next above ;  
Through undulating air the sounds are sent,  
And spread o'er all the fluid element.

There various news I heard of love and strife,  
Of peace and war, health, sickness, death, and  
    life,  
Of loss and gain, of famine, and of store,  
Of storms at sea and travels on the shore,  
Of prodigies, and portents seen in air,  
Of fires and plagues, and stars with blazing hair,

## The Temple of Fame.

Of turns of fortune, changes in the state,  
The falls of favourites, projects of the great,  
Of old mismanagements, taxations new ;  
All neither wholly false nor wholly true.

Above, below, without, within, around,  
Confused, unnumbered multitudes are found,  
Who pass, repass, advance, and glide away,  
Hosts raised by fear, and phantoms of a day :  
Astrologers, that future fates foreshow,  
Projectors, quacks, and lawyers not a few ;  
And priests, and party zealots, numerous bands,  
With home-born lies or tales from foreign lands ;  
Each talked aloud, or in some secret place,  
And wild impatience stared in every face.  
The flying rumours gathered as they rolled,  
Scarce any tale was sooner heard than told ;  
And all who told it added something new,  
And all who heard it made enlargements too ;  
In every ear it spread, on every tongue it grew.  
Thus flying east and west, and north and south,  
News travelled with increase from mouth to mouth.  
So from a spark, that kindled first by chance,  
With gathering force the quickening flames advance ;  
Till to the clouds their curling heads aspire,  
And towers and temples sink in floods of fire.

When thus ripe lies are to perfection sprung,  
Full grown, and fit to grace a mortal tongue,  
Through thousand vents, impatient, forth they flow,  
And rush in millions on the world below.  
Fame sits aloft, and points them out their course,  
Their date determines, and prescribes their force ;  
Some to remain, and some to perish soon,  
Or wane and wax alternate like the moon.  
Around, a thousand wingèd wonders fly,  
Borne by the trumpet's blast, and scattered through  
the sky.

There, at one passage, oft you might survey  
A lie and truth contending for the way ;

And long 'twas doubtful, both so closely pent,  
Which first should issue through the narrow vent ;  
At last agreed, together out they fly,  
Inseparable now the truth and lie ;  
The strict companions are for ever joined,  
And this or that unmixed no mortal e'er shall find.

While thus I stood, intent to see and hear,  
One came, methought, and whispered in my ear,—  
“What could thus high thy rash ambition raise?

Art thou, fond youth, a candidate for praise?”

“’Tis true,” said I ; “not void of hopes I came,

For who so fond as youthful bards of fame?

But few, alas! the casual blessing boast,

So hard to gain, so easy to be lost.

How vain that second life in others’ breath,

Th’ estate which wits inherit after death !

Ease, health, and life, for this they must resign

(Unsure the tenure, but how vast the fine),

The great man’s curse, without the gains, endure,

Be envied, wretched ; and be flattered, poor ;

All luckless wits their enemies profest,

And all successful, jealous friends at best.

Nor fame I slight, nor for her favours call ;

She comes unlooked for, if she comes at all.

But if the purchase cost so dear a price,

As soothing folly or exalting vice ;

Oh ! if the Muse must flatter lawless sway,

And follow still where fortune leads the way ;

Or if no basis bear my rising name,

But the fallen ruins of another’s fame,—

Then teach me, Heaven ! to scorn the guilty bays,

Drive from my breast that wretched lust of praise ;

Unblemished let me live, or die unknown ;

Oh, grant an honest fame, or grant me none !”

POPE.



## 56. THE CORNER OF A MEADOW.

The mound follows the curiously winding course of a brook which flows just without on the left side; and without, on the right side, runs a second brook, whose direction is much straighter and current slower. These two meet at the top of the mead, and then, forming a junction, make a deep, swift stream, flowing beside a series of water-meadows—broad, level, and open, like a plain—which are irrigated from it. The mounds in the angle where the brooks join enclose a large space planted with osiers, and inside the hedges all round the mead there is a wide, deep ditch, always full of slowly moving water, so that the field is really surrounded by a double moat; and in one corner, in addition, there is a pond hidden by maple thickets from within, and intended for the use of cattle in the adjoining field. The nearest house is several meadows distant, and no footpath passes near, so that the spot is peculiarly quiet. These mounds, hedges, osier-bed, and brooks occupy an area nearly or quite equal to the space where cattle can feed.

Upon the fir tree a heron perches frequently in the daytime, because from that great elevation he can command an extensive view, and feels secure against attack. Whenever he visits the water-meadows, sailing thither from the shallow lake (one of whose creeks approaches the ash copse), he almost always rests here to take a good look round before descending to the field. The heron is a most suspicious bird. When he alights in the water-meadows here, he stalks

about in the very middle of the great field, far out of reach of the gun. If ever he ventures to the brook, it is not till after a careful survey from the fir tree, his tower of observation; and when in the brook, his long neck is every now and then extended, that he may gaze above the banks.

By the gateway, reached by crossing a rude bridge for the wagons, wild hops festoon the thickets. Behind the maple bushes in the corner the water of the pond, overhung with willow, is dark—almost black in the depth of shadow. Out of it a narrow and swift current runs into that slow, straight brook which bounds the right side of the meadow. Here in the long grass and rushes growing luxuriantly between the underwood lurk the moor-hens, building their nests on bunches of rushes against the bank and almost level with the water. Though but barely hatched, and chips of shell clinging to their backs, the tiny fledglings swim at once if alarmed. When a little older they creep about on the miniature terraces formed along the banks by the constant running to and fro of water-rats, or stand on a broken branch bent down by its own weight into the water, yet still attached to the stem, puffing up their dark feathers like a black ball.

If all be quiet, the moor-hens come out now and then into the meadow; and then, as they stand upright out of the water, the peculiar way in which their tails, white marked, are turned upwards is visible. The bill is of a fine colour—almost the “orange-tawny” of the blackbird, set in thick red





*"In one corner there is a pond."*

coral at its base. Under the shallow water at the mouth of the pond the marks of their feet on the mud may be traced. They run swiftly, and depend upon that speed and the skilful tricks they practise in diving—turning back and dodging under water like a hare in the fields—to escape from pursuit, rather than on their wings. Through the thick green flags they creep, and into the holes the water-rats have made, or behind and under the natural cavities in the stoles upon the bank. They beat the water with their wings when they rise, showering the spray on either side for a short distance, and then, ascending on an inclined plane, fly heavily, but with some strength.

At night is their time of journeying, when they come down from the lake or return to it, uttering a weird cry in the darkened atmosphere. By day, as they swim to and fro in the flags and through the duckweed, shaded from the hot sun under willow and aspen, they call to each other, not unpleasantly, a note something like "croog," with a twirl of the "r." In summer they do not move far from the place they have chosen to breed in; in the frosts of winter they work their way up the brooks, or fly at night, but usually come back to the old spot. The dabchick, a slender bird, haunts the pond here too, diving even more quickly than the moor-hen.

Nut-tree bushes grow along the bank of the brook on this side—the nuts are a smaller sort than usual; and beside the wet ditch within the mound and on the "shore," wherever the scythe has not reached, the

meadow-sweet rears its pale flowers. At evening, if it be sultry, and on some days, especially before a thunderstorm, the whole mead is full of the fragrance of this plant, which lines the inside ditch almost everywhere. So heavy and powerful is its odour that the still, motionless air between the thick hedges becomes oppressive, and it is a relief to issue forth into the open fields away from the perfume and the brooding heat. But by day it is pleasant to linger in the shadow and inhale its sweetness—if you are not nervous of snakes; for there is one here and there in the grass, gliding away at the jar of the earth under your footstep. Warmth and moisture favour their increase, as on a larger scale in tropic lands; and parts of the mead are often under water when a freshet comes down the brooks, so choked with flags that they cannot carry it away quickly.

The osier-bed in the angle where the brooks join is on slightly higher ground; for although the withy likes water at its roots, it should not stand in it. Springing across the ditch, and entering among the tall, slender wands—which, though they look so thick, part aside easily—you may find on the mound behind the butt of an oak sawn just above the ground; and there, in the shade of the reeds, and with a cool breeze now and again coming along the course of the stream, it is delicious in the heat of summer to repose and listen to the murmur of the water.

The moor-hens come down the current slowly, searching about among the flags; the reed warblers are busy in the hedge; at the mouth of his hole sits a water-

rat rubbing his face between his paws; across the stream comes his mate, swimming slowly with one end of a long green sedge in her mouth, and the rest towed behind on the surface. They are the beavers of our streams—amusing, intelligent little creatures, utterly different in habits from the rat of the drain. Move but a hand, and instantly they fall rather than dive into the water, making a sound like “thock” as they strike it; and then they run along the bottom, or seem to do so, as swiftly as on dry land. But in a few minutes out they come again, being at the same time extremely timid and as quickly reassured; if you remain perfectly still, they will approach within a yard.

Where the two brooks meet, a hollow willow tree hangs over the brown pool,—brown with suspended sand and dead leaves slowly rotating under the surface where the swirl of the meeting currents—one swift and shallow, the other deeper and stronger—has scooped out a basin. A waving line upon the surface marks where the two streams shoulder each other and strive for mastery, and its curve, yielding now to this side, now to that, responds to their varying volume and weight. While the undercurrents sweep ever slowly round, whirling leaf and dead black soddened twigs over the hollow, the upper streams are forced together unwillingly by the narrowing shores, and throw themselves with a bubbling rush onwards. Through the brown water, from under the stooping willow whose age bows it feebly, there shine now and again silvery streaks deep down as the roach play to and fro. There, too, come the perch; they are

waiting for the insects falling off the willows and the bushes, and for the food brought down by the streams.

“Hush!” it is the rustle of the reeds. Their heads are swaying—a reddish brown now; later on in the year, a delicate feathery white. Seen from beneath, their slender tips, as they gracefully sweep to and fro, seem to trace designs upon the blue dome of the sky. A whispering in the reeds and tall grasses, a faint murmuring of the waters; yonder, across the broad water-meadow, a yellow haze hiding the elms.

In the nooks and corners on the left side of the mead the hemlock rears its sickly-looking stem; the mound is broad and high, and thickly covered with grasses, for the most part dead and dry. These form a warm cover for the fox: there is usually one hiding somewhere here, the mead being so quiet. Where the ground is often flooded, watercress has spread out into the grass, growing so profusely that, now the water is low, it might be mown by the scythe. And everywhere in their season the beautiful forget-me-nots nestle on the shores among the flags, where the water, running slower at the edge, lingers to kiss their feet.

Once, some five-and-twenty years ago, a sportsman startled a great bird out of the spot where the streams join, and shot it, thinking it was a heron. But seeing that it was no common heron, he had it examined; and it was found to be a bittern, and as such it was carefully preserved. It was the last visit of bitterns to the place. Even then they were so rare as not to be recognized; now the progress of agriculture has entirely banished them.

RICHARD JEFFERIES.

## 57. WORK.

There is a perennial nobleness, and even sacredness, in work. Were he never so benighted, forgetful of his high calling, there is always hope in a man that actually and earnestly works: in idleness alone is there perpetual despair. Work, never so mean, is in communication with Nature; the real desire to get work done will itself lead one more and more to truth, to Nature's appointments and regulations, which are truth.

It has been written, "An endless significance lies in work," as man perfects himself by working. Foul jungles are cleared away, fair seed-fields rise instead, and stately cities; and withal the man himself first ceases to be a jungle and foul, unwholesome desert thereby. Consider how, even in the meanest sorts of Labour, the whole soul of a man is composed into a kind of real harmony, the instant he sets himself to work! Doubt, Desire, Sorrow, Remorse, Indignation, Despair itself—all these lie beleaguering the soul of the poor day-worker; but as he bends himself with free valour against his task, all these are stilled, all these shrink murmuring afar off into their caves. The man is now a man. The blessed glow of Labour in him, is it not a purifying fire, wherein all poison is burnt up, and of sour smoke itself there is made bright blessed flame?

Destiny, on the whole, has no other way of cultivating us. A formless Chaos, once set it *revolving*, grows round and ever rounder; ranges itself, by

mere force of gravity, into strata, spherical courses; is no longer a Chaos, but a round compacted World. What would become of the Earth, did she cease to revolve? In the poor old Earth, so long as she revolves, all inequalities, irregularities, disperse themselves; all irregularities are incessantly becoming regular.

Hast thou looked on the Potter's wheel, one of the venerablest objects; old as the prophet Ezekiel, and far older? Rude lumps of clay—how they spin themselves up, by mere quick whirling, into beautiful circular dishes! And fancy the most assiduous Potter, but without his wheel, reduced to make dishes by mere kneading and baking! Even such a potter were Destiny, with a human soul that would rest and lie at ease, that would not work and spin! Of an idle, unrevolving man the kindest Destiny, like the most assiduous Potter without wheel, can bake and knead nothing other than a botch; let her spend on him what expensive colouring, what gilding and enamelling she will, he is but a botch. Not a dish; no, a bulging, kneaded, crooked, shambling, squint-cornered, amorphous botch, a mere enamelled vessel of dishonour! Let the idle think of this.

Blessed is he who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness. He has a work, a life-purpose; he has found it, and will follow it! How as the free flowing channel of an ever-deepening river it runs and flows; draining off the sour water gradually from the root of the remotest grass blade; making, instead of pestilential swamp, a green, fruit-

ful meadow with its clear flowing stream. How blessed for the meadow itself, let the stream and *its* value be great or small! Labour is life; from the inmost heart of the Worker rises his God-given force, the sacred celestial life-essence, breathed into him by Almighty God; from his inmost heart awakens him to all nobleness, to all knowledge, "self-knowledge," and much else, so soon as work fitly begins.

And again, hast thou valued Patience, Courage, Perseverance, Openness to light; readiness to own thyself mistaken, to do better next time? All these, all virtues, in wrestling with the dim brute Powers of fact, thou wilt continually learn. Set down a brave Sir Christopher in the middle of black ruined stone heaps, of foolish unarchitectural Bishops, red-tape Officials; and see whether he will ever raise a Paul's Cathedral out of all that. Christopher will have to conquer and constrain all these, if he be able. All these are against him. Nature herself is but partially for him; will be wholly against him, if he constrain her not!

His very money, where is it to come from? Pious munificence, and all help is so silent, invisible like the gods; impediment, contradictions manifold are so loud and near! O brave Sir Christopher, by valiant patience, noble effort, insight, vanquish and compel all these, and strike down victoriously the last topstone of that Paul's edifice: thy monument for certain centuries, the stamp "Great Man" impressed very legibly in Portland-stone there!



Yes, all manner of work is always what we call silent; cannot speak or come to light till it be seen, till it be spoken to. Every noble work is at first "impossible." Like Gideon, thou shalt spread out thy fleece at the door of thy tent; see whether, under the wide arch of Heaven, there be any bounteous moisture or none. Thy heart and life-purpose shall be as a miraculous Gideon's fleece, spread out in silent appeal to Heaven; and from the kind Immensities, what from the poor unkind Localities and town and country Parishes there never could, blessed dew-moisture to suffice thee shall have fallen!

Work is of a religious nature; work is of a *brave* nature, which it is the aim of all religion to be. "All work of man is as the swimmer's." A waste ocean threatens to devour him; if he front it not bravely, it will keep its word. By incessant wise defiance of it, lusty rebuke and buffet of it, behold how it loyally supports him, bears him as its conqueror along.

Brave Sea-captain, Norse Sea-king—Columbus, my hero, royalest Sea-king of all! it is no friendly environment this of thine, in the waste deep waters; around thee mutinous discouraged souls, behind thee disgrace and ruin, before thee the unpenetrated veil of night. Brother, these wild water-mountains are not entirely there on thy behalf! Meseems *they* have other work than floating thee forward:—and the huge Winds care little about filling rightly or filling wrongly the small sails in this cockle skiff of thine! Secret, far off, invisible to all hearts but

thine, there lies a help in them: see how thou wilt get at that.

Patiently thou wilt wait till the mad South-wester spend itself; valiantly, with swift decision, wilt thou strike in, when the favouring East springs up. Mutiny of men thou wilt sternly repress; weakness, despondency, thou wilt cheerily encourage; thou wilt swallow down complaint, unreason, weariness, weakness of others and thyself;—how much wilt thou swallow down! There shall be a depth of Silence in thee, deeper than this Sea; a Silence unsoundable; known to God only. Thou shalt be a great Man. Yes, my World-Soldier, thou wilt have to be *greater* than this tumultuous unmeasured World here round thee is: thou, in thy strong soul, as with wrestler's arms, shalt embrace it, harness it down; and make it bear thee on to new Americas, or whither God wills!

Older than all preached Gospels was this unpreached, for-ever-enduring Gospel: Work, and therein have wellbeing. Man, Son of Earth and of Heaven, lies there not in the innermost heart of thee a force for Work, giving thee no rest till thou unfold it! Wheresoever thou findest Disorder, there is thy eternal enemy; attack him swiftly, subdue him; make Order of him! The thistle that grows in thy path, dig it out that a blade of useful grass, a drop of nourishing milk, may grow there instead. The waste cotton-shrub, gather its waste white down, spin it, weave it; that, in place of idle litter, there may be folded webs, and the naked skin of man be covered.

But above all, where thou findest Ignorance, Stupidity, Brute-mindedness—attack it, I say; smite it wisely, unweariedly, and rest not while thou livest and it lives; but smite, smite in the name of God! The Highest God, as I understand it, does audibly so command thee: still audibly, if thou have ears to hear. Thou, if ever man should, shalt work while it is called To-day. For the Night cometh wherein no man can work.

All true Work is sacred; in all true Work, were it but true hand-labour, there is something of divineness. Labour, wide as the Earth, has its summit in Heaven. Sweat of the brow; and up from that to sweat of the brain, sweat of the heart; which includes all Kepler calculations, Newton meditations, all Sciences, all spoken Epics, all acted Heroisms, Martyrdoms—up to that “Agony of bloody sweat,” which all men have called divine! O brother, if this is not “worship,” then I say, the more pity for worship; for this is the noblest thing yet discovered under God’s sky.

Who art thou that complainest of thy life of toil? Complain not. Look up, my wearied brother; see thy fellow-workmen there in God’s Eternity; surviving there, they alone surviving. Even in the weak Human Memory they survive so long, as saints, as heroes, as gods; they alone surviving; peopling, they alone, the immeasured solitudes of Time!

CARLYLE.

## 58. THE DIGNITY OF LABOUR.

The dignity of labour ! Consider its achievements ! Dismayed by no difficulty, shrinking from no exertion, exhausted by no struggle, ever eager for renewed efforts in its persevering promotion of human happiness, "clamorous Labour knocks with its hundred hands at the golden gate of the morning," obtaining each day, through succeeding centuries, fresh benefactions for the world !

Labour clears the forest, and drains the morass, and makes the wilderness rejoice and blossom as the rose. Labour drives the plough, and scatters the seed, and reaps the harvest, and grinds the corn, and converts it into bread, the staff of life. Labour, tending the pastures and sweeping the waters, as well as cultivating the soil, provides with daily sustenance the thousand millions of the family of man.

Labour moulds the brick, and splits the slate, and quarries the stone, and shapes the column, and rears, not only the humble cottage, but the gorgeous palace, the tapering spire, and the stately dome.

Labour, diving deep into the solid earth, brings up its long-hidden stores of coal, to feed ten thousand furnaces, and in millions of habitations to defy the winter's cold. Labour explores the rich veins of deeply-buried rocks, extracting the gold, the silver, the copper, and the tin. Labour smelts the iron, and moulds it into a thousand shapes for use and ornament—from the massive pillar to the tiniest needle, from the ponderous anchor to the wire-gauze, from

the mighty fly-wheel of the steam-engine to the polished purse-ring or the glittering bead.

Labour hews down the gnarled oak, and shapes the timber, and builds the ship, and guides it over the deep, plunging through the billows and wrestling with the tempest, to bear to our shores the produce of every clime. Labour brings us Indian rice and American cotton; African ivory and Greenland oil; fruits from the sunny South and furs from the frozen North: tea from the East and sugar from the West; —carrying, in exchange, to every land the products of British industry and British skill. Labour, by the universally spread ramifications of trade, distributes its own treasures from country to country, from city to city, from house to house, conveying to the doors of all the necessities and luxuries of life; and, by the pulsations of an untrammelled commerce, maintaining healthy life in the great social system.

Labour, fusing opaque particles of rock, produces transparent glass, which it moulds and polishes, and combines so wondrously that sight is restored to the blind: while worlds, before invisible from distance, are brought so near as to be weighed and measured with unerring exactness; and atoms, which had escaped all detection from their minuteness, reveal a world of wonder and beauty in themselves.

Labour, possessing a secret far more important than the philosopher's stone, transmutes the most worthless substances into the most precious; and, placing in the crucible of its potent chemistry the putrid refuse of the sea and the land, extracts fra-

grant essences, and healing medicines, and materials of priceless importance in the arts.

Labour, laughing at difficulties, spans majestic rivers, carries viaducts over marshy swamps, suspends aerial bridges above deep ravines, pierces the solid mountain with its dark, undeviating tunnel, blasting rocks and filling hollows ; and, while linking together with its iron but loving grasp all nations of the Earth, verifies, in a literal sense, the ancient prophecy : "Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low."

Labour draws forth its delicate iron thread, and, stretching it from city to city, from province to province, through mountains and beneath the sea, realizes more than fancy ever fabled, while it constructs a chariot on which speech may outstrip the wind, compete with the lightning, and fly as rapidly as thought itself.

Labour seizes the thoughts of genius, the discoveries of science, the admonitions of piety, and with its magic types impressing the vacant page, renders it pregnant with life and power, perpetuating truth to distant ages, and diffusing it to all mankind.

Labour sits enthroned in palaces of crystal, whose high arched roofs proudly sparkle in the sunshine which delighteth to honour it, and whose ample courts are crowded with the trophies of its victories in every country and in every age.

Labour, a mighty magician, walks forth into a region uninhabited and waste ; he looks earnestly at the scene, so quiet in its desolation ; then, waving his

wonder-working wand, those dreary valleys smile with golden harvests; those barren mountain-slopes are clothed with foliage; the furnace blazes; the anvil rings; the busy wheels whirl round; the town appears—the mart of Commerce, the hall of Science, the temple of Religion, rear high their lofty fronts; a forest of masts, gay with varied pennons, rises from the harbour; the quays are crowded with commercial spoils—the peaceful spoils which enrich both him who receives and him who yields. Representatives of far-off regions make it their resort; Science enlists the elements of earth and heaven in its service; Art, awaking, clothes its strength with beauty; Literature, new born, redoubles and perpetuates its praise; Civilization smiles; Liberty is glad; Humanity rejoices; Piety exults—for the voice of industry and gladness is heard on every hand. And who, contemplating such achievements, will deny that there is dignity in Labour!

NEWMAN HALL.



O Scotia, my dear, my native soil,  
 For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent!  
 Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil  
 Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content.  
 And oh, may Heaven their simple lives prevent  
 From Luxury's contagion, weak and vile!  
 Then, howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,  
 A virtuous populace may rise the while  
 And stand a wall of fire around their much-loved isle.

*Burns.*

## 59. LABOUR IN UTOPIA.

Husbandry is a science common to them all in general, both men and women, wherein they be all expert and cunning. In this they be all instructed even from their youth—partly in their schools with traditions and precepts, and partly in the country nigh the city, brought up as it were in playing, not only beholding the use of it, but, by occasion of exercising their bodies, practising it also. Besides husbandry, which (as I said) is common to them all, every one of them learneth one or other several and particular science, as his own proper craft. That is, most commonly, either cloth-working in wool or flax, or masonry, or the smith's craft, or the carpenter's science; for there is none other occupation that any number, to speak of, doth use there.

For their garments, these throughout all the island be of one fashion (saving that there is a difference between the man's garment and the woman's, between the married and the unmarried); and this one continueth for evermore unchanged, seemly and comely to the eye, no let to the moving and wielding of the body, also fit both for winter and summer. As for these garments, every family maketh their own. But of the other aforesaid crafts, every man learneth one; and not only the men, but also the women. But the women, as the weaker sort, be put to the easier crafts, as to work wool and flax. The more laborious sciences be committed to the men.

For the most part, every man is brought up in his



father's craft; for most commonly they be naturally thereto bent and inclined. But if a man's mind stand to any other, he is by adoption put into a family of that occupation which he doth most fancy. Yea, and if any person, when he hath learned one craft, be desirous to learn also another, he is likewise suffered and permitted. When he hath learned both, he occupieth whether he will, unless the city hath more need of the one than the other.

The chief and almost the only office of the *Siphogrants* is to see and take heed that no man sit idle, but that every one apply to his own craft with earnest diligence. And yet for all that, not to be wearied from early in the morning to late in the evening with continual work, like labouring and toiling beasts. For this is worse than the miserable and wretched condition of bondmen.

Which, nevertheless, is almost everywhere the life of workmen and artificers, saving in Utopia. For they, dividing the day and the night into twenty-four just hours, appoint and assign only six of those hours to work: three of those hours before noon, upon the which they go straight to dinner; and after dinner, when they have rested two hours, then they work three hours, and upon that they go to supper. About eight of the clock in the evening they go to bed: eight hours they give to sleep. All the void time that is between the hours of work, sleep, and meat, that they be suffered to bestow every man as he liketh best himself.

Not to the intent that they should misspend this

time in riot or slothfulness; but being then licensed from the labour of their own occupations, to bestow the time well and thriftily upon some other science, as shall please them: for it is a solemn custom there to have lectures daily, early in the morning, whereto they only be constrained to be present that be chosen and appointed to learning. Howbeit, a great multitude of every sort of people, both men and women, go to hear lectures, some one and some another, as every man's nature is inclined. Yet if any man had rather bestow this time upon his own occupation, he is not letted or prohibited, but is also praised and commended, as profitable to the commonwealth.

After supper they bestow one hour in play; in summer in their gardens, in winter in their common halls, where they dine and sup. There they exercise themselves in music, or else in honest and wholesome communication. Dice-play, and such other foolish and pernicious games, they know not; but they use two games, not much unlike the chess. The one is the battle of numbers, wherein one number stealeth away another; the other is where vices fight with virtues, as it were in the battle array on a set field.

But here, lest you be deceived, one thing you must look more narrowly upon. For seeing they bestow but six hours in work, perchance you may think that the lack of some necessary things thereof may ensue. But this is nothing so; for that small time is not only enough, but also too much, for the store and abundance of all things that be requisite, either for the necessity or commodity of life.

The which thing you also shall perceive, if you weigh and consider with yourselves how great a part of the people in other countries liveth idle. First, almost all women, which be the half of the whole number ; or else, if the women be somewhere occupied, there most commonly in their stead the men be idle. Put thereto all rich men, specially all landed men, which commonly be called gentlemen and noblemen ; take into this number also their servants. Join to them also sturdy and valiant beggars, cloaking their idle life under the colour of some disease or sickness. And truly you shall find them much fewer than you thought, by whose labour all these things are wrought, that in men's affairs are now daily used and frequented. Now consider within yourself of these few that do work, how few be occupied in necessary work. For where money beareth all the swing, there many vain and superfluous occupations must needs be used to serve only for riotous superfluity and dishonest pleasure.

But if all these, that be now busied about unprofitable occupations, with all the whole flock of them that live idly and slothfully, which consume and waste every one of them more of these things that come by other men's labour than two of the workmen themselves do—if all these were set to profitable occupations, you easily perceive how little time would be enough, yea, and too much, to store us with all things that may be requisite either for necessity or commodity, yea, or for pleasure, so that the same pleasure be true and natural.

And this in Utopia the thing itself maketh mani-

fest and plain. For there, in all the city, with the whole country or shire adjoining to it, scarcely five hundred persons of all the whole number of men and women, that be neither too old nor too weak to work, be licensed and discharged from labour. Among them be the *Siphogrants*, who, though they be by the laws exempt and privileged from labour, yet they exempt not themselves; to the intent they may the rather by their example provoke others to work.

The same vacation from labour do they also enjoy to whom the people have given a perpetual license from labour to learning; but if any one of them prove not according to the expectation and hope of him conceived, he is forthwith plucked back to the company of artificers; and contrariwise often it chanceth that a handy-craftsman doth so earnestly bestow his vacant and spare hours in learning, and through diligence so profiteth therein, that he is taken from his handy occupation and promoted to the company of the learned. Out of this order of the learned be chosen ambassadors, priests, and finally the prince himself.

The residue of the people being neither idle, nor yet occupied about unprofitable exercises, it may be easily judged in how few hours how much good work by them may be done and dispatched, towards those things that I have spoken of. This commodity they have also above other, that in the most part of necessary occupations they need not so much work as other nations do. For first of all the building or repairing of houses asketh everywhere so many men's

continual labour, because that the unthrifty heir suffereth the houses that his father builded, in continuance of time, to fall in decay. So that which he might have upholden with little cost, his successor is constrained to build it again anew to his great charge. Yea, many times also, the house that stood one man in much money, another is of so nice and so delicate a mind that he setteth nothing by it; and it being neglected, and therefore shortly falleth into ruin, he buildeth up another in another place.

But among the Utopians, where all things be set in good order, it seldom chanceth that they choose a new plot to build an house upon. And they do not only find speedy and quick remedies for present faults, but also prevent them that be like to fall. And by this means their houses continue and last very long with little labour and small reparations, insomuch that these kind of workmen sometimes have almost nothing to do. But then they be commanded to hew timber at home, and to square and trim up stones, to the intent that, if any work chance, it may the speedilier rise.

Now, sir, in their apparel, mark, I pray you, how few workmen they need. First of all, whilst they be at work they be covered homely with leather or skins, that will last seven years. When they go forth abroad, they cast upon them a cloak which hideth the other homely apparel. These cloaks throughout the whole island be all of one colour, and that is the natural colour of the wool. They, therefore, do not only spend much less on woollen cloth

than is spent in other countries, but also the same standeth them in much less cost.

But linen cloth is made with much less labour, and is, therefore, had more in use. But in linen cloth only whiteness, in woollen only cleanliness, is regarded. As for the smallness or fineness of the thread, that is nothing passed for. And this is the cause wherefore, in other places, four or five cloth gowns of divers colours, and as many silk coats, be not enough for one man. Yea, and if he be of the delicate and nice sort, ten be too few; whereas there one garment will serve a man most commonly two years.

Wherefore, seeing they be all exercised in profitable occupations, and that few artificers in the same craft be sufficient, this is the cause that plenty of all things be among them. They do sometimes bring forth an innumerable company of people to amend the highways, if any be broken. Many times also, when they have no such work to be occupied about, an open proclamation is made that they shall bestow fewer hours in work; for the magistrates do not exercise their citizens against their wills in unneedful labours. For why, in the institution of the public weal, this end is only and chiefly pretended and minded—that what time may possibly be spared from the necessary occupations and affairs of the commonwealth, all *that* the citizens should withdraw from the bodily service to the free liberty of the mind, and garnishing of the same. For therein they suppose the felicity of this life to consist.

## 60. THE LEECH-GATHERER.

## RESOLUTION AND INDEPENDENCE.

There was a roaring in the wind all night ;  
The rain came heavily, and fell in floods ;  
But now the sun is rising calm and bright ;  
The birds are singing in the distant woods ;  
Over his own sweet voice the stock-dove broods ;  
The jay makes answer as the magpie chatters ;  
And all the air is filled with pleasant noise of waters

All things that love the sun are out of doors ;  
The sky rejoices in the morning's birth ;  
The grass is bright with rain-drops ; on the  
moors  
The hare is running races in her mirth,  
And with her feet she from the plashy earth  
Raises a mist, which, glittering in the sun,  
Runs with her all the way, wherever she doth run.

I was a traveller then upon the moor ;  
I saw the hare that raced about with joy ;  
I heard the woods and distant waters roar,  
Or heard them not, as happy as a boy ;  
The pleasant season did my heart employ ;  
My old remembrances went from me wholly,  
And all the ways of men, so vain and melancholy !

But as it sometimes chanceth, from the might  
Of joy in minds that can no farther go,  
As high as we have mounted in delight  
In our dejection do we sink as low ;  
To me that morning did it happen so,  
And fears and fancies thick upon me came—  
Dim sadness and blind thoughts I knew not, nor could  
name.

I heard the skylark singing in the sky,  
And I bethought me of the playful hare :  
Even such a happy child of earth am I ;  
Even as these blissful creatures do I fare ;  
Far from the world I walk, and from all care.  
But there may come another day to me—  
Solitude, pain of heart, distress, and poverty.

My whole life I have lived in pleasant thought,  
As if life's business were a summer mood ;  
As if all needful things would come unsought  
To genial faith, still rich in genial good.  
But how can he expect that others should  
Build for him, sow for him, and at his call  
Love him who for himself will take no heed at all ?

I thought of Chatterton, the marvellous boy,  
The sleepless soul that perished in his pride ;  
Of him who walked in glory and in joy  
Behind his plough upon the mountain side.  
By our own spirits are we deified ;  
We poets in our youth begin in gladness,  
But thereof come in the end despondency and madness.

Now, whether it were by peculiar grace  
A leading from above, a something given,  
Yet it befell that in this lonely place,  
When up and down my fancy thus was driven,  
And I with these untoward thoughts had striven,  
I saw a man before me unawares ;  
The oldest man he seemed that ever wore gray hairs.

My course I stopped as soon as I espied  
The old man in that naked wilderness :  
Close by a pond upon the farther side  
He stood alone ; a minute's space I guess  
I watched him—he continued motionless ;  
To the pool's farther margin then I drew,  
He being all the while before me full in view.



As a huge stone is sometimes seen to lie  
Couched on the bald top of an eminence,  
Wonder to all who do the same espy  
By what means it could thither come, and whence,  
So that it seems a thing endued with sense—  
Like a sea-beast crawled forth, which on a shelf  
Of rock or sand repositeth, there to sun itself—

Such seemed this man, not all alive nor dead,  
Nor all asleep, in his extreme old age ;  
His body was bent double, feet and head  
Coming together in their pilgrimage,  
As if some dire constraint of pain, or rage  
Of sickness felt by him in times long past,  
A more than human weight upon his frame had cast.

Himself he propped, his body, limbs, and face,  
Upon a long gray staff of shaven wood ;  
And still as I drew near with gentle pace,  
Beside the little pond or moorish flood,  
Motionless as a cloud the old man stood ;  
That heareth not the loud winds when they call  
And moveth altogether, if it move at all.

At length, himself unsettling, he the pond  
Stirred with his staff, and fixedly did look  
Upon the muddy water, which he conned,  
As if he had been reading in a book ;  
And now such freedom as I could I took,  
And, drawing to his side, to him did say,—  
“This morning gives us promise of a glorious day.”

A gentle answer did the old man make,  
In courteous speech, which forth he slowly drew ;  
And him with further words I thus bespake,—  
“What kind of work is that which you pursue?  
This is a lonesome place for one like you.”  
He answered me with pleasure and surprise,  
And there was, while he spake, a fire about his eyes.

His words came feebly, from a feeble chest,  
Yet each in solemn order followed each,  
With something of a lofty utterance dressed ;  
Choice word and measured phrase ; above the reach  
Of ordinary men ; a stately speech ;  
Such as grave livers do in Scotland use—  
Religious men who give to God and man their dues.

He told me that he to this pond had come  
To gather leeches, being old and poor,  
Employment hazardous and wearisome !  
And he had many hardships to endure ;  
From pond to pond he roamed, from moor to moor,  
Housing, with God's good help, by choice or chance ;  
And in this way he gained an honest maintenance.

The old man still stood talking by my side,  
But now his voice to me was like a stream  
Scarce heard, nor word from word could I divide ;  
And the whole body of the man did seem  
Like one whom I had met with in a dream,  
Or like a man from some far region sent  
To give me human strength and strong admonishment.

My former thoughts returned—the fear that kills,  
And hope that is unwilling to be fed ;  
Cold, pain, and labour, and all fleshly ills ;  
And mighty poets in their misery dead.  
But now perplexed by what the old man said,  
My question eagerly did I renew,—  
“ How is it that you live, and what is it you do ? ”

He with a smile did then his words repeat,  
And said that, gathering leeches, far and wide  
He travelled, stirring thus about his feet  
The waters of the ponds where they abide.  
“ Once I could meet with them on every side,  
But they have dwindled long by slow decay ;  
Yet still I persevere, and find them where I may.”

While he was talking thus, the lonely place,  
 The old man's shape and speech, all troubled me ;  
 In my mind's eye I seemed to see him pace  
 About the weary moors continually,  
 Wandering about alone and silently.  
 While I these thoughts within myself pursued,  
 He, having made a pause, the same discourse renewed.

And soon with this he other matter blended,  
 Cheerfully uttered, with demeanour kind,  
 But stately in the main ; and when he ended,  
 I could have laughed myself to scorn, to find  
 In that decrepit man so firm a mind.  
 "God," said I, "be my help and stay secure ;  
 I'll think of the leech-gatherer on the lonely moor."  
 WORDSWORTH.

## 61. CHARACTER OF JAMES WATT.

Mr. James Watt, the great improver of the steam-engine, died on August 25, 1819, at his seat of Heathfield, near Birmingham, in the eighty-fourth year of his age.

This name, fortunately, needs no commemoration of ours ; for he that bore it survived to see it crowned with undisputed and unenvied honours ; and many generations will probably pass away before it shall have gathered "all its fame."

We have said that Mr. Watt was the great *improver* of the steam-engine ; but, in truth, he should rather be described as its *inventor*. It was by his inventions that its action was so regulated as to make it capable of being applied to the finest and most

delicate manufactures, and its power so increased as to set weight and solidity at defiance.

By his admirable contrivance it has become a thing stupendous alike for its force and its flexibility—for the prodigious power which it can exert, and the ease, and precision, and ductility with which that power can be varied, distributed, and applied. The trunk of an elephant, that can pick up a pin or rend an oak, is as nothing to it. It can engrave a seal, and crush masses of obdurate metal before it; draw out, without breaking, a thread as fine as gossamer, and lift a ship of war like a bauble in the air. It can embroider muslin and forge anchors; cut steel into ribbons, and impel loaded vessels against the fury of the winds and waves.

It would be difficult to estimate the value of the benefits which these inventions have conferred upon this country. There is no branch of industry that has not been indebted to them; and in all the most material they have not only widened the field of its exertions, but multiplied a thousandfold the amount of its productions. It was our improved steam-engine, in short, that fought the battles of Europe, and exalted and sustained, through the late tremendous contest, the greatness of our land.

It is the same great power which now enables us to pay the interest of our national debt. But these are poor and narrow views of its importance. It has increased human comforts and enjoyments, and rendered cheap and accessible, all over the world, the materials of wealth and prosperity.

It has armed the feeble hand of man, in short, with a power to which no limits can be assigned; completed the dominion of mind over matter; and laid a sure foundation for all those future miracles of mechanic power which are to aid and reward the labours of after generations.

It is to the genius of one man, too, that all this is mainly owing. And certainly no man ever bestowed such a gift on his kind. The blessing is not only universal, but unbounded; and the fabled inventors of the plough and the loom conferred less important benefits on mankind than the inventor of our present steam-engine.

This will be the fame of Watt with future generations, and it is sufficient for his race and his country. But to those who lived in his society and enjoyed his conversation it is not, perhaps, the character in which he will be most frequently recalled. Independently of his great attainments in mechanics, Mr. Watt was an extraordinary and, in many respects, a wonderful man.

Perhaps no individual in his age possessed so much and such varied and exact information—had read so much, or remembered what he had read so accurately and well. He had infinite quickness of apprehension, a prodigious memory, and a certain rectifying and methodizing power of understanding which extracted something precious out of all that was presented to it.

His stores of miscellaneous knowledge were immense, and yet less astonishing than the command



JAMES WATT.

he had at all times over them. It seemed as if every subject that was casually started in conversation with him had been that which he had been last occupied in studying. Nor was this promptitude and compass of knowledge confined in any degree to the studies connected with his ordinary pursuits.

That he should have been minutely and extensively skilled in chemistry and the arts, and in most of the branches of physical science, might perhaps have been conjectured; but it could not have been inferred from his casual occupations, and probably is not generally known, that he was curiously learned in many branches of antiquity, metaphysics, medicine, and etymology, and perfectly at home in all the details of architecture, music, and law.

He was well acquainted, too, with most of the modern languages, and familiar with their most recent literature. Nor was it at all extraordinary to hear the great mechanician and engineer expounding, for hours together, the theories of the German logicians, or criticising the measures or the matter of German poetry.

His astonishing memory was aided, no doubt, in a great measure, by a still higher and rarer faculty—by his power of digesting and arranging in its proper place all the information he received, and of casting aside and rejecting whatever was worthless or immaterial. Every conception that was suggested to his mind seemed instantly to take its proper place among its other rich furniture, and to be condensed into the smallest and most convenient form.

He never appeared, therefore, to be at all encumbered or perplexed with the dull books he perused, or the idle talk to which he listened ; but to have at once extracted all that was worthy of attention, and to have reduced it, for his own use, to its true value and to its simplest form.

It is needless to say that, with these vast resources, his conversation was at all times rich and instructive in no ordinary degree ; but it was, if possible, still more pleasing than wise. No man could be more social in his spirit, less assuming in his manners, or more kind and indulgent towards all who approached him.

He rather liked to talk—at least in his latter years ; but though he took a considerable share of the conversation, he rarely suggested the topics on which it was to turn, but readily and quietly took up whatever was presented by those around him, and astonished the idle by the treasures which he drew from the mine they had unconsciously opened.

He generally seemed, indeed, to have no choice for one subject of discourse rather than another ; but allowed his mind, like a great cyclopædia, to be opened at any letter his associates might choose to turn up, and only endeavoured to select from his inexhaustible stores what might be best adapted to the taste of his present hearers. As to their capacity, he gave himself no trouble ; and, indeed, such was his singular talent for making all things plain, clear, and intelligible that scarcely any one could be aware of such a deficiency in his presence.



His talk, too, though overflowing with information, had no resemblance to lecturing, but, on the contrary, was full of colloquial spirit and pleasantry. He had a certain quiet and grave humour, which ran through most of his conversation; and a vein of temperate jocularity, which gave infinite zest and effect to the information which formed its main staple.

His voice was deep and powerful, though he commonly spoke in a low and somewhat monotonous tone, which harmonized admirably with the weight and brevity of his observations, and set off to the greatest advantage the pleasant anecdotes which he delivered with the same grave brow and the same calm smile playing soberly on his lips.

There was nothing of effort indeed, or impatience, any more than of pride or levity, in his demeanour; and there was a finer expression of reposing strength and mild self-possession in his manner than we ever recollect to have met with in any other person. He had in his character the utmost abhorrence for all sorts of forwardness, parade, and pretensions; and, indeed, never failed to put all such impostures out of countenance by the manly plainness of his language.

In his temper and dispositions he was not only kind and affectionate, but generous and considerate of the feelings of all around him; and gave the most liberal assistance and encouragement to all young persons who showed any indications of talent, or applied to him for advice. His health, which was delicate from his youth upwards, seemed to become firmer as he advanced in years; and he preserved,

up almost to the last moment of his existence, not only the full command of his extraordinary intellect, but all the alacrity of spirit which had illumined his happiest days.

His friends never saw him more full of vigour and animation than in his last visit to Scotland in the autumn of 1817. Indeed, it was after that time that he applied himself, with all the ardour of early life, to the invention of a machine for mechanically copying all sorts of sculpture and statuary; and distributed among his friends some of its earliest performances as the productions of "a young artist, just entering on his eighty-third year!"

This happy and useful life came at last to a gentle close. He had suffered through the summer, but was not seriously indisposed till within a few weeks from his death. He then became perfectly aware of the event which was approaching; and, with his usual tranquillity, seemed only anxious to point out to his friends around him the many sources of consolation which were afforded by the circumstances under which it was about to take place.

He expressed his sincere gratitude to Providence for the length of days with which he had been blessed, and his exemption from most of the infirmities of age; as well as for the calm and cheerful evening of life that he had been permitted to enjoy, after the honourable labours of the day had been concluded. And thus, full of years and honours, in all calmness and tranquillity he yielded up his soul, without pang or struggle.

FRANCIS JEFFREY.

## 62. THE LAST OF THE INCAS.

The clouds of the evening had passed away, and the sun rose bright on the following morning, the most remarkable epoch in the annals of Peru. It was Saturday, the 16th of November 1532. The loud cry of the trumpet called the Spaniards to arms with the first streak of dawn; and Pizarro, briefly acquainting them with the plan of the assault, made the necessary dispositions.

The *plaza* (public square) was defended on its three sides by low ranges of buildings, consisting of spacious halls with wide doors opening into the square. In these halls he stationed his cavalry in two divisions—one under his brother Hernando, the other under Da Soto. The infantry he placed in another of the buildings, reserving twenty chosen men to act with himself as occasion might require. Pedro de Candia, with a few soldiers and the artillery—this imposing name being given to two small pieces of ordnance called falconets—he established in the fortress.

All received orders to wait at their posts till the arrival of the Inca. After his entrance into the great square, they were still to remain under cover, withdrawn from observation, till the signal was given by the discharge of a gun, when they were to shout their war-cries, rush out in a body from their covert, and putting the Peruvians to the sword, bear off the person of the Inca. The arrangements of the immense halls, opening on a level with the plaza, seemed to be

contrived on purpose for his plan. Pizarro particularly insisted on order and implicit obedience, that in the hurry of the moment there should be no confusion. Everything depended on their acting with concert, coolness, and celerity.

The chief next saw that their arms were in good order, and that the breastplates of their horses were garnished with bells, to add by their noise to the terror of the Indians. Refreshments were also liberally provided, that the troops should be in condition for the conflict.

It was late in the day before any movement was visible in the Peruvian camp, where much preparation was being made to approach the Christian quarters with due state and ceremony. A message was received from Atahualpa, informing the Spanish commander that he should come with his warriors fully armed, in the same manner as the Spaniards had come to his quarters on the preceding night. This was not an agreeable intimation to Pizarro, though he had no reason, probably, to expect the contrary. But to object might imply distrust, or perhaps disclose, in some measure, his own designs. He expressed his satisfaction, therefore, at the message, assuring the Inca that, come as he would, he would be received by him as a friend and brother.

It was noon before the Indian procession was on its march, when it was seen occupying the great causeway for a long distance. In front came a large body of attendants, whose office seemed to be to sweep away every particle of rubbish from the road. High

above the crowd appeared the Inca, borne on the shoulders of his principal nobles, while others of the same rank marched by the sides of his litter, displaying such a dazzling show of ornaments on their persons, that, in the language of one of the conquerors, "they blazed like the sun." But the greater part of the Inca's forces mustered along the fields that lined the road, and were spread over the broad meadows as far as the eye could reach.

When the royal procession had arrived within half a mile of the city it came to a halt, and Pizarro saw with surprise that Atahualpa was preparing to pitch his tents, as if to encamp there. A messenger soon after arrived, informing the Spaniards that the Inca would occupy his present station for the night, and enter the city on the following morning.

The intelligence greatly disturbed Pizarro, who had shared in the general impatience of his men at the tardy movements of the Peruvians. The troops had been under arms since daylight, the cavalry mounted, and the infantry at their post, waiting in silence the coming of the Inca. A profound stillness reigned throughout the town, broken only at intervals by the cry of the sentinel from the summit of the fortress as he proclaimed the movements of the Indian army.

Nothing, Pizarro well knew, was so trying to the soldiers as prolonged suspense in a critical situation like the present; and he feared lest their ardour might evaporate, and be succeeded by that nervous feeling natural to the bravest soul at such a crisis,

and which, if not fear, is nearly akin to it. He returned an answer, therefore, to Atahualpa, that he had provided everything for his entertainment, and expected him to sup with him that night.

This message turned the Inca from his purpose, and striking his tents again he resumed his march, first advising the general that he would leave the greater part of his warriors behind, and enter the place with only a few of them, and without arms. At the same time he ordered accommodation to be provided for himself and his retinue in one of the large stone buildings, called, from a serpent sculptured on the walls, "The House of the Serpent." No tidings could have been more grateful to the Spaniards. It seemed as if the Indian monarch was eager to rush into the snare that had been spread for him !

It was not long before sunset when the van of the royal procession entered the gates of the city. First came some hundreds of the menials employed to clear the path of every obstacle, and singing songs of triumph as they came. Then followed other bodies of different ranks and dressed in different liveries.

Elevated high above his vassals came the Inca Atahualpa, borne on a sedan or open litter, on which was a sort of throne made of massive gold of inestimable value. The palanquin was lined with the richly-coloured plumes of tropical birds, and studded with shining plates of gold and silver. The monarch's attire was much richer than on the preceding evening. Round his neck was a collar of emeralds, of uncommon size and brilliancy. His short hair was decorated

with golden ornaments, and the imperial *borla* encircled his temples. The bearing of the Inca was sedate and dignified; and from his lofty station he looked down on the multitudes below with an air of composure, like one accustomed to command.

As the leading lines of the procession entered the great square—larger, says an old chronicler, than any square in Spain—they opened to the right and left for the royal retinue to pass. Everything was conducted with admirable order. The monarch was permitted to cross the plaza in silence, and not a Spaniard was to be seen. When some five or six thousand of his people had entered the place, Atahualpa halted, and, turning round with an inquiring look, demanded, “Where are the strangers?”

At this moment a Dominican friar, Pizarro’s chaplain, came forward with his breviary, or, as other accounts say, a Bible in one hand and a crucifix in the other, and, approaching the Inca, told him that he came by order of his commander to expound to him the doctrines of the true faith, for which purpose the Spaniards had come from a great distance to his country. The friar, after expounding the Roman Catholic doctrine, concluded by beseeching the Peruvian monarch to receive him kindly, to abjure the errors of his own faith, and embrace that of the Christians now proffered to him; and furthermore, to acknowledge himself a vassal of the Emperor Charles the Fifth.

The eyes of the Indian monarch flashed fire, and his dark brow grew darker as he replied, “I will

be no man's vassal! I am greater than any prince upon earth. Your emperor may be a great prince; I do not doubt it when I see that he has sent his subjects so far across the waters; and I am willing to hold him as a brother. As for the Pope of whom you speak, he must be crazy to talk of giving away countries which do not belong to him. For my faith," he continued, "I will not change it. Your own God, as you say, was put to death by the very men whom He created. But mine," he concluded, pointing to his deity—then, alas! sinking in glory behind the mountains—"my god still lives in the heavens, and looks down on his children."

He then demanded of the friar by what authority he had said these things. The friar pointed to the book which he held as his authority. Atahualpa, taking it, turned over the pages a moment; then, as the insult he had received probably flashed across his mind, he threw it down with vehemence, and exclaimed, "Tell your comrades that they shall give me an account of their doings in my land. I will not go from here till they have given me full satisfaction for all the wrongs they have committed."

The friar stayed only to pick up the sacred volume, and, hastening to Pizarro, informed him of what had been done, exclaiming at the same time: "Do you not see that, while we stand here wasting our breath in talking with this dog, full of pride as he is, the fields are filling with Indians? Set on at once! I absolve you." Pizarro saw that the hour had come. He waved a white scarf in the air—the



appointed signal. The fatal gun was fired from the fortress. Then springing into the square, the Spanish captain and his followers shouted the old war-cry of "St. Jago and at them !"

It was answered by the battle-cry of every Spaniard in the city, as, rushing from the avenues of the great halls in which they were concealed, they poured into the plaza, and threw themselves into the midst of the Indian crowd. The latter, taken by surprise, stunned by the report of artillery and muskets, the echoes of which reverberated like thunder from the surrounding buildings, and blinded by the smoke which rolled in sulphurous volumes along the square, were seized with a panic.

Nobles and commoners, all were trampled down under the fierce charge of the cavalry, who dealt their blows right and left without sparing; while their swords, flashing through the thick gloom, carried dismay into the hearts of the wretched natives, who now, for the first time, saw the horse and his rider in all their terrors. They made no resistance, for indeed they had no weapons with which to make it.

Every avenue of escape was closed, for the entrance to the square was choked with the dead bodies of men who had perished in vain efforts to fly; and such was the agony of the survivors under the terrible pressure of their assailants, that a large body of Indians, by their convulsive struggles, burst through the wall of stone and dry clay which formed part of the boundary of the plaza! It fell, leaving an opening of more than a hundred paces, through

which multitudes now found their way into the country, still hotly pursued by the cavalry.

Meanwhile the fight, or rather massacre, continued hot around the Inca, whose person was the great object of the assault. His faithful nobles, rallying about him, threw themselves in the way of the assailants, and strove, by tearing them from their saddles, or at least by offering their own bosoms as a mark for their vengeance, to shield their beloved master. It is said by some authorities that they carried weapons concealed under their clothes. If so, it availed them little, as it is not pretended that they used them. But the most timid animal will defend itself when at bay. That they did not so in the present instance is proof that they had no weapons to use.

Yet they still continued to force back the cavaliers, clinging to their horses with dying grasp. The Indian monarch, stunned and bewildered, saw his faithful subjects falling round him without really comprehending his situation. The litter on which he rode heaved to and fro, as the mighty press swayed backwards and forwards; and he gazed on the overwhelming ruin like some forlorn mariner who, tossed about in his bark by the furious elements, sees the lightning's flash and hears the thunder bursting around him, with the consciousness that he can do nothing to avert his fate.

At length, weary with the work of destruction, the Spaniards, as the shades of evening grew deeper, felt afraid that the royal prize might, after all, elude

them; and some of the cavaliers made a desperate effort to end the affray at once by taking Atahualpa's life. But Pizarro, who was nearest his person, called out with stentorian voice, "Let no one who values his life strike at the Inca;" and, stretching out his arm to shield him, received a wound on the hand from one of his own men—the only wound received by a Spaniard in the action.

The struggle now became fiercer than ever round the royal litter. It reeled more and more, and at length it was overturned, and the Indian prince would have come with violence to the ground had not his fall been broken by the efforts of Pizarro and some other of the cavaliers. The imperial *borla* was instantly snatched from his temples by a soldier named Estete, and the unhappy monarch, strongly secured, was removed to a neighbouring building, where he was carefully guarded.

All attempt at resistance now ceased. The fate of the Inca soon spread over town and country. The charm which might have held the Peruvians together was dissolved. Every man thought only of his own safety. Even the soldiery encamped on the adjacent fields took alarm, and were seen flying in every direction before their pursuers, who, in the heat of triumph, showed no touch of mercy. At length night, more pitiful than man, threw her friendly mantle over the fugitives, and the scattered troops of Pizarro rallied once more to the sound of the trumpet in the bloody square of Caxamalca.

*From "The Conquest of Peru," by W. H. PRESCOTT.*

## 63. THE CAVE OF MAMMON.

Before the door sat self-consuming Care,  
Day and night keeping wary watch and ward,  
For fear lest Force or Fraud should unaware  
Break in, and spoil the treasure there in guard;  
Nor would he suffer Sleep once thitherward  
Approach, albe his drowsy den were next—  
For next to death is Sleep to be compared,  
Therefore his house is unto his annexed;  
Here Sleep, there Riches, and Hell-gate them both betwixt.

So soon as Mammon there arrived, the door  
To him did open and afforded way;  
Him followed also Sir Guyon evermore,  
Nor darkness him, nor danger might dismay.  
Soon as he entered was the door straightway  
Did shut, and from behind it forth there leapt  
An ugly fiend, more foul than dismal day,  
The which with monstrous stalk behind him stept,  
And ever as he went due watch upon him kept.

Well hopèd he, ere long that hardy guest,  
If ever covetous hand, or lustful eye,  
Or lips he laid on thing that liked him best,  
Or ever sleep his eye-strings did untie,  
Should be his prey; and therefore still on high  
He over him did hold his cruel claws,  
Threatening with greedy grip to do him die,  
And rend in pieces with his ravenous paws,  
If ever he transgressed the fatal Stygian laws.

That house's form within was rude and strong,  
Like an huge cave hewn out of rocky clift,  
From whose rough vault the ragged breaches hung  
Embossed with massy gold of glorious gift,  
And with rich metal loaded every rift,

That heavy ruin they did seem to threat ;  
And over them Arachne high did lift  
Her cunning web, and spread her subtle net,  
Enwrappèd in foul smoke and clouds more black than jet.

Both roof, and floor, and walls were all of gold,  
But overgrown with dust and old decay,  
And hid in darkness, that none could behold  
The hue thereof ; for view of cheerful day  
Did never in that house itself display,  
But a faint shadow of uncertain light—  
Such as a lamp, whose life does fade away,  
Or as the moon, clothèd with cloudy night,  
Does show to him that walks in fear and sad affright.

In all that room was nothing to be seen  
But huge great iron chests, and coffers strong,  
All barred with double bends, that none could ween  
Them to efforce by violence or wrong ;  
On every side they placèd were along.  
But all the ground with skulls was scatterèd,  
And dead men's bones, which round about were flung ;  
Whose lives, it seemèd, whilom there were shed,  
And their vile carcasses now left unburied.

They forward pass ; nor Guyon yet spoke word,  
Till that they came unto an iron door,  
Which to them opened of his own accord,  
And showed of riches such exceeding store  
As eye of man did never see before,  
Nor ever could within one place be found,  
Though all the wealth which is, or was of yore,  
Could gathered be through all the world around,  
And that above were added to that under ground.

The charge thereof unto a covetous Sprite  
Commanded was, who thereby did attend,

And warily awaited day and night,  
 From other covetous fiends it to defend,  
 Who it to rob and ransack did intend.  
 Then Mammon, turning to that warrior, said,—  
 “Lo, here the world’s bliss ! lo, here the end  
 To which all men do aim, rich to be made !  
 Such grace now to be happy is before thee laid.”

“Certes,” said he, “I nill thine offered grace,  
 Nor to be made so happy do intend :  
 Another bliss before mine eyes I place,  
 Another happiness, another end.  
 To them that list these base regards I lend ;  
 But I in arms, and in achievements brave,  
 Do rather choose my fitting hours to spend,  
 And to be lord of those that riches have  
 Than them to have myself and be their servile slave.”

Thereat the fiend his gnashing teeth did grate,  
 And grieved so long to lack his greedy prey,  
 For well he weened that so glorious bait  
 Would tempt his guest to take thereof assay ;  
 Had he so done, he had him snatched away,  
 More light than culver in the falcon’s fist.  
 Eternal God thee save from such decay !  
 But when as Mammon saw his purpose missed,  
 Him to entrap unawares another way he wist.

Thence forward he him led, and shortly brought  
 Unto another room, whose door forthright  
 To him did open, as it had been taught.  
 Therein an hundred ranges weren pight,  
 And hundred furnaces all burning bright.  
 By every furnace many fiends did bide,  
 Deformed creatures, horrible in sight ;  
 And every fiend his busy pains applied  
 To melt the golden metal, ready to be tried.

One with great bellows gathered filling air,  
 And with forced wind the fuel did inflame;  
 Another did the dying brands repair  
 With iron tongs, and sprinkled oft the same  
 With liquid waves, fierce Vulcan's rage to tame,  
 Who, mastering them, renewed his former heat;  
 Some scummed the dross that from the metal came;  
 Some stirred the molten ore with ladles great;  
 And every one did swink, and every one did sweat.

But when an earthly wight they present saw  
 Glistening in arms and battelous array,  
 From their hot work they did themselves withdraw  
 To wonder at the sight; for till that day  
 They never creature saw that came that way.  
 Their staring eyes sparkling with fervent fire,  
 And ugly shapes, did nigh the man dismay,  
 That, were it not for shame, he would retire;  
 Till that him thus bespake their sovereign Lord and Sire:—

“Behold, thou Faerie's son, with mortal eye,  
 That living eye before did never see.  
 The thing that thou didst crave so earnestly—  
 To wit, whence all the wealth late showed by me  
 Proceeded—lo, now is revealed to thee!  
 Here is the fountain of the world's good;  
 Now, therefore, if thou wilt enrichèd be,  
 Advise thee well, and change thy wilful mood,  
 Lest thou perhaps hereafter wish and be withstood.”

“Suffice it then, thou Money God,” quoth he,  
 “That all thine idle offers I refuse.  
 All that I need I have; what needeth me  
 To covet more than I have cause to use?  
 With such vain shows thy worldlings vile abuse,  
 But give me leave to follow mine emprise.”  
 Mammon was much displeased, yet no'te he chuse  
 But bear the rigour of his bold mesprise,  
 And thence him forward led him further to entice.

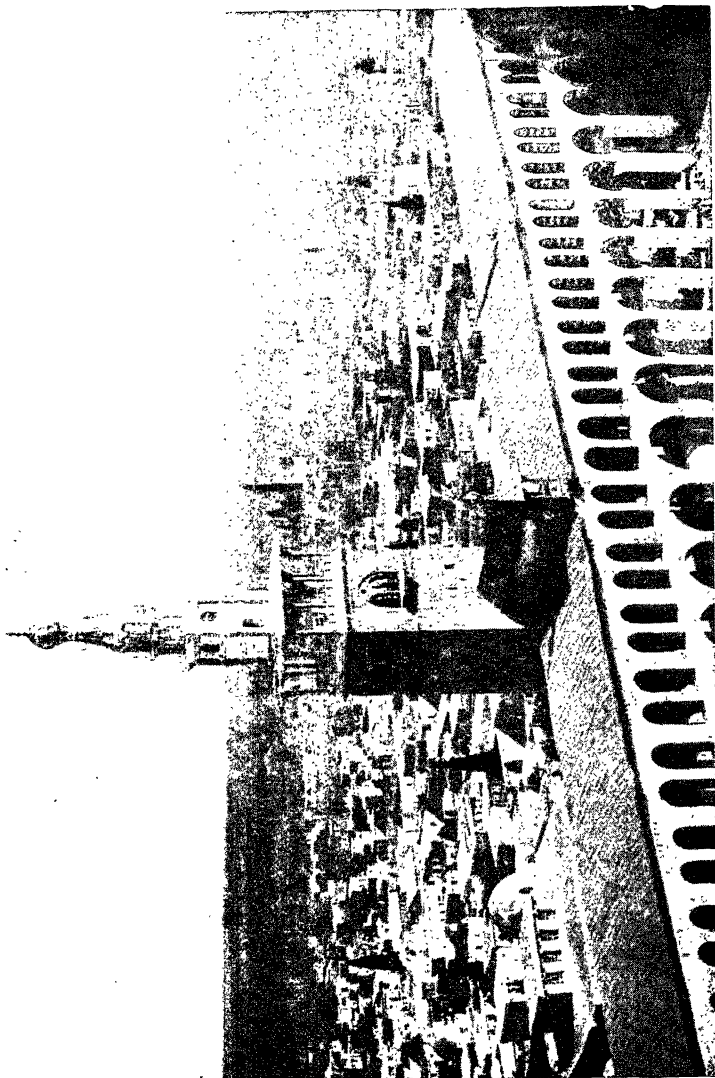
SPENSER.

## 64. DAMASCUS.

Damascus should be approached only one way, and that is from the north-west. The traveller who comes from that quarter passes over the great chain of Anti-Libanus; he crosses the watershed, and he finds himself following the course of a little stream flowing through a richly cultivated valley. The stream is the Barada. It rises in the plain of Zebdani; it flows on, and the cultivation, which at its rise spreads far and wide along its banks, nourished by the rills which feed it, is gradually contracted within the limits of its single channel. The mountains rise round it absolutely bare. The peaks of Mount Sinai are hardly more sterile than these Syrian ranges. But the river winds through them, visible everywhere by its mass of vegetation—willow, poplar, hawthorn, walnut, hanging over a rushing volume of crystal water—the more striking from the contrast with the naked desert in which it is found.

One vast accession it receives—the volume of water which bursts from the rock of Fijeh, out of the sanctuary which, as if in admiration of this most copious of all the springs of Syria, was built over its source. Perhaps in no part of the East is there so wonderful a witness to the peculiarly Oriental connection between verdure and running water as the view on which we are now entering. The further we advance, the contrast becomes more and more forcible—the mountains more bare, the green of the river-bed more deep and rich. At last a cleft opens in the rocky





DAMASCUS.

hills between two precipitous cliffs: up the side of one of these cliffs the road winds; on the summit of the cliff there stands a ruined chapel. Through the arches of that chapel, from the very edge of the mountain range, the traveller looks down on the plain of Damascus. It is here seen in its widest and fullest perfection, with the visible explanation of the whole secret of its great and enduring charm, that which it must have had when it was the solitary seat of civilization in Syria, and which it will have as long as the world lasts. The river with its green banks is seen at the bottom, rushing through the cleft; it bursts forth, and, as if in a moment, scatters over the plain, through a circle of thirty miles, the same verdure which had hitherto been confined to its single channel. It is like the bursting of a shell—the eruption of a volcano; but an eruption not of death, but of life.

Far and wide in front extends the level plain, its horizon bare, its lines of surrounding hills bare, all bare far away on the road to Palmyra and Bagdad. In the midst of this plain lies at our feet the vast lake or island of deep verdure, walnuts and apricots waving above, corn and grass below; and in the midst of this mass of foliage rises—striking out its white arms of streets hither and thither, and its white minarets above the trees which embosom them—the city of Damascus. On the right towers the snowy height of Hermon, overlooking the whole scene; close behind are the sterile limestone mountains: so that one stands literally between the living and the dead;

and the ruined arches of the ancient chapel, which serve as a centre and framework to the prospect and retrospect, still preserve the magnificent story which, whether fact or fiction, is well worthy of this sublime view.

Here, hard by the sacred heights of Salhiyeh, consecrated by the caverns and tombs of a thousand Mussulman saints, the Prophet is said to have stood, whilst yet a camel-driver from Mecca, and, after gazing on the scene below, to have turned away without entering the city. "Man," he said, "can have but one paradise, and my paradise is fixed above!" It is this grand aspect of Damascus which at once reveals the long-sustained antiquity of the city. Its situation secured its perpetuity: the first seat of man in leaving, the last on entering, the wide desert of the East. There may be other views in the world more beautiful; there can hardly be another at once so beautiful and so instructive. "This is indeed worth all the toil and danger it has cost me to come here," was the speech of the distinguished historian [Henry Thomas Buckle] whose premature death at Damascus almost immediately afterwards gave a mournful significance to his words.

*From STANLEY'S "Sinai and Palestine."*



Man is his own star, and the soul that can  
 Render an honest and a perfect man  
 Commands all light, all influence, all fate;  
 Nothing to him falls early or too late.  
 Our acts our angels are, or good or ill,  
 Our fatal shadows that walk by us still.—*Fletcher.*

## 65. ADDRESS TO A MUMMY.

And hast thou walked about (how strange a story !)

In Thebes's streets three thousand years ago,  
When the Memnonium was in all its glory,

And time had not begun to overthrow  
Those temples, palaces, and piles stupendous,  
Of which the very ruins are tremendous ?

Speak ! for thou long enough hast acted Dummy.

Thou hast a tongue ; come, let us hear its tune.

Thou'rt standing on thy legs, above-ground, Mummy !

Revisiting the glimpses of the moon ;  
Not like thin ghosts or disembodied creatures,  
But with thy bones and flesh, and limbs and  
features.

Tell us—for doubtless thou canst recollect—

To whom should we assign the Sphinx's fame ?

Was Cheops or Cephrenes architect

Of either pyramid that bears his name ?

Is Pompey's Pillar really a misnomer ?

Had Thebes a hundred gates, as sung by Homer ?

Perhaps thou wert a Mason, and forbidden

By oath to tell the secrets of thy trade ;

Then say what secret melody was hidden

In Memnon's statue which at sunrise played ?

Perhaps thou wert a Priest ; if so, my struggles

Are vain, for priestcraft never owns its juggles.

Perchance that very hand, now pinioned flat,

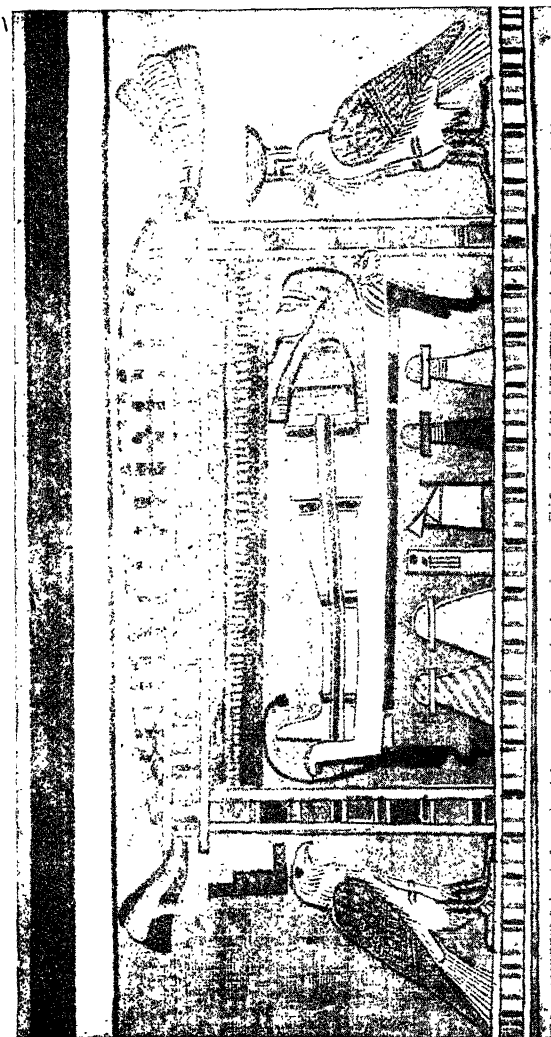
Has hob-a-nobbed with Pharaoh, glass to glass ;

Or dropped a halfpenny in Homer's hat,

Or doffed thine own to let Queen Dido pass ;

Or held, by Solomon's own invitation,

A torch at the great Temple's dedication.



EGYPTIAN MUMMY. FROM AN ANCIENT PAPYRUS.

With two gods in the form of birds, and vases, writing tablet, etc., beneath.  
*(By permission from the large facsimile plate of the "Book of the Dead," published by the Department of Oriental Antiquities, British Museum.)*

I need not ask thee if that hand, when armed,  
Has any Roman soldier mauled and knuckled,  
For thou wert dead, and buried, and embalmed,  
Ere Romulus and Remus had been suckled :  
Antiquity appears to have begun  
Long after thy primeval race was run.

Thou couldst develop, if that withered tongue  
Might tell us what those sightless orbs have seen,  
How the world looked when it was fresh and young,  
And the great deluge still had left its green ;  
Or was it then so old that History's pages  
Contained no record of its early ages ?

Still silent, incommunicative elf !  
Art sworn to secrecy ? then keep thy vows ;  
But prythee tell us something of thyself—  
Reveal the secrets of thy prison-house ;  
Since in the world of spirits thou hast slumbered,  
What hast thou seen, what strange adventures num-  
bered ?

Since first thy form was in this box extended,  
We have, above-ground, seen some strange muta-  
tions.  
The Roman Empire has begun and ended ;  
New worlds have risen ; we have lost old nations ;  
And countless kings have into dust been humbled,  
While not a fragment of thy flesh has crumbled.

Didst thou not hear the pother o'er thy head,  
When the great Persian conqueror Cambyzes  
Marched armies o'er thy tomb with thundering  
tread,  
O'erthrew Osiris, Orus, Apis, Isis,  
And shook the pyramids with fear and wonder  
When the gigantic Memnon fell asunder ?  
(1,188)

If the tomb's secrets may not be confessed,  
 The nature of thy private life unfold.  
 A heart has throbbed beneath that leathern breast,  
 And tears adown that dusty cheek have rolled.  
 Have children climbed those knees and kissed that  
 face?  
 What was thy name and station, age and race?

Statue of flesh—Immortal of the dead!  
 Imperishable type of evanescence!  
 Posthumous man, who quitt'st thy narrow bed,  
 And standest undecayed within our presence!  
 Thou wilt hear nothing till the Judgment morning,  
 When the great trump shall thrill thee with its  
 warning.

Why should this worthless tegument endure,  
 If its undying guest be lost for ever?  
 Oh, let us keep the soul embalmed and pure  
 In living virtue, that when both must sever,  
 Although corruption may our frame consume,  
 The immortal spirit in the skies may bloom!

HORACE SMITH.



Books are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a progeny of life in them to be as active as that soul was whose progeny they are; nay, they do preserve, as in a vial, the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them. I know they are as lively and vigorously productive as those fabulous dragons' teeth; and being sown up and down, may chance to spring up armed men. And yet, on the other hand, unless wariness be used, as good almost kill a man as kill a good book: who kills a man kills a reasonable creature, God's image; but he who destroys a good book kills reason itself, kills the image of God, as it were, in the eye.—*Milton.*

## 66. SER FRANCESCO.

It being now the Lord's day, Messer Francesco thought it meet that he should rise early in the morning, and bestir himself to hear mass in the parish church at Certaldo. Whereupon he went on tiptoe—if so weighty a man could indeed go in such a fashion—and lifted softly the latch of Ser Giovanni's chamber door, that he might salute him ere he departed, and occasion no wonder at the step he was about to take. He found Ser Giovanni fast asleep, with the missal wide open across his nose, and a pleasant smile on his genial, joyous mouth. Ser Francesco leaned over the couch, closed his hands together, and, looking with even more than his usual benignity, said in a low voice,—

“God bless thee, gentle soul! the mother of purity and innocence protect thee!”

He then went into the kitchen, where he found the girl Assunta, and mentioned his resolution. She informed him that the horse had eaten his beans, and was as strong as a lion and as ready as a lover. Ser Francesco patted her on the cheek, and called her *semplicitta*! She was overjoyed at this honour from so great a man, the bosom friend of her good master, whom she had always thought the greatest man in the world, not excepting Monsignore, until he told her he was only a dog confronted with Ser Francesco. She tripped alertly across the paved court into the stable, and took down the saddle and bridle from the farther end of the rack. But Ser Francesco, with his



natural politeness, would not allow her to equip his palfrey.

“This is not work for maidens,” said he; “return to the house, good girl.”

She lingered a moment, then went away; but mistrusting the dexterity of Ser Francesco, she stopped and turned back again, and peeped through the half-closed door, and heard sundry sobs and wheezes round the girth. Ser Francesco’s wind ill seconded his intention; and although he had thrown the saddle valiantly and stoutly in its station, yet the girths brought him into extremity. She entered again, and, dissembling the reason, asked him whether he would not take a small beaker of the sweet white wine before he set out; and offered to girth the horse while his reverence bitted and bridled him.

Before any answer could be returned she had begun; and having now satisfactorily executed her undertaking, she felt irrepressible delight and glee at being able to do what Ser Francesco had failed in. He was scarcely more successful with his allotment of the labour; found unlooked-for intricacies and complications in the machinery, wondered that human wit could not simplify it, and declared that the animal had never exhibited such restlessness before. In fact, he never had experienced the same grooming. At this conjuncture a green cap made its appearance, bound with straw-coloured ribbon, and surmounted with two bushy sprigs of hawthorn, of which the globular buds were swelling, and some bursting, but none yet open. It was young Simplizio Nardi, who

sometimes came on the Sunday morning to sweep the courtyard for Assunta.

"Oh, this time you are come just when you are wanted!" said the girl. "Bridle, directly, Ser Francesco's horse, and then go away about your business."

The youth blushed, and kissed Ser Francesco's hand, begging his permission. It was soon done. He then held the stirrup; and Ser Francesco, with scarcely three efforts, was seated and erect on the saddle. The horse, however, had somewhat more inclination for the stable than for the expedition; and as Assunta was handing to the rider his long ebony staff bearing an ivory caduceus, the quadruped turned suddenly round. Simplizio called him *bestiaccia!* and then softening it, *poco garbato!* and proposed to Ser Francesco that he should leave the bastone behind, and take the crab-switch he presented to him, giving, at the same time, a sample of its efficacy, which covered the long grizzled hair of the worthy quadruped with a profusion of pink blossoms, like embroidery. The offer was declined; but Assunta told Simplizio to carry it himself, and to walk by the side of Ser Canonico quite up to the church porch, having seen what a sad, dangerous beast his reverence had under him.

With perfectly good will, partly in the pride of obedience to Assunta, and partly to enjoy the renown of accompanying a canon of Holy Church, Simplizio did as she enjoined.

And now the sound of village bells, in many hamlets and convents and churches out of sight, was

indistinctly heard, and lost again; and at last the five of Certaldo seemed to crow over the faintness of them all. The freshness of the morning was enough of itself to excite the spirits of youth, a portion of which never fails to descend on years that are far removed from it, if the mind has partaken in innocent mirth while it was its season and its duty to enjoy it. Parties of young and old passed the canonico and his attendant with mute respect, bowing and bare-headed; for that ebony staff threw its spell over the tongue, which the frank and hearty salutation of the bearer was inadequate to break. Simplizio once or twice attempted to call back an intimate of the same age with himself; but the utmost he could obtain was a "*Riveritissimo!*" and a genuflexion to the rider. It is reported that a heart-burning rose up from it in the breast of a cousin, some days after—too distinctly apparent in the long-drawn appellation of Gnor Simplizio.

Ser Francesco moved gradually forward, his steed picking his way along the lane, and looking fixedly on the stones with all the sobriety of a mineralogist. He himself was well satisfied with the pace, and told Simplizio to be sparing of the switch, unless in case of a hornet or gadfly. Simplizio smiled, toward the hedge, and wondered at the condescension of so great a theologian and astrologer in joking with him about gadflies and hornets in the beginning of April.

"Ah, there are men in the world who can make wit out of anything!" said he to himself.

As they approached the walls of the town, the

whole country was pervaded by a stirring and diversifying air of gladness. Laughter and songs, and flutes and viols, inviting voices and complying responses, mingled with merry bells and with processional hymns along the woodland paths and along the yellow meadows. It was really the *Lord's day*, for He made His creatures happy in it, and their hearts were thankful. Even the cruel had ceased from cruelty, and the rich man alone exacted from the animal his daily labour. Ser Francesco made this remark, and told his youthful guide that he never had been before where he could not walk to church on a Sunday; and that nothing should persuade him to urge the speed of his beast, on the seventh day, beyond his natural and willing footpace. He reached the gates of Certaldo more than half an hour before the time of service, and he found laurels suspended over them and being suspended; and many pleasant and beautiful faces were protruded between the ranks of gentry and clergy who awaited him.

*From "The Pentameron," by W. S. LANDOR.*



How still the morning of the hallowed day !  
Mute is the voice of rural labour, hushed  
The ploughboy's whistle and the milkmaid's song ;  
The scythe lies glittering in the dewy wreath  
Of tedded grass, mingled with fading flowers  
That yester-morn bloomed waving in the breeze ;  
Sounds the most faint attract the ear—the hum  
Of early bee, the trickling of the dew,  
The distant bleating midway up the hill ;  
Calmness sits throned on yon unmoving cloud.

*Grahame.*

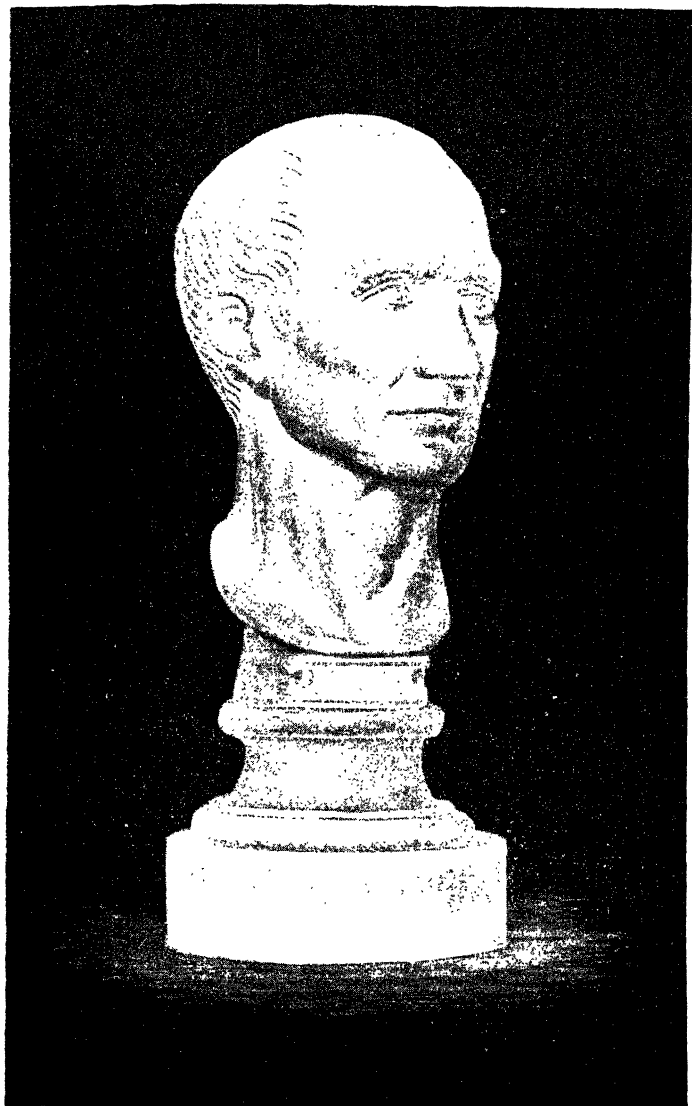
## 67. JULIUS CÆSAR.

Whosoever would compare the house of the Fabians, of the Scipios, of the Metellians, yea, those also of his own time, or long before him—as Sulla, Marius, the two Lucullians, and Pompey's self,

“Whose fame ascendeth up unto the heavens”—

it will appear that Cæsar's prowess and deeds of arms did excel them altogether. The one, in the hard countries where he made wars; another, in enlarging the realms and countries which he joined unto the empire of Rome; another, in the multitude and power of his enemies whom he overcame; another, in the rudeness and austere nature of the men with whom he had to do, whose manners afterwards he softened and made civil; another, in the courtesy and clemency which he used unto them whom he had conquered; another, in great bounty and liberality bestowed on them that served under him in those wars; and, in fine, he excelled them all in the number of battles he had fought, and in the multitude of his enemies he had slain in battle. For in less than ten years' war in Gaul he took by force and assault above eight hundred towns, he conquered three hundred several nations; and having before him in battle thirty hundred thousand soldiers, at sundry times he slew ten hundred thousand of them, and took as many more prisoners.

Furthermore, he was so entirely beloved of his soldiers that to do him service (where otherwise they



JULIUS CÆSAR.\*

were no more than other men in any private quarrel), if Cæsar's honour were touched they were invincible, and would so desperately venture themselves, and with such fury, that no man was able to abide them. And this appeareth plainly by the example of Acilius, who, in a battle by sea before the city of Marseilles, boarding one of his enemies' ships, one cut off his right hand with a sword; but yet he forsook not his target which he had in his left hand, but thrust it into his enemies' faces and made them fly, so that he won their ship from them. And Cassius Scæva also, in a conflict before the city of Dyrrachium, having one of his eyes put out with an arrow, his shoulder stricken through with a dart, and his thigh with another, and having received thirty arrows upon his shield, he called to his enemies, and made as though he would yield unto them. But when two of them came running to him, he clave one of their shoulders from his body with his sword, and hurt the other in the face, so that he made him turn his back, and at length saved himself by means of his companions that came to help him.

And in Britain also, when the captains of the bands were driven into a marsh or bog, and that the enemies did fiercely assail them there, Cæsar then standing to view the battle, he saw a private soldier of his thrust in among the captains, and fought so valiantly in their defence that at length he drave the barbarous people to fly, and by his means saved the captains, which otherwise were in great danger to have been cast away. Then this soldier being the

hindmost man of all the captains, marching with great pain through the mire, half swimming and half afoot, in the end got to the other side, but left his shield behind him. Cæsar wondering at his noble courage, ran to him with joy to embrace him. But the poor soldier hanging down his head, the water standing in his eyes, fell down at Cæsar's feet, and besought him to pardon him for that he had left his target behind him.

And in Africa also, Scipio having taken one of Cæsar's ships, and Granius Petronius aboard her amongst others, not long before chosen treasurer, he put all the rest to the sword but him, and said he would give him his life. But Petronius answered him again: That Cæsar's soldiers did not use to have their lives given them, but to give others their lives; and with those words he drew his sword, and thrust himself through.

Now Cæsar's self did breed this noble courage and life in them. First, for that he gave them bountifully, and did honour them also, showing thereby that he did not heap up riches in the wars to maintain his life afterwards in wantonness and pleasure, but that he did keep it in store honourably to reward their valiant service; and that by so much he thought himself rich, by how much he was liberal in rewarding them that had deserved it. Furthermore, they did not wonder so much at his valiantness in putting himself at every instant in such manifest danger, and in taking so extreme pains as he did, knowing that it was his greedy desire of honour that set him afire



and pricked him forward to do it; but that he always continued all labour and hardness, more than his body could bear, that filled them all with admiration.

For concerning the constitution of his body, he was lean, white, and soft skinned, and often subject to headache, and otherwhile to the falling sickness (the which took him the first time, as it is reported, in Corduba, a city of Spain); but yet therefore yielded not to the disease of his body, to make it a cloak to cherish him withal, but contrarily took the pains of war as a medicine to cure his sick body, fighting always with his disease, travelling continually, living soberly, and commonly lying abroad in the field. For the most nights he slept in his coach or litter, and thereby bestowed his rest to make him always able to do something; and in the daytime he would travel up and down the country to see towns, castles, and strong places.

He had always a secretary with him in his coach, who did still write as he went by the way, and a soldier behind him that carried his sword. He made such speed the first time he came from Rome, when he had his office, that in eight days he came to the river of Rhone. He was so excellent a rider of horse from his youth that, holding his hands behind him, he would gallop his horse upon the spur. In his wars in Gaul he did further exercise himself to indite letters as he rode by the way, and did occupy two secretaries at once with as much as they could write; and as Oppius writeth, more than two at a time. And it is reported that Cæsar was the first that devised

friends might talk together by writing ciphers in letters, when he had no leisure to speak with them for his urgent business, and for the great distance, besides, from Rome.

How little account Cæsar made of his diet this example doth prove it. Cæsar supping one night in Milan with his friend Valerius Leo, there was served sperage to his board, and oil of perfume put into it instead of salad oil. He simply ate it and found no fault, blaming his friends that were offended, and told them that it had been enough for them to have abstained to eat of that they misliked, and not to shame their friend, and how that he lacked good manner that found fault with his friend. Another time, as he travelled through the country, he was driven by foul weather on the sudden to take a poor man's cottage that had but one little cabin in it, and that was so narrow that one man could but scarce lie in it. Then he said to his friends that were about him : Greatest rooms are meetest for greatest men, and the most necessary rooms for the sickest persons. And thereupon he caused Oppius, that was sick, to lie there all night, and he himself, with the rest of his friends, lay without doors, under the easing of the house.

PLUTARCH'S "*Lives*" (translation by Sir Thomas North).



Imperial Cæsar, dead, and turned to clay,  
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away ;  
Oh that the earth, which kept the world in awe,  
Should patch a wall to expel the winter's flaw !

*Shakespeare.*

## 68. CASSIUS'S APPEAL TO BRUTUS.

[It is the feast of the Lupercalia, and the streets of Rome are nearly deserted. Cassius, finding himself alone with Brutus, takes the opportunity to sound him as to his feelings towards Cæsar. This is the beginning of the plot against Cæsar's life.]

*Cassius.* I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,  
 As well as I do know your outward favour.  
 Well, honour is the subject of my story.  
 I cannot tell what you and other men  
 Think of this life ; but, for my single self,  
 I had as lief not be as live to be  
 In awe of such a thing as I myself.  
 I was born free as Cæsar ; so were you :  
 We both have fed as well, and we can both  
 Endure the winter's cold as well as he :  
 For once, upon a raw and gusty day,  
 The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,  
 Cæsar said to me, "Darest thou, Cassius, now  
 Leap in with me into this angry flood,  
 And swim to yonder point?" Upon the word,  
 Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,  
 And bade him follow ; so indeed he did.  
 The torrent roared, and we did buffet it  
 With lusty sinews, throwing it aside  
 And stemming it with hearts of controversy ;  
 But ere we could arrive the point proposed,  
 Cæsar cried, "Help me, Cassius, or I sink !"   
 I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,  
 Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder  
 The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tiber  
 Did I the tired Cæsar. And this man  
 Is now become a god, and Cassius is  
 A wretched creature, and must bend his body,  
 If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.

He had a fever when he was in Spain,  
 And when the fit was on him, I did mark  
 How he did shake : 'tis true, this god did shake :

His coward lips did from their colour fly,  
And that same eye whose bend doth awe the world  
Did lose his lustre : I did hear him groan :  
Ay, and that tongue of his that bade the Romans  
Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,  
Alas, it cried, " Give me some drink, Titinius,"  
As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me  
A man of such a feeble temper should  
So get the start of the majestic world,  
And bear the palm alone. [Shout. Flourish.]

*Brutus.* Another general shout !  
I do believe that these applauses are  
For some new honours that are heaped on Cæsar.

*Cassius.* Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world  
Like a Colossus, and we petty men  
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about  
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.  
Men at some time are masters of their fates :  
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,  
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.  
Brutus and Cæsar : what should be in that " Cæsar " ?  
Why should that name be sounded more than yours ?  
Write them together, yours is as fair a name ;  
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well ;  
Weigh them, it is as heavy ; conjure with 'em,  
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.  
Now, in the names of all the gods at once,  
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,  
That he is grown so great ? Age, thou art shamed !  
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods !  
When went there by an age, since the great flood,  
But it was famed with more than with one man ?  
When could they say till now, that talked of Rome,  
That her wide walls encompassed but one man ?  
Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough,  
When there is in it but one only man.  
Oh, you and I have heard our fathers say,

There was a Brutus once that would have brooked  
The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome  
As easily as a king.

*Brutus.* That you do love me, I am nothing jealous ;  
What you would work me to, I have some aim :  
How I have thought of this and of these times,  
I shall recount hereafter ; for this present,  
I would not, so with love I might entreat you,  
Be any further moved. What you have said  
I will consider ; what you have to say  
I will with patience hear, and find a time  
Both meet to hear and answer such high things.  
Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this :  
Brutus had rather be a villager  
Than to repute himself a son of Rome  
Under these hard conditions as this time  
Is like to lay upon us.

SHAKESPEARE, *Julius Caesar*.

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## 69. THE WORLD AT AUCTION.

The pretorians had violated the sanctity of the throne by the atrocious murder of Pertinax ; they dishonoured the majesty of it by their subsequent conduct. The camp was without a leader, for even the prefect Lætus, who had excited the tempest, prudently declined the public indignation. Amidst the wild disorder, Sulpicianus, the emperor's father-in-law, and governor of the city, who had been sent to the camp on the first alarm of mutiny, was endeavouring to calm the fury of the multitude, when he was silenced by the clamorous return of the murderers, bearing on a lance the head of Pertinax. Though history has accustomed us to observe every principle and every passion yielding to the imperious

dictates of ambition, it is scarcely credible that in these moments of horror Sulpicianus should have aspired to ascend a throne polluted with the recent blood of so near a relation, and so excellent a prince. He had already begun to use the only effectual argument, and to treat for the imperial dignity; but the more prudent of the pretorians, apprehensive that in this private contract they should not obtain a just price for so valuable a commodity, ran out upon the ramparts, and with a loud voice proclaimed that the Roman world was to be disposed of to the best bidder by public auction.

This infamous offer, the most insolent excess of military license, diffused an universal grief, shame, and indignation throughout the city. It reached at length the ears of Didius Julianus, a wealthy senator, who, regardless of the public calamities, was indulging himself in the luxury of the table. His wife and his daughter, his freedmen and his parasites, easily convinced him that he deserved the throne, and earnestly conjured him to embrace so fortunate an opportunity. The vain old man hastened to the pretorian camp, where Sulpicianus was still in treaty with the guards, and began to bid against him from the foot of the rampart. The unworthy negotiation was transacted by faithful emissaries, who passed alternately from one candidate to the other, and acquainted each of them with the offers of his rival. Sulpicianus had already promised a donative of five thousand drachms (above one hundred and sixty pounds) to each soldier; when Julian, eager for the

prize, rose at once to the sum of six thousand two hundred and fifty drachms, or upwards of two hundred pounds sterling. The gates of the camp were instantly thrown open to the purchaser; he was declared emperor, and received an oath of allegiance from the soldiers, who retained humanity enough to stipulate that he should pardon and forget the competition of Sulpicianus.

It was now incumbent on the pretorians to fulfil the conditions of the sale. They placed their new sovereign, whom they served and despised, in the centre of their ranks, surrounded him on every side with their shields, and conducted him in close order of battle through the deserted streets of the city. The senate was commanded to assemble; and those who had been the distinguished friends of Pertinax, or the personal enemies of Julian, found it necessary to affect a more than common share of satisfaction at this happy revolution. After Julian had filled the senate-house with armed soldiers, he expatiated on the freedom of his election, his own eminent virtues, and his full assurance of the affections of the senate. The obsequious assembly congratulated their own and the public felicity, engaged their allegiance, and conferred on him all the several branches of the imperial power.

From the senate Julian was conducted, by the same military procession, to take possession of the palace. The first objects that struck his eyes were the abandoned trunk of Pertinax and the frugal entertainment prepared for his supper. The one he

viewed with indifference; the other with contempt. A magnificent feast was prepared by his order, and he amused himself till a very late hour with dice, and the performances of Pylades, a celebrated dancer. Yet it was observed that after the crowd of flatterers dispersed, and left him to darkness, solitude, and terrible reflection, he passed a sleepless night; revolving most probably in his mind his own rash folly, the fate of his virtuous predecessor, and the doubtful and dangerous tenure of an empire which had not been acquired by merit, but purchased by money.

He had reason to tremble. On the throne of the world he found himself without a friend, and even without an adherent. The guards themselves were ashamed of the prince whom their avarice had persuaded them to accept; nor was there a citizen who did not consider his elevation with horror, as the last insult on the Roman name. The nobility, whose conspicuous station and ample possessions exacted the strictest caution, dissembled their sentiments, and met the affected civility of the emperor with smiles of complacency and professions of duty. But the people, secure in their numbers and obscurity, gave a free vent to their passions. The streets and public places of Rome resounded with clamours and imprecations. The enraged multitude affronted the person of Julian, rejected his liberality, and, conscious of the impotence of their own resentment, they called aloud on the legions of the frontiers to assert the violated majesty of the Roman Empire.

*From GIBBON'S "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire."*



## 70. THE FLIGHT OF THE KALMUCKS.

On a fine morning in early autumn of the year 1771, Kien Long, the Emperor of China, was pursuing his amusements in a wild frontier district lying on the outside of the Great Wall. For many hundred square leagues the country was desolate of inhabitants, but rich in woods of ancient growth, and overrun with game of every description. In a central spot of this solitary region the emperor had built a gorgeous hunting lodge, to which he resorted annually for recreation and relief from the cares of government. Led onwards in pursuit of game, he had rambled to a distance of two hundred miles or more from this lodge, followed at a little distance by a sufficient military escort, and every night pitching his tent in a different situation, until at length he had arrived on the very margin of the vast central deserts of Asia.

Here he was standing by accident at an opening of his pavilion, enjoying the morning sunshine, when suddenly to the westward there arose a vast cloudy vapour, which by degrees expanded, mounted, and seemed to be slowly diffusing over the whole face of the heavens. By-and-by this vast sheet of mist began to thicken towards the horizon, and to roll forward in billowy volumes. The emperor's suite assembled from all quarters. The silver trumpets were sounded in the rear, and from all the glades and forest avenues began to trot forward towards the pavilion the yagers—half cavalry, half huntsmen—

who composed the imperial escort. Conjecture was on the stretch to divine the cause of this phenomenon, and the interest continually increased in proportion as simple curiosity gradually deepened into the anxiety of uncertain danger.

At first it had been imagined that some vast troops of deer, or other wild animals of the chase, had been disturbed in their forest haunts by the emperor's movements, or possibly by wild beasts prowling for prey, and might be fetching a compass by way of re-entering the forest grounds at some remoter points secure from molestation. But this conjecture was dissipated by the slow increase of the cloud and the steadiness of its motion. In the course of two hours the vast phenomenon had advanced to a point which was judged to be within five miles of the spectators, though all calculations of distance were difficult, and often fallacious, when applied to the endless expanses of the Tartar deserts. Through the next hour, during which the gentle morning breeze had a little freshened, the dusty vapour had developed itself far and wide into the appearance of huge aerial draperies, hanging in mighty volumes from the sky to the earth; and at particular points, where the eddies of the breeze acted upon the pendulous skirts of these aerial curtains, rents were perceived, sometimes taking the form of regular arches, portals, and windows, through which began dimly to gleam the heads of camels "indorsed" with human beings—and at intervals the moving of men and horses in tumultuous array—and then through other openings or vistas, at

far distant points, the flashing of polished arms. But sometimes, as the wind slackened or died away, all those openings, of whatever form, in the cloudy pall would slowly close, and for a time the whole pageant was shut up from view ; although the growing din, the clamours, shrieks, and groans ascending from infuriated myriads, reported, in a language not to be misunderstood, what was going on behind the cloudy screen.

It was, in fact, the Kalmuck host, now in the last extremities of their exhaustion, and very fast approaching to that final stage of privation and killing misery beyond which few or none could have lived ; but also, happily for themselves, fast approaching (in a literal sense) that final stage of their long pilgrimage at which they would meet hospitality on a scale of royal magnificence, and full protection from their enemies. These enemies, however, as yet, were still hanging on their rear as fiercely as ever, though this day was destined to be the last of their hideous persecution.

The khan had, in fact, sent forward couriers with all the requisite statements and petitions addressed to the Emperor of China. These had been duly received, and preparations made in consequence to welcome the Kalmucks with the most paternal benevolence. But the emperor had not looked for their arrival on his frontiers until full three months after the present time. The khan had, indeed, expressly notified his intention to pass the summer heats on the banks of the Torgau, and to recommence his retreat about the

beginning of September. The subsequent change of plan being unknown to Kien Long, left him for some time in doubt as to the true interpretation to be put upon this mighty apparition in the desert; but at length the savage clamours of hostile fury, and the clangour of weapons, unveiled to the emperor the true nature of those unexpected calamities; which had so prematurely precipitated the Kalmuck measures.

Apprehending the real state of affairs, the emperor instantly perceived that the first act of his fatherly care for these erring children (as he esteemed them), now returning to their ancient obedience, must be to deliver them from their pursuers. And this was less difficult than might have been supposed. Not many miles in the rear was a body of well-appointed cavalry, with a strong detachment of artillery, who always attended the emperor's motions. These were hastily summoned. Meantime it occurred to the train of courtiers that some danger might arise to the emperor's person from the proximity of a lawless enemy, and accordingly he was induced to retire a little to the rear. It soon appeared, however, to those who watched the vapoury shroud in the desert, that its motion was not such as would argue the direction of the march to be exactly upon the pavilion.

Those who knew the country judged that the Kalmucks were making for a large fresh-water lake seven or eight miles distant. They were right, and to that point the imperial cavalry was ordered up;

and it was precisely in that spot, and about three hours after, at noonday on the 8th of September, that the great exodus of the Kalmuck Tartars was brought to a final close, and with a scene of such fury as formed an appropriate winding up to an expedition in all its parts and details so awfully disastrous. The emperor was not personally present, or at least he saw whatever he did see from too great a distance to discriminate its individual features; but he records in his written memorial the report made to him of this scene by some of his own officers.

The lake of Tengis, near the dreadful desert of Gobi, lay in a hollow amongst hills of a moderate height, ranging generally from two to three thousand feet high. About eleven o'clock in the forenoon the Chinese cavalry reached the summit of a road which led through a cradle-like dip in the mountains right down upon the margin of the lake. From this pass, elevated about two thousand feet above the level of the water, they continued to descend, by a very winding and difficult road, for an hour and a half, and during the whole of this descent they were compelled to be inactive spectators of the fiendish spectacle below.

The Kalmucks, reduced by this time from about six hundred thousand souls to two hundred and sixty thousand, and after enduring for so long a time the miseries I have previously described—outrageous heat, famine, and the destroying scimitar of the Kirghises and the Bashkirs—had for the last ten days been

traversing a hideous desert, where no vestiges were seen of vegetation, and no drop of water could be found. Camels and men were already so overladen that it was a mere impossibility that they should carry a tolerable sufficiency for the passage of this frightful wilderness. On the eighth day the wretched daily allowance, which had been continually diminishing, failed entirely; and thus, for two days of insupportable fatigue, the horrors of thirst had been carried to the fiercest extremity. Upon this last morning, at the sight of the hills and the forest scenery, which announced the neighbourhood of the lake of Tengis, all the people rushed along with maddening eagerness to the anticipated solace.

The day grew hotter and hotter, the people more and more exhausted, and gradually, in the general rush forwards to the lake, all discipline and command were lost, all attempts to preserve a rearguard were neglected: the wild Bashkirs rode in amongst the encumbered people, and slaughtered them by wholesale, and almost without resistance. Screams and tumultuous shouts proclaimed the progress of the massacre; but none heeded, none halted; all alike, pauper or noble, continued to rush on with maniacal haste to the waters. The cruel Bashkir was affected by the same misery, and manifested the same symptoms of his misery as the wretched Kalmuck; the murderer was oftentimes in the same frantic misery as his murdered victim—many, indeed (an ordinary effect of thirst), in both nations had become lunatic, and in this state, whilst mere multitude and condensation of

bodies alone opposed any check to the destroying scimitar and the trampling hoof, the lake was reached ; and into that the whole vast body of enemies together rushed, and together continued to rush, forgetful of all things at that moment but of one almighty instinct.

This absorption of the thoughts in one maddening appetite lasted for a single half-hour ; but in the next arose the final scene of parting vengeance. Far and wide the waters of the solitary lake were dyed red with blood. Here rode a party of savage Bashkirs ; there stood unarmed Kalmucks in a death-grapple with their detested foes, both up to the middle in water, and oftentimes both sinking together below the surface from weakness or from struggles, and perishing in each other's arms. Did the Bashkirs at any point collect into a cluster for the sake of giving impetus to the assault ? Thither were the camels driven in fiercely by those who rode them, generally women or boys ; and even these quiet creatures were forced into a share in this carnival of murder, by trampling down as many as they could strike prostrate with the lash of their fore legs. Wheresoever the lake was shallow enough to allow of men raising their heads above the water, there, for scores of acres, were to be seen all forms of ghastly fear, of agonizing struggle—revenge, and the lunacy of revenge—until the neutral spectators, of whom there were not a few, now descending the eastern side of the lake, at length averted their eyes in horror.

DE QUINCEY.

## 71. THE CANADIAN INDIANS.

In our colonies the rights of the Indians have been carefully attended to. The British sovereign and British Parliament have faithfully respected them; and a very friendly feeling exists between the red men of the forest and their white brethren; our governors have never found any difficulty in maintaining the title of "Father," by which the Indians invariably address them.

Yet, notwithstanding this just feeling and this general desire of our countrymen to act kindly towards the Indians, it had for some time been in contemplation in Upper Canada to prevail upon a portion of them to dispose of their lands to the Crown, and to remove to the British Manitoulin Islands in Lake Huron.

Whosoever, by the sweat of his brow, cultivates the ground, creates out of a very small area food and raiment sufficient not only for himself, but for others; whereas the man who subsists solely on game requires even for his own family a large hunting-ground. Now, so long as Canada was very thinly peopled with whites, an Indian preserve, as large as one of our counties in England, only formed part and parcel of the great forest which was common to all; and thus, for a considerable time, the white men and the red men, without inconvenience to each other, followed their respective avocations: the latter hunted, while the former were employing themselves in cutting down trees or in laboriously following the plough.



In process of time, however, the Indian preserves became surrounded by small patches of cleared land; and so soon as this was effected, the truth began to appear that the occupations of each race were not only dissimilar, but hostile to the interests of each other. For while the great hunting-ground of the red man only inconvenienced the white settler, the little clearances of the latter, as if they had been so many chained-up barking dogs, had the effect of first scaring and then gradually cutting off the supplies of wild animals, on whose flesh and skins the red race had been subsisting.

The remedy which naturally would first suggest itself to most men was to induce them to give up their hunting propensities, and tether themselves to the laborious occupations of their white brethren. In a few cases the project, to a certain degree, succeeded; but one might as well attempt to decoy a flight of wild fowl to the ponds of Hampstead Heath, one might as well endeavour to persuade the eagle to descend from the lofty regions in which he has existed to live with the fowls in our court-yards, as attempt to prevail upon the red men of North America to become what we call civilized: in short, it is against their nature, and they cannot do it.

Having ascertained that in one or two parts of Upper Canada there existed a few Indians almost starving on a large block of rich, valuable land, which in their possession was remaining roadless and stagnant, I determined to carry into effect the project of my predecessors by endeavouring to prevail on

these people to remove to the British islands in Lake Huron, in which there was some game, and which were abundantly supplied with fish; and with a view to introduce them to the spot, I caused it to be made known to the various tribes of Indians resident throughout the immense wilderness of Canada that on a certain day of a certain moon I would meet them in council on a certain uninhabited island in Lake Huron, where they should receive their annual presents.

In the beginning of August 1836 I accordingly left Toronto, and with a small party crossed that most beautiful piece of water Lake Simcoe, and then rode to Penetanguishene Bay, from whence we were to start the next morning in bark canoes.

It was proposed that we should take tents; but as I had had some little experience of the healthy enjoyment of an out-of-doors life, as well as of the discomfort of a mongrel state of existence, I determined that, in our visit to our red brethren, we would adopt Indian habits, and sleep under blankets on the ground.

As soon as our wants were supplied we embarked in two canoes, each manned by eight Lower Canadian Indians; and when we got about a mile from the shore, nothing could be more beautiful than the sudden chorus of their voices, as, with their faces towards the prow, and with a paddle in their hands, keeping time with their song, they joyfully pushed us along.

For some hours we steered directly from the land,

until, excepting the shore on our right, we could see nothing but the segment of a circle of blue water. As the wind became strong, and as our canoes were heavily laden, I certainly for some time looked with very respectful attention to each wave, as one after another was seen rapidly and almost angrily advancing towards us ; but the Indian at the helm was doing exactly the same thing, and accordingly, whenever it arrived, the canoe was always precisely in the proper position to meet it. Thus, sometimes to one tune and sometimes to another, we proceeded under a splendid sky, through pure, exhilarating air, and over the surface of one of the most noble of those inland seas which in the western hemisphere diversify the interminable dominions of the British Crown.

It was a heavenly morning ; and I never remember to have beheld a homely picture of what is called "savage life" which gave me more pleasure than that which, shortly after I landed, appeared immediately before me.

On a smooth table rock, surrounded by trees and shrubs, every leaf of which had been washed by the night's rain as clean as it could have appeared on the day of its birth, there were seated in front of their wigwam, and close to a fire, the white smoke from which was gracefully meandering upwards through the trees, an Indian's family, composed of a very old man, two or three young ones, about as many wives, and a most liberal allowance of joyous-looking children of all ages.

The distinguishing characteristic of the group was

robust, ruddy health. More happy or more honest countenances could not exist; and as the morning sun with its full force beamed on their shiny jet-black hair and red countenances, it appeared as if it had imparted to the latter that description of colour which it itself assumes in England when beheld through one of our dense fogs.

The family—wives, grandfather, and all—did great credit to the young men by whose rifles and fishing-tackle they had been fed. They were all what is called full in flesh; and the little urchins were evidently as full of bear's flesh, berries, soup, or something or other, as they could possibly hold.

On our approaching the party, the old man rose to receive us; and though we could only communicate with him through one of our crew, he lost no time in treating his white brethren with hospitality and kindness. Like ourselves, they had only stopped at the island to feed; and we had scarcely departed when we saw the paddles of their canoes in motion following us.

Whatever may be said in favour of the "blessings of civilization," yet certainly in the life of a red Indian there is much for which he is fully justified in the daily thanksgivings he is in the habit of offering to the "Great Spirit." He breathes pure air, beholds splendid scenery, traverses unsullied water, and subsists on food which, generally speaking, forms not only his sustenance, but the getting of which affords the manly amusement, as well as the occupation, of his life.

In the course of the day we saw several Indian families cheerily paddling in their canoes towards the point to which we were proceeding. The weather was intensely hot; and though our crew continued occasionally to sing to us, yet by the time of sunset they were very nearly exhausted.

During the night it again rained for seven or eight hours; however, as is always the case, the wetter our blankets became the better they excluded the storm.

As we were now within eight or ten miles of our destination, and had therefore to pay a little extra attention to our toilet, we did not start next morning until the sun had climbed many degrees into the clear blue sky. However, at about eight o'clock we once again got into our canoes, and had proceeded about an hour, when our crew, whose faces, as they propelled us, were always towards the prow, pointed out to us a canoe ahead, which had been lying still, but which was now evidently paddling from us with unusual force, to announce our approach to the Indians, who from the most remote districts had, according to appointment, congregated to meet us.

In about half an hour, on rounding a point of land, we saw immediately before us the great Manitoulin Island, and, compared with the other uninhabited islands through which we had so long been wandering, it bore the appearance of a populous city. Indeed, from the innumerable threads of white smoke which in all directions, curling through the bright green foliage, were seen slowly escaping into the

pure blue air, this place of rendezvous was evidently swarming with inhabitants, who, as we approached, were seen hurrying from all points towards the shore. By the time we arrived within a hundred and fifty yards of the island, the beach for about half a mile was thronged with Indians of all tribes, dressed in their various costumes. Some displayed a good deal of the red garment which nature had given to them; some were partially covered with the skins of wild animals they had slain; others were enveloped in the folds of an English white blanket, and some in cloth and cottons of the gaudiest colours.

The scene altogether was highly picturesque, and I stood up in the canoe to enjoy it, when all of a sudden, on a signal given by one of the principal chiefs, every Indian present levelled his rifle towards me; and from the centre to both extremities of the line there immediately irregularly rolled a *feu de joie*, which echoed and re-echoed among the wild, uninhabited islands behind us.

As soon as I landed I was accosted by some of the principal chiefs; but from that native good-breeding which in every situation in which they can be placed invariably distinguishes the Indian tribes, I was neither hustled nor hunted by a crowd. On the contrary, during the three days I remained on the island, and after I was personally known to every individual upon it, I was enabled, without any difficulty or inconvenience, or without a single person following or even stopping to stare at me, to wander completely by myself among all their wigwams.

Occasionally the head of the family would rise and salute me, but, generally speaking, I received from the whole group what I valued infinitely more—a smile of happiness and contentment. When I beheld their healthy countenances and their robust, active frames, I could not help feeling how astonished people in England would be if they could but behold and study a state of human existence in which every item in the long list of artificial luxuries which they have been taught to venerate is utterly unknown, and, if described, would be listened to with calm indifference, or with a smile of contempt.

At noon I proceeded to a point at which it had been arranged that I should hold a council with the chiefs of all the tribes, who, according to appointment, had congregated to meet me. On my arrival there I found them all assembled, standing in groups, dressed in their finest costumes, with feathers waving on their heads, with their faces painted, according to the customs of their respective tribes, while on the breast and arms of most of the oldest of them there shone resplendent the silver gorgets and armlets which in former years had been given to them by their ally, the British sovereign.

After a few salutations, it was proposed that our council should commence; and accordingly, while I took possession of a chair which the chief superintendent of Indian affairs had been good enough to bring for me, the chiefs sat down opposite to me in about eighteen or twenty lines parallel to each other.

For a considerable time we gazed at each other in



*"One of the oldest chiefs arose."*



absolutely dead silence. Passions of all sorts had time to subside, and the judgment was thus enabled calmly to consider and prepare the subjects of the approaching discourse. As if still further to facilitate this arrangement, "the pipe of peace" was introduced, slowly lighted, slowly smoked by one chief after another, and then sedately handed me to smoke it too.

The whole assemblage having, in this simple manner, been solemnly linked together in a chain of friendship, one of the oldest chiefs arose, and after standing for some seconds erect, yet in a position in which he was evidently perfectly at his ease, he commenced his speech—translated to me by an interpreter at my side—by a slow, calm expression of thanksgiving to the Great Spirit for having safely conducted so many of his race to the point on which they had been requested to assemble.

He then, in very appropriate terms, expressed the feelings of attachment which had so long connected the red man with his "Great Parent" across the Salt Lake; and after this exordium he proceeded, with great calmness, by very beautiful metaphors, and by a narration of facts it was impossible to deny, to explain to me how gradually and how continuously the race of red men had melted, and were still melting away, before the white men like snow before the sun.

The calm, high-bred dignity of the demeanour of the Indian speakers, the scientific manner in which they construct the framework of their speech, the

sound arguments by which they connect as well as support it, and the beautiful wild flowers of eloquence with which they adorn every portion, form altogether an exhibition of grave interest. Yet is it not astonishing to reflect that the orators in these councils are men who have never heard of education—never seen a town—but who, born in the secluded recesses of an almost interminable forest, have spent their lives in either following the game on which they subsist, or in paddling their canoes across lakes, and among a congregation of such islands as I have described?

They hear more distinctly, see farther, smell clearer, can bear more fatigue, can subsist on less food, and have altogether fewer wants than their white brethren; and yet, while from morning till night we stand gazing at ourselves in the looking-glass of self-admiration, we consider the red Indians of America as “outside barbarians.”

My own speech at the council was an attempt to explain to the tribes assembled the reasons which had induced their late “Great Father” to recommend some of them to sell their lands to the Provincial Government, and to remove to the innumerable islands in the waters before us. I assured them that their titles to their present hunting-grounds remained, and ever would remain, respected and undisputed; but that, inasmuch as their white brethren had an equal right to occupy and cultivate the forest that surrounded them, the consequence inevitably would be to cut off their supply of wild game.

I stated the case as fairly as I could, and, after a

long debate, succeeded in prevailing upon the tribe to whom I had particularly been addressing myself to dispose of their lands on the terms I had proposed ; and whether the bargain was for their weal or woe, it was, and so long as I live will be, a great satisfaction to me to feel that it was openly discussed and agreed to in presence of every Indian tribe with whom her Majesty is allied : for be it always kept in mind that, while the white inhabitants of our North American colonies are the Queen's *subjects*, the red Indian is by solemn treaty her Majesty's *ally*.

SIR F. B. HEAD.

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## 72. THANATOPSIS.

To him who in the love of Nature holds  
 Communion with her visible forms, she speaks  
 A various language : for his gayer hours  
 She has a voice of gladness, and a smile  
 And eloquence of beauty ; and she glides  
 Into his darker musings with a mild  
 And healing sympathy, that steals away  
 Their sharpness ere he is aware. When thoughts  
 Of the last bitter hour come like a blight  
 Over thy spirit, and sad images  
 Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,  
 And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,  
 Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart,—  
 Go forth, under the open sky, and list  
 To Nature's teachings, while from all around—  
 Earth and her waters, and the depths of air—  
 Comes a still voice : Yet a few days, and thee  
 The all-beholding sun shall see no more  
 In all his course ; nor yet in the cold ground,

Where thy pale form was laid with many tears,  
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist  
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim  
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again,  
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up  
Thine individual being, shalt thou go  
To mix for ever with the elements,  
To be a brother to the insensible rock  
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain  
Turns with his share and treads upon. The oak  
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.

Yet not to thine eternal resting-place  
Shalt thou retire alone, nor couldst thou wish  
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down  
With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings,  
The powerful of the earth, the wise, the good,  
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,  
All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills,  
Rock-ribbed, and ancient as the sun ; the vales  
Stretching in pensive quietness between ;  
The venerable woods ; rivers that move  
In majesty, and the complaining brooks  
That make the meadows green ; and, poured round all,  
Old Ocean's gray and melancholy waste,—  
Are but the solemn decorations all  
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,  
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,  
Are shining on the sad abodes of death  
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread  
The globe are but a handful to the tribes  
That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings  
Of morning, pierce the Barcan wilderness,  
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods  
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound  
Save his own dashings—yet the dead are there ;  
And millions in those solitudes, since first  
The flight of years began, have laid them down

In their last sleep : the dead reign there alone.  
 So shalt thou rest, and what if thou withdraw  
 In silence from the living, and no friend  
 Take note of thy departure? All that breathe  
 Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh  
 When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care  
 Plod on, and each one as before will chase  
 His favourite phantom ; yet all these shall leave  
 Their mirth and their employments, and shall come  
 And make their bed with thee. As the long train  
 Of ages glides away, the sons of men,  
 The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes  
 In the full strength of years, matron and maid,  
 The speechless babe, and the gray-headed man,  
 Shall one by one be gathered to thy side  
 By those who in their turn shall follow them.

So live that, when thy summons comes to join  
 The innumerable caravan which moves  
 To that mysterious realm where each shall take  
 His chamber in the silent halls of death,  
 Thou go not, like the quarry slave at night,  
 Scourged to his dungeon ; but, sustained and soothed  
 By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave  
 Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch  
 About him and lies down to pleasant dreams.

WILLIAM C. BRYANT.



The turf shall be my fragrant shrine ;  
 My temple, Lord, that arch of Thine ;  
 My censer's breath the mountain airs,  
 And silent thoughts my only prayers.

My choir shall be the moonlit waves  
 When murmuring homeward to their caves,  
 Or when the stillness of the sea,  
 Even more than music, breathes of Thee.—*Moore.*

### 73. HABITS OF THE RED DEER.

The red deer is not a very hardy animal; he does not by choice subsist on coarse food, but eats close, like a sheep. With his body weakened and wasted in the autumn, engaged in continual combats, he feels all the rigours of winter approaching before he has time to recruit his strength. The snowstorm comes on, and the bitter blast drives him from the mountains. Subdued by hunger, he wanders to the solitary shielings of the shepherds, and will sometimes follow them through the snow, with irresolute steps, as they are carrying the provender to the sheep.

He falls, perhaps, into moss pits and mountain tarns whilst in quest of decayed water-plants, where he perishes prematurely from utter inability to extricate himself. Many, again, who escape starvation, feed too greedily on coarse herbage at the first approach of open weather, which produces a murrain amongst them, of which they frequently die. Thus natural causes conspire to reduce these animals to so feeble a state that the short summer which follows is wholly insufficient to bring them to the size they are capable of attaining.

About the end of September and the first week in October, the harts swell in their necks, have a ruff of long, wiry hair about them, and are drawn up in their bodies like greyhounds. They now roll restlessly in the peat pools till they become almost black with mire, and feed chiefly on a light-coloured moss that grows on the round tops of hills, so that

they do not differ so entirely from the reindeer in their food as some naturalists have imagined.

This is a very wild and picturesque season. The harts are heard roaring all over the forest, and are engaged in savage conflicts with each other, which sometimes terminate fatally. The conflict generally continues a considerable time; and nothing can be more entertaining than to witness, as I have done, the varied successes and address of the combatants. It is a sort of wild joust in the presence of the hinds.

A conflict of this savage nature, which happened in one of the Duke of Gordon's forests, was fatal to both of the combatants. Two large harts, after a furious and deadly thrust, had entangled their horns so firmly together that they were inextricable, and the victor remained with the vanquished. In this situation they were discovered by the forester, who killed the survivor whilst he was yet struggling to release himself from his dead antagonist. The horns remain at Gordon Castle, still locked together as they were found.

Deer, except in certain embarrassed situations, always run up-wind; and so strongly is this instinct implanted in them that if you catch a calf, be it ever so young, and turn it down-wind, it will immediately face round and go in the opposite direction. Thus they go forward over hill-tops and unexplored ground in perfect security, for they can smell the taint in the air at an almost incredible distance. On this account they are fond of lying

in open corries, where the swells of wind come occasionally from all quarters.

It is to be noted that on the hillside the largest harts lie at the bottom of the parcel, and the smaller ones above; indeed, these fine fellows seem to think themselves privileged to enjoy their ease, and impose the duty of keeping guard upon the hinds and upon their juniors. In the performance of this task the hinds are always the most vigilant, and when deer are driven they almost always take the lead. When, however, the herd is strongly beset on all sides, and great boldness and decision are required, you shall see the master-hart come forward courageously, like a great leader as he is, and, with his confiding band, force his way through all obstacles.

There is no animal more shy or solitary by nature than the red deer. He takes the note of alarm from every living thing on the moor; all seem to be his sentinels. The sudden start of any animal, the springing of a moor-fowl, the complaining note of a plover or of the smallest bird in distress, will set him off in an instant. He is always most timid when he does not see his adversary, for then he suspects an ambush.

If, on the contrary, he has him in full view, he is as cool and circumspect as possible; he then watches him most acutely, endeavours to discover his intention, and takes the best possible method to defeat it. In this case he is never in a hurry or confused, but repeatedly stops and watches his disturber's motions;



and when at length he does take his measure, it is a most decisive one. A whole herd will sometimes force their way at the very point where the drivers are the most numerous and where there are no rifles; so that I have seen the hillmen fling their sticks at them, while they have raced away without a shot being fired.

When a stag is closely pursued by dogs, and feels that he cannot escape from them, he flies to the best position he can, and defends himself to the last extremity. This is called going to bay. If he is badly wounded, or very much overmatched in speed, he has little choice of ground; but if he finds himself stout in the chase, and is pursued in his native mountains, he will select the most defensible spot he has it in his power to reach; and woe be unto the dog that approaches him rashly!

His instinct always leads him to the rivers, where his long legs give him a great advantage over the deerhounds. Firmly he holds his position, whilst they swim powerless about him, and would die from cold and fatigue before they could make the least impression on him. Sometimes he will stand upon a rock in the midst of the river, making a most majestic appearance; and in this case it will always be found that the spot on which he stands is not approachable on his rear. In this situation he takes such a sweep with his antlers that he could exterminate a whole pack of the most powerful dogs that were pressing too closely upon him in front. He is secure from all but man, and the rifle-shot must end him.

The deer, like many other animals, seem to foresee every change of weather: at the approach of a storm they leave the higher hills and descend to the low grounds, sometimes even two days before the change takes place. Again, at the approach of a thaw they leave the low grounds and go to the mountains by a similar anticipation of change. They never perish in snowdrifts, like sheep, since they do not shelter themselves in hollows, but keep the bare ground, and eat the tops of the heather.

Harts are excellent swimmers, and will pass from island to island in quest of food. It is asserted that the rear hart in swimming rests his head on the croup of the one before him, and that all follow in the same manner.

When a herd of deer are driven, they follow each other in a line; so that when they cross the stalker, it is customary for him to be quiet, and suffer the leaders to pass before he raises his rifle. If he were to fire at the first that appeared, he would probably turn the whole of them.

It must be remarked, however, that when deer are hard pressed by a dog they run in a compact mass, the tail ones endeavouring to wedge themselves into it. They will also run in this manner when pressed by drivers on the open moor. But they are sensible that they could not pass the narrow oblique paths that are trodden out by them in the precipitous and stony parts of the mountain in any other manner than in rank and file.

## 74. THE INDUSTRY OF A GENTLEMAN.

Those persons who ought not to be slothful in business are of two sorts—the one gentlemen, the other scholars.

The first place, as civility demandeth, we assign to gentlemen, or persons of eminent rank in the world, well allied, graced with honour, and furnished with wealth; which sort of persons I conceive in a high degree obliged to exercise industry in business.

This, at first hearing, may seem a little paradoxical and strange; for who have less business than gentlemen? who do need less industry than they? He that hath a fair estate, and can live on his means, what hath he to do, what labour or trouble can be exacted of him, what hath he to think on or trouble his head with but how to invent recreations and pastimes to divert himself, and spend his waste leisure pleasantly?

Why should not he be allowed to enjoy himself, and the benefits which nature or fortune have freely dispensed to him, as he thinketh best, without offence? Why may he not say with the rich man in the gospel, "Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years: take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry"? Is it not often said by the wise man that there is "nothing better under the sun than that a man should make his soul to enjoy good" in a cheerful and comfortable fruition of his estate? According to the passable notion and definition, "What is a gentleman but his pleasure?"

If this be true—if a gentleman be nothing else but this—then truly he is a sad piece, the most inconsiderable, the most despicable, the most pitiful and wretched creature in the world. If it is his privilege to do nothing, it is his privilege to be most unhappy, and to be so will be his fate if he will according to it; for he that is of no worth or use, who produceth no beneficial fruit, who performeth no service to the world—what title can he have to happiness? what capacity thereof? What reward can he claim? What comfort can he feel? To what temptations is he exposed? What guilts will he incur?

But, in truth, it is far otherwise. To suppose that a gentleman is loose from business is a great mistake; for, indeed, no man hath more to do, no man lieth under greater engagements to industry, than he. He is deeply obliged to be continually busy in more ways than other men, who have but one simple calling or occupation allotted to them. It is easy to prompt and show him many businesses indispensably belonging to him as such.

It is his business to administer relief to his poor neighbours, in their want and distresses, by his wealth. It is his business to direct and advise the ignorant, to comfort the afflicted, to reclaim the wicked, and encourage the good, by his wisdom. It is his business to protect the weak, to rescue the oppressed, to ease those who groan under heavy burdens, by his power.

It is his business to be hospitable; kind and helpful to strangers; following those noble gentlemen

Abraham and Lot, who were so ready to invite and entertain strangers with bountiful courtesy.

It is his business to maintain peace and appease dissensions among his neighbours, interposing his counsel and authority in order thereto; whereto he hath that brave gentleman Moses recommended for his pattern.

It is his business to promote the welfare and prosperity of his country with his best endeavours, and by all his interest; in which practice the sacred history doth propound divers gallant gentlemen (Joseph, Moses, Samuel, Nehemiah, Daniel, Mordecai, and all such renowned patriots) to guide him.

It is his business to govern his family well; to educate his children in piety and virtue; to keep his servants in good order.

It is his business to look to his estate, and to keep it from wasting; that he may sustain the repute of his person and quality with decency; that he may be furnished with ability to do good, may provide well for his family, may be hospitable, may have wherewith to help his brethren: for if, according to St. Paul's injunction, a man should "work with his own hands, that he may have somewhat to impart to him that needeth," then must he that hath an estate be careful to preserve it for the same good purpose.

It is his business to cultivate his mind with knowledge, with generous dispositions, with all worthy accomplishments befitting his condition and qualifying him for honourable action; so that he may excel,

and bear himself above the vulgar level, no less in real inward worth than in exterior garb—that he be not a gentleman merely in name or show.

It is his business (and that no slight or easy business) to eschew the vices, to check the passions, to withstand the temptations to which his condition is liable—taking heed that his wealth, honour, and power do not betray him unto pride, insolence, or contempt of his poorer brethren; unto injustice or oppression; unto luxury and riotous excess; unto sloth, stupidity, forgetfulness of God, and irreligious profaneness.

It is a business especially incumbent on him to be careful of his ways, that they may have good influence on others, who are apt to look on him as their guide and pattern.

He should labour and study to be a leader unto virtue, and a notable promoter thereof; directing and exciting men thereto by his exemplary conversation; encouraging them by his countenance and authority; rewarding the goodness of meaner people by his bounty and favour.

Such particular affairs hath every person of quality, credit, wealth, and interest allotted to him by God, and laid on him as duties; which to discharge faithfully will enough employ a man, and doth require industry, much care, much pains; excluding sloth and negligence: so that it is impossible for a sluggard to be a worthy gentleman, virtuously disposed, a charitable neighbour, a good patriot, a good husband of his estate.

75. LETTER TO HER SON, FROM LADY  
FANSHAWE.

I have thought it good to discourse to you, my most dear and only son, the most remarkable actions and accidents of your family, as well as the more eminent ones of your father; and my life and necessity, not delight or revenge, hath made me insert some passages which will reflect on their owners, as the praises of others will be but just, which is my intent in this narrative. I would not have you be a stranger to it, because, by the example, you may imitate what is applicable to your condition in the world, and endeavour to avoid those misfortunes we have passed through, if God pleases.

Endeavour to be innocent as a dove, but as wise as a serpent; and let this lesson direct you most in the greatest extremes of fortune. Hate idleness, and curb all passions; be true in all words and actions; unnecessarily deliver not your opinion; but when you do, let it be just, well-considered, and plain. Be charitable in all thought, word, and deed, and ever ready to forgive injuries done to yourself, and be more pleased to do good than to receive good.

Be civil and obliging to all, dutiful where God and nature command you; but friend to one, and that friendship keep sacred, as the greatest tie upon earth; and be sure to ground it upon virtue, for no other is either happy or lasting.

Endeavour always to be content in that estate of life which it hath pleased God to call you to, and

think it a great fault not to employ your time either for the good of your soul or improvement of your understanding, health, or estate. As these are the most pleasant pastimes, so they will make you a cheerful old age, which is as necessary for you to design as to make provision to support the infirmities which decay of strength brings. It was never seen that a vicious youth terminated in a contented, cheerful old age, but perished out of countenance.

Ever keep the best qualified persons company, out of whom you will find advantage, and reserve some hours daily to examine yourself and fortune; for if you embark yourself in perpetual conversation or recreation, you will certainly shipwreck your mind and fortune. Remember the proverb, Such as his company is, such is the man; and have glorious actions before your eyes, and think what shall be your portion in heaven, as well as what you desire on earth.

Manage your fortune prudently, and forget not that you must give God an account hereafter, and upon all occasions.

Remember your father, whose true image, though, I can never draw to the life, unless God will grant me that blessing in you; yet, because you were but ten months and ten days old when God took him out of this world, I will, for your advantage, show you him with all truth and without partiality.

He was of the highest size of men, strong, and of the best proportion; his complexion sanguine, his



skin exceedingly fair, his hair dark brown and very curling, but not very long; his eyes gray and penetrating, his nose high, his countenance gracious and wise, his motion good, his speech clear and distinct. He never used exercise but walking, and that generally with some book in his hand, which oftentimes was poetry, in which he spent his idle hours; sometimes he would ride out to take the air, but his most delight was to go only with me in a coach some miles, and there discourse of those things which then most pleased him, of what nature soever.

He was very obliging to all, and forward to serve his master, his country, and friend; cheerful in his conversation; his discourse ever pleasant, mixed with the sayings of wise men, and their histories repeated as occasion offered, yet so reserved that he never showed the thought of his heart, in its greatest sense, but to myself only. And this I thank God with all my soul for, that he never discovered his trouble to me, but went from me with perfect cheerfulness and content; nor revealed he his joys and hopes, but would say that they were doubled by putting them in my breast.

I never heard him hold a disputation in my life, but often he would speak against it, saying it was an uncharitable custom, which never turned to the advantage of either party. He would never be drawn to the fashion of any party, saying he found it sufficient honestly to perform that employment he was in; he loved and used cheerfulness in all his actions, and professed his religion in his life and conversation.

His conversation was so honest that I never heard him speak a word in my life that tended to God's dishonour or encouragement of any kind of sin. He was ever much esteemed by his two masters, Charles the First and Charles the Second, both for his great parts and honesty as for his conversation, in which they took great delight, he being so free from passion that made him beloved of all that knew him ; nor did I ever see him moved but with his master's concerns, in which he would hotly pursue his interest through the greatest difficulties.

He was the tenderest father imaginable, the care-fullest and most generous master I ever knew ; he loved hospitality, and would often say it was wholly essential to the constitution of England ; he loved and kept order with the greatest decency possible ; and though he would say I managed his domestics wholly, yet I ever governed them and myself by his commands—in the managing of which, I thank God, I found his approbation and content.

Now, you will expect that I should say something that may remain of us jointly ; which I will do, though it makes my eyes gush out with tears and cuts me to the soul to remember, and in part express, the joys I was blessed with in him. Glory be to God, we never had but one mind throughout our lives. Our souls were wrapped up in each other's—our aims and designs one, our loves one, and our resentments one. We so studied one the other that we knew each other's mind by our looks. Whatever was real happiness, God gave it me in him.

## 76. THE RED-CROSS KNIGHT.

A gentle Knight was pricking on the plain,  
Y-clad in mighty arms and silver shield,  
Wherein old dints of deep wounds did remain,  
The cruel marks of many a bloody field ;  
Yet arms till that time did he never wield.  
His angry steed did chide his foaming bit,  
As much disdainng to the curb to yield.  
Full jolly knight he seemed, and faire did sit,  
As one for knightly jousts and fierce encounters fit.

And on his breast a bloody cross he bore,  
The dear remembrance of his dying Lord,  
For whose sweet sake that glorious badge he wore,  
And dead, as living, ever Him adored :  
Upon his shield the like was also scored,  
For sovereign hope which in his help he had.  
Right faithful true he was in deed and word,  
But of his cheer did seem too solemn sad ;  
Yet nothing did he dread, but ever was y-drad.

Upon a great adventure he was bound,  
That greatest Gloriana to him gave  
(That greatest glorious Queen of Fairyland),  
To win him worship, and her grace to have,  
Which of all earthly things he most did crave ;  
And ever as he rode his heart did yearn  
To prove his puissance in battle brave  
Upon his foe, and his new force to learn ;  
Upon his foe, a Dragon horrible and stern.

A lovely Lady rode him fair beside,  
Upon a lowly ass more white than snow,  
Yet she much whiter ; but the same did hide  
Under a veil, that wimpled was full low ;  
And over all a black stole she did throw :



THE RED-CROSS KNIGHT.

**The Red-Cross Knight.**

As one that inly mourned, so was she sad,  
And heavy sat upon her palfrey slow ;  
Seemèd in heart some hidden care she had,  
And by her, in a line, a milk-white lamb she led.

So pure and inuocent as that same lamb  
She was in life and every virtuous lore ;  
And by descent from royal lineage came  
Of ancient kings and queens, that had of yore  
Their sceptres stretched from east to western shore,  
And all the world in their subjection held ;  
Till that infernal fiend with foul uproar  
Forwasted all their land, and them expelled ;  
Whom to avenge she had this Knight from far compelled

Behind her far away a Dwarf did lag,  
That lazy seemed, in being ever last,  
Or wearied with bearing of her bag  
Of needments at his back. Thus as they passed,  
The day with clouds was sudden overcast,  
And angry Jove an hideous storm of rain  
Did pour into his leman's lap so fast,  
That every wight to shroud it did constrain ;  
And this fair couple eke to shroud themselves were fain.

Enforced to seek some covert nigh at hand,  
A shady grove not far away they spied,  
That promised aid the tempest to withstand ;  
Whose lofty trees, y-clad with summer's pride,  
Did spread so broad that heaven's light did hide,  
Not pierceable with power of any star :  
And all within were paths and alleys wide,  
With footing worn, and leading inward far.  
Fair harbour that them seems, so in they entered are.

And forth they pass, with pleasure forward led,  
Joying to hear the birds' sweet harmony,

Which, therein shrouded from the tempest dread,  
Seemed in their song to scorn the cruel sky.  
Much can they praise the trees so straight and high,  
The sailing pine ; the cedar proud and tall ;  
The vine-prop elm ; the poplar never dry ;  
The builder oak, sole king of forests all ;  
The aspen, good for staves ; the cypress funeral.

The laurel, meed of mighty conquerors  
And poets sage ; the fir that weepeth still ;  
The willow, worn of forlorn paramours ;  
The yew, obedient to the bender's will ;  
The birch for shafts ; the sallow for the mill ;  
The myrrh sweet-bleeding in the bitter wound ;  
The warlike beech ; the ash for nothing ill ;  
The fruitful olive ; and the platane round ;  
The carver holme ; the maple seldom inward sound.

Led with delight, they thus beguile the way,  
Until the blustering storm is over-blown ;  
When, weening to return whence they did stray,  
They cannot find that path which first was shown,  
But wander to and fro in ways unknown,  
Furthest from end then, when they nearest ween,  
That makes them doubt their wits be not their own :  
So many paths, so many turnings seen,  
That which of them to take in diverse doubt they been.

At last resolving forward still to fare,  
Till that some end they find, or in or out,  
That path they take that beaten seemed most bare,  
And like to lead the labyrinth about ;  
Which when by track they hunted had throughout,  
At length it brought them to a hollow cave  
Amid the thickest woods. The Champion stout  
Eftsoons dismounted from his courser brave,  
And to the Dwarf awhile his needless spear he gave.

"Be well aware," quoth then that Lady mild,  
 "Lest sudden mischief ye too rash provoke :  
 The danger hid, the place unknown and wild,  
 Breeds dreadful doubts. Oft fire is without smoke,  
 And peril without show ; therefore your stroke,  
 Sir Knight, withhold till further trial made."  
 Ah, Lady," said he, "shame were to revoke  
 The forward footing for an hidden shade :  
 Virtue gives herself light through darkness for to wade."

"Yea, but," quoth she, "the peril of this place  
 I better wot than you : though now too late  
 To wish you back return with foul disgrace,  
 Yet wisdom warns, whilst foot is in the gate,  
 To stay the step ere forced to retreat.  
 This is the Wandering Wood, this Error's den,  
 A monster vile, whom God and man does hate ;  
 Therefore I rede beware." "Fly, fly," quoth then  
 The fearful Dwarf ; "this is no place for living men."  
SPENSER.

## 77. THE YEAR.

The crocus, while the days are dark,  
 Unfolds its saffron sheen ;  
 At April's touch the crudest bark  
 Discovers gems of green.

Then sleep the seasons, full of might ;  
 While slowly swells the pod  
 And rounds the peach, and in the night  
 The mushroom bursts the sod.

The winter falls ; the frozen rut  
 Is bound with silver bars ;  
 The snow-drift heaps against the hut,  
 And night is pierced with stars.

COVENTRY PATMORE.

## 78. JOHNSON.

As for Johnson, I have always considered him to be, by nature, one of our great English souls. A strong and noble man; so much left undeveloped in him to the last: in a kindlier element what might he not have been,—Poet, Priest, sovereign Ruler! On the whole, a man must not complain of his “element,” of his “time,” or the like; it is thriftless work doing so. His time is bad: well, then, he is there to make it better. Johnson’s youth was poor, isolated, hopeless, very miserable. Indeed, it does not seem possible that, in any the favourable outward circumstances, Johnson’s life could have been other than a painful one. The world might have had more of profitable *work* out of him, or less; but his *effort* against the world’s work could never have been a light one.

Nature, in return for his nobleness, had said to him, Live in an element of diseased sorrow. Nay, perhaps the sorrow and the nobleness were intimately and even inseparably connected with each other. At all events, poor Johnson had to go about girt with continual hypochondria, physical and spiritual pain. Like a Hercules with the burning Nessus’-shirt on him, which shoots in on him dull, incurable misery: the Nessus’-shirt not to be stript off, which is his own natural skin! In this manner *he* had to live. Figure him there, with his scrofulous diseases, with his great, greedy heart, and unspeakable chaos of thoughts; stalking mournful as a stranger in this



Earth; eagerly devouring what spiritual thing he could come at: school-languages and other merely grammatical stuff, if there were nothing better! The largest soul that was in all England; and provision made for it of "fourpence-halfpenny a day." Yet a giant, invincible soul; a true man's.

One remembers always that story of the shoes at Oxford: the rough, seamy-faced, rawboned College Servitor stalking about, in winter season, with his shoes worn out; how the charitable Gentleman Commoner secretly places a new pair at his door; and the rawboned Servitor, lifting them, looking at them near, with his dim eyes, with what thoughts—pitches them out of window! Wet feet, mud, frost, hunger, or what you will; but not beggary: we cannot stand beggary! Rude stubborn self-help here; a whole world of squalor, rudeness, confused misery and want, yet of nobleness and manfulness withal. It is a type of the man's life, this pitching away of the shoes. An original man;—not a secondhand borrowing or begging man. Let us stand on our own basis, at any rate! On such shoes as we ourselves can get. On frost and mud, if you will, but honestly on that;—on the reality and substance which Nature gives *us*, not on the semblance, on the thing she has given another than us!

And yet with all this rugged pride of manhood and self-help, was there ever soul more tenderly affectionate, loyally submissive to what was really higher than he? Great souls are always loyally submissive, reverent to what is over them; only

small, mean souls are otherwise. I could not find a better proof of what I said the other day, That the sincere man was by nature the obedient man; that only in a World of Heroes was there loyal Obedience to the Heroic. The essence of *originality* is not that it be *new*; Johnson believed altogether in the old; he found the old opinions credible for him, fit for him; and in a right heroic manner lived under them. He is well worth study in regard to that. For we are to say that Johnson was far other than a mere man of words and formulas; he was a man of truths and facts. He stood by the old formulas; the happier was it for him that he could so stand: but in all formulas that *he* could stand by, there needed to be a most genuine substance. Very curious how, in that poor Paper-age, so barren, artificial, thick-quilted with Pedantries, Hearsays, the great Fact of this Universe glared in, forever wonderful, indubitable, unspeakable, divine-infernal, upon this man too! How he harmonized his Formulas with it, how he managed at all under such circumstances: that is a thing worth seeing. A thing "to be looked at with reverence, with pity, with awe." That Church of St. Clement Danes, where Johnson still *worshipped* in the era of Voltaire, is to me a venerable place.

From CARLYLE'S "*Heroes and Hero-Worship*."



His life was gentle, and the elements  
So mixed in him that Nature might stand up  
And say to all the world, this was a man.

*Shakespeare.*

## 79. SHAKESPEARE.

*(Preface to his Works published in 1768.)*

That praises are without reason lavished on the dead, and that the honours due only to excellence are paid to antiquity, is a complaint likely to be always continued by those who, being able to add nothing to truth, hope for eminence from the heresies of paradox; or those who, being forced by disappointment upon consolatory expedients, are willing to hope from posterity what the present age refuses, and flatter themselves that the regard which is yet denied by envy will be at last bestowed by time.

Antiquity, like every other quality that attracts the notice of mankind, has undoubtedly votaries that reverence it, not from reason, but from prejudice. Some seem to admire indiscriminately whatever has been long preserved, without considering that time has sometimes co-operated with chance; all perhaps are more willing to honour past than present excellence; and the mind contemplates genius through the shades of age, as the eye surveys the sun through artificial opacity. The great contention of criticism is to find the faults of the moderns and the beauties of the ancients. While an author is yet living we estimate his powers by his worst performance, and when he is dead we rate them by his best.

To works, however, of which the excellence is not absolute and definite, but gradual and comparative, to works not raised upon principles demonstrative and scientific, but appealing wholly to observation

and experience, no other test can be applied than length of duration and continuance of esteem. What mankind have long possessed they have often examined and compared; and if they persist to value the possession, it is because frequent comparisons have confirmed opinion in its favour. As among the works of nature no man can properly call a river deep or a mountain high, without the knowledge of many mountains and many rivers, so, in the productions of genius, nothing can be styled excellent till it has been compared with other works of the same kind. Demonstration immediately displays its power, and has nothing to hope or fear from the flux of years; but works tentative and experimental must be estimated by their proportion to the general and collective ability of man, as it is discovered in a long succession of endeavours. Of the first building that was raised, it might be with certainty determined that it was round or square; but whether it was spacious or lofty must have been referred to time. The Pythagorean scale of numbers was at once discovered to be perfect; but the poems of Homer we yet know not to transcend the common limits of human intelligence, but by remarking that nation after nation, and century after century, has been able to do little more than transpose his incidents, new-name his characters, and paraphrase his sentiments.

The reverence due to writings that have long subsisted arises, therefore, not from any credulous confidence in the superior wisdom of past ages, or

gloomy persuasion of the degeneracy of mankind, but is the consequence of acknowledged and indubitable positions, that what has been longest known has been most considered, and what is most considered is best understood.

The poet of whose works I have undertaken the revision may now begin to assume the dignity of an ancient, and claim the privilege of established fame and prescriptive veneration. He has long outlived his century, the term commonly fixed as the test of literary merit. Whatever advantages he might once derive from personal allusions, local customs, or temporary opinions, have for many years been lost; and every topic of merriment or motive of sorrow which the modes of artificial life afforded him, now only obscure the scenes which they once illuminated. The effects of favour and competition are at an end; the tradition of his friendships and his enmities has perished; his works support no opinion with arguments, nor supply any faction with invectives; they can neither indulge vanity nor gratify malignity; but are read without any other reason than the desire of pleasure, and are therefore praised only as pleasure is obtained; yet, thus unassisted by interest or passion, they have passed through variations of taste and changes of manners, and, as they devolved from one generation to another, have received new honours at every transmission.

But because human judgment, though it be gradually gaining upon certainty, never becomes infallible—and approbation, though long continued, may yet be

only the approbation of prejudice or fashion—it is proper to inquire by what peculiarities of excellence Shakespeare has gained and kept the favour of his countrymen.

Nothing can please many, and please long, but just representations of general nature. Particular manners can be known to few, and therefore few only can judge how nearly they are copied. The irregular combinations of fanciful invention may delight awhile by that novelty of which the common satiety of life sends us all in quest; but the pleasures of sudden wonder are soon exhausted, and the mind can only repose on the stability of truth.

Shakespeare is, above all writers—at least above all modern writers—the poet of nature; the poet that holds up to his readers a faithful mirror of manners and of life. His characters are not modified by the customs of particular places, unpractised by the rest of the world; by the peculiarities of studies or professions, which can operate but upon small numbers; or by the accidents of transient fashions or temporary opinions: they are the genuine progeny of common humanity, such as the world will always supply and observation will always find. His persons act and speak by the influence of those general passions and principles by which all minds are agitated, and the whole system of life is continued in motion. In the writings of other poets a character is too often an individual; in those of Shakespeare it is commonly a species.

It is from this wide extension of design that so  
(1,183)

much instruction is derived. It is this which fills the plays of Shakespeare with practical axioms and domestic wisdom. It was said of Euripides that every verse was a precept; and it may be said of Shakespeare that from his works may be collected a system of civil and economical prudence. Yet his real power is not shown in the splendour of particular passages, but by the progress of his fable and the tenor of his dialogue; and he that tries to recommend him by select quotations will succeed like the pedant in Hierocles, who, when he offered his house to sale, carried a brick in his pocket as a specimen.

It will not easily be imagined how much Shakespeare excels in accommodating his sentiments to real life, but by comparing him with other authors. It was observed of the ancient schools of declamation that the more diligently they were frequented the more was the student disqualified for the world, because he found nothing there which he should ever meet in any other place. The same remark may be applied to every stage but that of Shakespeare. The theatre, when it is under any other direction, is peopled by such characters as were never seen, conversing in a language which was never heard, upon topics which will never arise in the commerce of mankind. But the dialogue of this author is often so evidently determined by the incident which produces it, and is pursued with so much ease and simplicity, that it seems scarcely to claim the merit of fiction, but to have been gleaned by diligent selection out of common conversation and common occurrences.

Upon every other stage the universal agent is love, by whose power all good and evil is distributed, and every action quickened or retarded. To bring a lover, a lady, and a rival into the fable; to entangle them in contradictory obligations, perplex them with oppositions of interest, and harass them with violence of desires inconsistent with each other; to make them meet in rapture and part in agony; to fill their mouths with hyperbolical joy and outrageous sorrow; to distress them as nothing human ever was distressed; to deliver them as nothing human ever was delivered, is the business of a modern dramatist. For this probability is violated, life is misrepresented, and language is depraved. But love is only one of many passions; and as it has no great influence upon the sum of life, it has little operation in the dramas of a poet who caught his ideas from the living world, and exhibited only what he saw before him. He knew that any other passion, as it was regular or exorbitant, was a cause of happiness or calamity.

Characters thus ample and general were not easily discriminated and preserved, yet perhaps no poet ever kept his personages more distinct from each other. I will not say with Pope that every speech may be assigned to the proper speaker, because many speeches there are which have nothing characteristical; but perhaps, though some may be equally adapted to every person, it will be difficult to find that any can be properly transferred from the present possessor to another claimant. The choice is right when there is reason for choice.



Other dramatists can only gain attention by hyperbolical or aggravated characters, by fabulous and unexampled excellence or depravity, as the writers of barbarous romances invigorated the reader by a giant and a dwarf; and he that should form his expectation of human affairs from the play or from the tale would be equally deceived. Shakespeare has no heroes; his scenes are occupied only by men who act and speak as the reader thinks that he should himself have spoken or acted on the same occasion: even where the agency is supernatural the dialogue is level with life. Other writers disguise the most natural passions and most frequent incidents, so that he who contemplates them in the book will not know them in the world; Shakespeare approximates the remote and familiarizes the wonderful. The event which he represents will not happen, but, if it were possible, its effects would probably be such as he has assigned; and it may be said that he has not only shown human nature as it acts in real exigencies, but as it would be found in trials to which it cannot be exposed.

This, therefore, is the praise of Shakespeare—that his drama is the mirror of life; that he who has mazed his imagination, in following the phantoms which other writers raise up before him, may here be cured of his delirious ecstasies by reading human sentiments in human language, by scenes from which a hermit may estimate the transactions of the world, and a confessor predict the progress of the passions.

## 80. SCENE FROM "ROMEO AND JULIET."

ROMEO ; APOTHECARY.

*Apothecary.*

Who calls so loud?

*Romeo.* Come hither, man. I see that thou art  
poor :

Hold, there is forty ducats : let me have  
A dram of poison, such soon-speeding gear  
As will disperse itself through all the veins,  
That the life-weary taker may fall dead,  
And that the trunk may be discharged of breath  
As violently as hasty powder fired  
Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.

*Ap.* Such mortal drugs I have ; but Mantua's law  
Is death to any he that utters them.*Rom.* Art thou so bare and full of wretchedness,  
And fear'st to die ? famine is in thy cheeks,  
Need and oppression starveth in thine eyes,  
Contempt and beggary hangs upon thy back ;  
The world is not thy friend nor the world's law ;  
The world affords no law to make thee rich ;  
Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.*Ap.* My poverty, but not my will, consents.*Rom.* I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.*Ap.* Put this in any liquid thing you will,  
And drink it off ; and, if you had the strength  
Of twenty men, it would dispatch you straight.*Rom.* There is thy gold, worse poison to men's  
souls,

Doing more murders in this loathsome world,  
Than these poor compounds that thou mayest not sell.  
I sell thee poison ; thou hast sold me none.  
Farewell : buy food, and get thyself in flesh.—  
Come, cordial and not poison, go with me  
To Juliet's grave ; for there must I use thee.

SHAKESPEARE.

## 81. SCENE FROM "KING JOHN."

KING JOHN; HUBERT.

*Hubert.* My lord, they say five moons were seen to-night;  
Four fixed, and the fifth did whirl about  
The other four in wondrous motion.

*King John.* Five moons!

*Hub.* Old men and beldams in the streets  
Do prophesy upon it dangerously:  
Young Arthur's death is common in their mouths:  
And when they talk of him, they shake their heads  
And whisper one another in the ear;  
And he that speaks doth gripe the hearer's wrist,  
Whilst he that hears makes fearful action,  
With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes.  
I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,  
The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,  
With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news;  
Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,  
Standing on slippers,—which his nimble haste  
Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet,—  
Told of a many thousand warlike French  
That were embattailèd and ranked in Kent:  
Another lean unwashed artificer  
Cuts off his tale, and talks of Arthur's death.

*K. John.* Why seekest thou to possess me with these fears?  
Why urgest thou so oft young Arthur's death?  
Thy hand hath murdered him: I had a mighty cause  
To wish him dead, but thou hadst none to kill him.

*Hub.* Had none, my lord! why, did you not provoke me?

*K. John.* It is the curse of kings to be attended  
By slaves that take their humours for a warrant  
To break within the bloody house of life;  
And, on the winking of authority,  
To understand a law, to know the meaning  
Of dangerous majesty, when perchance it frowns  
More upon humour than advised respect.

*Hub.* Here is your hand and seal for what I did.

*K. John.* Oh, when the last account 'twixt heaven  
and earth

Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal

Witness against us to damnation !

How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds

Make deeds ill done ! Hadst not thou been by,

A fellow by the hand of nature marked

Quoted, and signed to do a deed of shame,

This murder had not come into my mind :

But taking note of thy abhorred aspect,—

Finding thee fit for bloody villany,

Apt, liable to be employed in danger,—

I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's death ;

And thou, to be endeared to a king,

Made it no conscience to destroy a prince.

*Hub.* My lord,—

*K. John.* Hadst thou but shook thy head, or made a  
pause

When I spake darkly what I purposed,—

Or turned an eye of doubt upon my face,

As bid me tell my tale in express words,—

Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me break off,

And those thy fears might have wrought fears in me ;

But thou didst understand me by my signs,

And didst in signs again parley with sin ;

Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart consent,

And consequently thy rude hand to act

The deed, which both our tongue held vile to name.--

Out of my sight, and never see me more !

My nobles leave me ; and my state is braved.

Even at my gates, with ranks of foreign powers :

Nay, in the body of this fleshly land,

This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,

Hostility and civil tumult reigns

Between my conscience and my cousin's death.

*Hub.* Arm you against your other enemies,  
I'll make a peace between your soul and you.

Young Arthur is alive ! this hand of mine  
 Is yet a maiden and an innocent hand,  
 Not painted with the crimson spots of blood.  
 Within this bosom never entered yet  
 The dreadful motion of a murderous thought ;  
 And you have slandered nature in my form,  
 Which, howsoever rude exteriorly,  
 Is yet the cover of a fairer mind  
 Than to be butcher of an innocent child.

*K. John.* Doth Arthur live ? Oh, haste thee to the  
                   peers,  
 Throw this report on their incensèd rage,  
 And make them tame to their obedience !  
 Forgive the comment that my passion made  
 Upon thy feature ; for my rage was blind,  
 And foul imaginary eyes of blood  
 Presented thee more hideous than thou art.  
 Oh, answer not, but to my closet bring  
 The angry lords with all expedient haste !  
 I conjure thee but slowly ; run more fast.

SHAKESPEARE.

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## 82. SCENE FROM "KING RICHARD THE THIRD."

CLARENCE ; BRAKENBURY.

*Brakenbury.* Why looks your grace so heavily to-day ?  
*Clarence.* Oh, I have passed a miserable night,  
 So full of fearful dreams, of ugly sights,  
 That, as I am a Christian faithful man,  
 I would not spend another such a night,  
 Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days,—  
 So full of dismal terror was the time !

*Brak.* What was your dream, my lord ? I pray you  
                   tell me.

*Clar.* Methought that I had broken from the Tower,  
 And was embarked to cross to Burgundy ;

And, in my company, my brother Gloucester ;  
 Who from my cabin tempted me to walk  
 Upon the hatches : thence we looked toward England,  
 And cited up a thousand heavy times,  
 During the wars of York and Lancaster,  
 That had befall'n us. As we paced along  
 Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,  
 Methought that Gloucester stumbled ; and, in falling,  
 Struck me, that thought to stay him, overboard,  
 Into the tumbling billows of the main.  
 Lord, Lord ! methought what pain it was to drown !  
 What dreadful noise of waters in mine ears !  
 What ugly sights of death within mine eyes !  
 Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks ;  
 Ten thousand men that fishes gnawed upon ;  
 Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,  
 Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,  
 All scattered in the bottom of the sea :  
 Some lay in dead men's skulls ; and, in those holes  
 Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept,  
 As 'twere in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems,  
 Which wooed the slimy bottom of the deep,  
 And mocked the dead bones that lay scattered by.

*Brak.* Had you such leisure in the time of death  
 To gaze upon the secrets of the deep ?

*Clar.* Methought I had ; and often did I strive  
 To yield the ghost : but still the envious flood  
 Kept in my soul, and would not let it forth  
 To find the empty, vast, and wandering air ;  
 But smothered it within my panting bulk,  
 Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

*Brak.* Awaked you not in this sore agony ?

*Clar.* No, no, my dream was lengthened after life.—  
 Oh, then began the tempest to my soul,  
 Who passed, methought, the melancholy flood,  
 With that sour ferryman which poets write of,  
 Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.  
 The first that there did greet my stranger soul,

Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick ;  
 Who spake aloud, "What scourge for perjury  
 Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence ?"  
 And so he vanished : then came wandering by  
 A shadow like an angel, with bright hair  
 Dabbled in blood ; and he shrieked out aloud,  
 "Clarence is come ; false, fleeting, perjured Clarence,  
 That stabbed me in the field by Tewksbury ;—  
 Seize on him, Furies, take him to your torments !"  
 With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends  
 Environed me, and howlèd in mine ears  
 Such hideous cries, that with the very noise  
 I trembling waked, and, for a season after,  
 Could not believe but that I was in hell,—  
 Such terrible impression made the dream.

*Brak.* No marvel, my lord, though it affrighted you ;  
 I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it.

*Clar.* O Brakenbury, I have done those things,  
 Which now bear evidence against my soul,  
 For Edward's sake ; and see how he requites me !—  
 O God ! if my deep prayers cannot appease Thee,  
 But Thou wilt be avenged on my misdeeds,  
 Yet execute Thy wrath in me alone,—  
 Oh, spare my guiltless wife and my poor children !—  
 I pray thee, gentle keeper, stay by me ;  
 My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.

SHAKESPEARE.



Remorse is as the heart in which it grows :  
 If that be gentle, it drops balmy dews  
 Of true repentance ; but if proud and gloomy,  
 It is a poison-tree, that, pierced to the inmost,  
 Weeps only tears of blood.—*Coleridge.*



Repentance is heart's sorrow  
 And a clear life ensuing.—*Shakespeare.*

## 83. THE BATTLE OF NASEBY.

The army, thus disposed in good order, made a stand on that ground to expect the enemy. About eight of the clock in the morning it began to be doubted whether the intelligence they had received of the enemy was true. Upon which the scout-master was sent to make further discovery; who, it seems, went not far enough, but returned and averred "that he had been three or four miles forward, and could neither discover nor hear anything of them." Presently a report was raised in the army "that the enemy was retired."

Prince Rupert thereupon drew out a party of horse and musketeers, both to discover and engage them, the army remaining still in the same place and posture they had been in. His highness had not marched above a mile, when he received certain intelligence of their advance; and in a short time after he saw the van of their army, but it seems not so distinctly but that he conceived they were retiring. Whereupon he advanced nearer with his horse, and sent back "that the army should march up to him;" and the messenger who brought the order said "that the prince desired they should make haste."

Hereupon the advantage ground was quitted, and the excellent order they were in, and an advance made towards the enemy as well as might be. By that time they had marched about a mile and an half, the horse of the enemy was discerned to stand upon a high ground about Naseby; whence seeing the manner



of the king's march, in a full campaign, they had leisure and opportunity to place themselves, with all the advantages they could desire. The prince's natural heat and impatience could never endure an enemy long in his view, nor believe that they had the courage to endure his charge. And so the army was engaged before the cannon was turned, or the ground made choice of upon which they were to fight; so that courage was only to be relied upon where all conduct failed so much.

It was about ten of the clock when the battle began. The first charge was given by Prince Rupert, who, with his own and his brother Prince Maurice's troop, performed it with his usual vigour; and was so well seconded that he bore down all before him, and was master of six pieces of the rebels' best cannon. The Lord Astley, with his foot, though against the hill, advanced upon their foot; who discharged their cannon at them, but overshot them, and so did their musketeers too. For the foot on either side hardly saw each other till they were within carabine shot, and so only gave one volley; the king's foot, according to their usual custom, falling in with their swords and the butt ends of their muskets, with which they did very notable execution, and put the enemy into great disorder and confusion.

The right wing of horse and foot being thus fortunately engaged and advanced, the left wing, under Sir Marmaduke Langdale, in five bodies, advanced with equal resolution; and was encountered by Cromwell, who commanded the right wing of the enemy's

horse, with seven bodies greater and more numerous than either of the other, and had, besides the odds in number, the advantage of the ground: for the king's horse were obliged to march up the hill, before they could charge them; yet they did their duty as well as the place and great inequality of numbers would enable them to do. But being flanked on both sides by the enemy's horse, and pressed hard, before they could get to the top of the hill, they gave back, and fled farther and faster than became them. Four of the enemy's bodies, close and in good order, followed them, that they might not rally again—which they never thought of doing—and the rest charged the king's foot, who had till then so much the advantage over theirs; whilst Prince Rupert, with the right wing, pursued those horse which he had broken and defeated.

The king's reserve of horse, which was his own guards, with himself in the head of them, were even ready to charge those horse who followed his left wing, when, on a sudden, such a panic fear seized upon them that they all run near a quarter of a mile without stopping; which happened upon an extraordinary accident, that hath seldom fallen out, and might well disturb and disorder very resolute troops, as those were the best horse in the army. The king, as was said before, was even upon the point of charging the enemy, in the head of his guards, when the Earl of Carnewarth, who rode next to him (a man never suspected for infidelity, nor one from whom the king would have received counsel in such a case),



NASEBY.

W.P. Woodcock

on a sudden laid his hand on the bridle of the king's horse, and swearing two or three full mouthed Scottish oaths (for of that nation he was), said, "Will you go upon your death in an instant?" and, before his Majesty understood what he would have, turned his horse round; upon which a word run through the troops "that they should *march* to the right hand;" which was both from charging the enemy or assisting their own men. And upon this they all turned their horses and rode upon the spur, as if they were every man to shift for himself.

It is very true that upon the more soldierly word *stand*, which was sent to run after them, many of them returned to the king; though the former unlucky word carried more from him. And by this time Prince Rupert was returned with a good body of those horse which had attended him in his prosperous charge on the right wing; but they having, as they thought, acted their parts, could never be brought to rally themselves again in order, or to charge the enemy. And that difference was observed shortly from the beginning of the war, in the discipline of the king's troops and of those which marched under the command of Cromwell (for it was only under him, and had never been notorious under Essex or Waller), that, though the king's troops prevailed in the charge, and routed those they charged, they never rallied themselves again in order, nor could be brought to make a second charge again the same day—which was the reason that they had not an entire victory at Edgehill; whereas Cromwell's troops,

if they prevailed, or though they were beaten, and routed, presently rallied again, and stood in good order till they received new orders.

All that the king and prince could do could not rally their broken troops, which stood in sufficient numbers upon the field, though they often endeavoured it, with the manifest hazard of their own persons. So that in the end the king was compelled to quit the field, and to leave Fairfax master of all his foot, cannon, and baggage—amongst which was his own cabinet, where his most secret papers were, and letters between the queen and him; of which they shortly after made that barbarous use as was agreeable to their natures, and published them in print—that is, so much of them as they thought would asperse either of their majesties, and improve the prejudice they had raised against them; and concealed other parts which would have vindicated them from many particulars with which they had aspersed them.

From CLARENDON'S "*History of the Rebellion.*"



He who ascends to mountain-tops shall find  
The loftiest peaks most wrapped in clouds and snow;  
He who surpasses or subdues mankind  
Must look down on the hate of those below.  
Though high *above* the sun of glory glow,  
And far *beneath* the earth and ocean spread,  
*Round* him are icy rocks, and loudly blow  
Contending tempests on his naked head,  
And thus reward the toils which to those summits led.  
*Byron.*

## 84. THE BATTLE OF DUNBAR.

At sight of this movement, Oliver suggests to Lambert standing by him, Does it not give *us* an advantage, if we, instead of him, like to begin the attack? Here is the Enemy's right wing coming out to the open space, free to be attacked on any side; and the main battle, hampered in narrow sloping ground between Doon Hill and the Brock, has no room to manœuvre or assist: beat this right wing where it now stands; take it in flank and front with an overpowering force,—it is driven upon its own main battle, the whole Army is beaten? Lambert eagerly assents, “had meant to say the same thing.” Monk, who comes up at the moment, likewise assents; as the other Officers do, when the case is set before them. It is the plan resolved upon for battle. The attack shall begin to-morrow before dawn.

And so the soldiers stand to their arms, or lie within instant reach of their arms, all night; being upon an engagement very difficult indeed. The night is wild and wet;—2nd of September means 12th by our calendar: the Harvest Moon wades deep among clouds of sleet and hail. Whoever has a heart for prayer, let him pray now, for the wrestle of death is at hand. Pray,—and withal keep his powder dry! And be ready for extremities, and quit himself like a man!—Thus they pass the night; making that Dunbar Peninsula and Brock Rivulet long memorable to me. We English have some tents; the Scots have none. The hoarse sea moans bodeful, swinging low

and heavy against these whinstone bays; the sea and the tempests are abroad, all else asleep but we,—and there is One that rides on the wings of the wind.

Towards three in the morning the Scotch foot, by order of a Major-General say some, extinguish their matches, all but two in a company; cower under the corn-shocks, seeking some imperfect shelter and sleep. Be wakeful, ye English; watch, and pray, and keep your powder dry. About four o'clock comes order to my puddingheaded Yorkshire friend, that his regiment must mount and march straightway; his and various other regiments march, pouring swiftly to the left to Brocksmouth House, to the Pass over the Brock. With overpowering force let us storm the Scots right wing there; beat that, and all is beaten.

Major Hodgson riding along, heard, he says, "a Cornet praying in the night;" a company of poor men, I think, making worship there, under the void Heaven, before battle joined: Major Hodgson, giving his charge to a brother Officer, turned aside to listen for a minute, and worship and pray along with them; haply his last prayer on this Earth, as it might prove to be. But no: this Cornet prayed with such effusion as was wonderful; and imparted strength to my Yorkshire friend, who strengthened his men by telling them of it. And the Heavens, in their mercy, I think, have opened us a way of deliverance!—The Moon gleams out, hard and blue, riding among hail-clouds; and over St. Abb's Head a streak of dawn is rising.



*"The Lord General made a halt."*



And now is the hour when the attack should be, and no Lambert is yet here, he is ordering the line far to the right yet; and Oliver occasionally, in Hodgson's hearing, is impatient for him. The Scots too, on this wing, are awake; thinking to surprise us; there is their trumpet sounding, we heard it once; and Lambert, who was to lead the attack, is not here. The Lord General is impatient;—behold Lambert at last! The trumpets peal, shattering with fierce clangour Night's silence; the cannons awaken along all the Line: "The Lord of Hosts! The Lord of Hosts!" On, my brave ones, on!—

The dispute "on this right wing was hot and stiff, for three quarters of an hour." Plenty of fire, from fieldpieces, snaphances, matchlocks, entertains the Scotch main battle across the Brock;—poor stiffened men, roused from the corn-shocks with their matches all out! But here on the right, their horse, "with lancers in the front rank," charge desperately; drive us back across the hollow of the Rivulet;—back a little; but the Lord gives us courage, and we storm home again, horse and foot, upon them, with a shock like tornado tempests; break them, beat them, drive them all adrift. "Some fled towards Copperspath, but most across their own foot." Their own poor foot, whose matches were hardly well alight yet!

Poor men, it was a terrible awakening for them: fieldpieces and charge of foot across the Brocksburn; and now here is their own horse in mad panic trampling them to death. Above Three-thousand killed upon the place: "I never saw such a charge of foot

and horse," says one ; nor did I. Oliver was still near to Yorkshire Hodgson when the shock succeeded; Hodgson heard him say, "They run! I profess they run!" And over St. Abb's Head and the German Ocean, just then, bursts the first gleam of the level Sun upon us, "and I heard Nol say, in the words of the Psalmist, 'Let God arise, let His enemies be scattered,'"—or in Rous's metre,

" Let God arise, and scattered  
Let all His enemies be ;  
And let all those that do Him hate  
Before His presence flee !"

Even so. The Scotch Army is shivered to utter ruin ; rushes in tumultuous wreck, hither, thither ; to Belhaven, or, in their distraction, even to Dunbar ; the chase goes as far as Haddington ; led by Hacker. "The Lord General made a halt," says Hodgson, "and sang the Hundred-and-seventeenth Psalm," till our horse could gather for the chase. Hundred-and-seventeenth Psalm, at the foot of the Doon Hill ; there we uplift it, to the tune of Bangor, or some still higher score, and roll it strong and great against the sky:

" O give ye praise unto the Lord,  
All nations that be ;  
Likewise, ye people all, accord  
His name to magnify !

" For great to us-ward ever are  
His lovingkindnesses ;  
His truth endures for evermore.  
The Lord O do ye bless !"

And now, to the chase again.

The Prisoners are Ten-thousand,—all the foot in a mass. Many Dignitaries are taken; not a few are slain; of whom see Printed Lists,—full of blunders. Provost Jaffray of Aberdeen, Member of the Scots Parliament, one of the Committee of Estates, was very nearly slain: a trooper's sword was in the air to sever him, but one cried, "He is a man of consequence; he can ransom himself!"—and the trooper kept him prisoner. The first of the Scots Quakers, by-and-by; and an official person much reconciled to Oliver. Ministers also of the Kirk Committee were slain; two Ministers I find taken, poor Carstairs of Glasgow, poor Waugh of some other place,—of whom we shall transiently hear again.

General David Lesley, vigorous for flight as for other things, got to Edinburgh by nine o'clock; poor old Leven, not so light of movement, did not get till two. Tragical enough. What a change since January 1644, when we marched out of this same Dunbar up to the knees in snow! It was to help and save these very men that we then marched; with the Covenant in all our hearts. We have stood by the letter of the Covenant; fought for our Covenanted Stuart King as we could;—they again, they stand by the substance of it, and have trampled us and the letter of it into this ruinous state!—Yes, my poor friends;—and now be wise, be taught! The letter of your Covenant, in fact, will never rally again in this world. The spirit and substance of it, please God, will never die in this or in any world.

*From "Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches," by THOMAS CARLYLE.*

85. AN EVENING DREAM.

A gun and then a gun ! I' the far and early sun  
 Dost thou see by yonder tree a fleeting redness rise,  
 As if, one after one, ten poppies red had blown,  
 And shed in a blinking of the eyes ?  
 They have started from their rest with a bayonet at each  
 breast,

Those watchers of the west who shall never watch  
 again !

'Tis naught to die, but oh, God's pity on the woe  
 Of dying hearts that know they die in vain !  
 Beyond yon backward height that meets their dying-  
 sight

A thousand tents are white, and a slumbering army  
 lies.

"Brown Bess," the sergeant cries, as he loads her while  
 he dies—

"Let this devil's deluge reach them, and the good old cause  
 is lost."

He dies upon the word, but his signal gun is heard :

Yon ambush green is stirred, yon labouring leaves are  
 tost,

And a sudden sabre waves, and like dead from opened  
 graves,

A hundred men stand up to meet a host.

Dumb as death, with bated breath,

Calm upstand that fearless band,

And the dear old native land, like a dream of sudden  
 sleep,

Passes by each manly eye that is fixed so stern and dry

On the tide of battle rolling up the steep.

They hold their silent ground, I can hear each fatal  
 sound

Upon that summer mound which the morning sunshine  
 warms—

The word so brief and shrill that rules them like a  
 will,

The sough of moving limbs, and the clank and ring of arms.

“Fire!” and round that green knoll the sudden war-clouds roll,

And from the tyrant’s ranks so fierce an answering blast

Of whirling death came back that the green trees turned to black,

And dropped their leaves in winter as it passed.

A moment on each side the surging smoke is wide,

Between the fields are green, and around the hills are loud,

But a shout breaks out, and lo! they have rushed upon the foe,

As the living lightning leaps from cloud to cloud.

Fire and flash, smoke and crash,

The fogs of battle close o’er friends and foes, and they are gone!

Alas, thou bright-eyed boy! alas, thou mother’s joy!

With thy long hair so fair, thou didst so bravely lead them on!

I faint with pain and fear. Ah, heaven! what do I hear?

A trumpet-note so near?

What are these that race like hunters at a chase?

Who are these that run a thousand men as one?

What are these that crash the trees far in the waving rear?

Fight on, thou young hero! there’s help upon the way!

The light horse are coming, the great guns are coming,

The Highlanders are coming;—good God, give us the day!

Hurrah for the brave and the leal! Hurrah for the strong and the true!

Hurrah for the helmets of steel! Hurrah for the bonnets o’ blue!

A run and a cheer, the Highlanders are here!

A gallop and a cheer, the light horse are here!

A rattle and a cheer, the great guns are here !

With a cheer they wheel round and face the foe !

As the troopers wheel about their long swords are out,

With a trumpet and a shout in they go !

Like a yawning ocean green the huge host gulfs them in,

But high o'er the rolling of the flood

Their sabres you may see like lights upon the sea

When the red sun is going down in blood.

Again, again, again ! And the lights are on the wane !

Ah, Christ ! I see them sink, light by light,

As the gleams go one by one when the great sun is  
down,

And the sea rocks in foam beneath the night.

Ay, the great sun is low, and the waves of battle flow

O'er his honoured head ; but, oh, we mourn not he is  
down,

For to-morrow he shall rise to fill his country's eyes,

As he sails up the skies of renown !

Ye may yell, but ye shall groan !

Ye shall buy them bone for bone !

Now, tyrant, hold thine own ! blare the trumpet, peal the  
drum !

From yonder hillside dark the storm is on you ! Hark !

Swift as lightning, loud as thunder, down they come !

As on some Scottish shore, with mountains frowning  
o'er,

The sudden tempests roar from the glen,

And roll the tumbling sea in billows to the lee,

Came the charge of the gallant Highlandmen !

And as one beholds the sea, though the wind he cannot  
see,

But by the waves that flee knows its might,

So I tracked the Highland blast by the sudden tide that  
past

O'er the wild and rolling vast of the fight.

Yes, glory be to God, they have stemmed the foremost  
flood !

I lay me on the sod and breathe again !

In the precious moments won the bugle call has gone  
To the tents where it never rang in vain,  
And, lo, the landscape wide is red from side to side,  
And all the might of England loads the plain!  
Like a hot and bloody dawn, across the horizon drawn  
While the host of darkness holds the misty vale,  
As glowing and as grand our bannered legions stand,  
And England's flag unfolds upon the gale!  
At that great sign unfurled, as morn moves o'er the  
world  
When God lifts His standard of light,  
With a tumult and a voice, and a rushing mighty noise,  
Our long line moves forward to the fight.  
Clarion and clarion defying,  
Sounding, resounding, replying,  
Trumpets braying, pipers playing, chargers neighing,  
Near and far  
The to and fro storm of the never-done hurraing,  
Through the bright weather banner and feather rising and  
falling, bugle and fife  
Calling, recalling—for death or for life—  
Our host moved on to the war,  
While England, England, England, England, England  
Was blown from line to line near and far,  
And like the morning sea our bayonets you might see,  
Come beaming, gleaming, streaming,  
Streaming, gleaming, beaming,  
Beaming, gleaming, streaming to the war.  
Clarion and clarion defying,  
Sounding, resounding, replying,  
Trumpets braying, pipers playing, chargers neighing,  
Near and far  
The to and fro storm of the never-done hurraing,  
Through the bright weather banner and feather rising and  
falling, bugle and fife  
Calling, recalling—for death or for life—  
Our long line moved forward to the war.

*From "England in Time of War," by SYDNEY DOBELL.*



*"The Highlanders are here!"*



## 86. OF FRIENDSHIP.

It had been hard for him that spake it to have put more truth and untruth together in few words than in that speech, "Whosoever is delighted in solitude is either a wild beast or a god." For it is most true that a natural and secret hatred and aversion towards society, in any man, hath somewhat of the savage beast; but it is most untrue that it should have any character at all of the divine nature, except it proceed, not out of a pleasure in solitude, but out of a love and desire to sequester a man's self for a higher conversation—such as is found to have been falsely and feignedly in some of the heathen, and truly and really in divers of the ancient hermits and holy fathers of the church. But little do men perceive what solitude is, and how far it extendeth; for a crowd is not company, and faces are but a gallery of pictures, and talk but a tinkling cymbal where there is no love. The Latin adage meeteth with it a little, "A great city is a great solitude;" because in a great town friends are scattered; so that there is not that fellowship, for the most part, which is in less neighbourhoods. But we may go further, and affirm most truly that it is a mere and miserable solitude to want true friends, without which the world is but a wilderness; and even in this sense also of solitude, whosoever in the frame of his nature and affections is unfit for friendship, he taketh it of the beast, and not from humanity.

A principal fruit of friendship is the ease and discharge of the fullness and swellings of the heart, which

passions of all kinds do cause and induce. We know diseases of stoppings and suffocations are the most dangerous in the body ; and it is not much otherwise in the mind. No receipt openeth the heart but a true friend, to whom you may impart griefs, joys, fears, hopes, suspicions, counsels, and whatsoever lieth upon the heart to oppress it, in a kind of civil shrift or confession.

It is a strange thing to observe how high a rate great kings and monarchs do set upon this fruit of friendship whereof we speak—so great as they purchase it many times at the hazard of their own safety and greatness. For princes, in regard of the distance of their fortune from that of their subjects and servants, cannot gather this fruit, except (to make themselves capable thereof) they raise some persons to be, as it were, companions, and almost equals to themselves ; which many times sorteth to inconvenience. The modern languages give unto such persons the name of favourites, secret friends, as if it were matter of grace or conversation ; but the Roman name attaineth the true use and cause thereof, making them “partners of cares,” for it is that which tieth the knot. And we see plainly that this hath been done, not by weak and passionate princes only, but by the wisest and most politic that ever reigned, who have oftentimes joined to themselves some of their servants, whom both themselves have called friends, and allowed others likewise to call them in the same manner, using the word which is received between private men.

The parable of Pythagoras is dark but true—Eat not the heart. Certainly if a man would give it a hard phrase, those that want friends to open themselves unto are cannibals of their own hearts. But one thing is most admirable (wherewith I will conclude this first fruit of friendship), which is, that this communicating of a man's self to his friend works two contrary effects—for it redoubleth joys, and cutteth griefs in halves; for there is no man that imparteth his joys to his friend but he joyeth the more, and no man that imparteth his griefs to his friend but he grieveth the less.

The second fruit of friendship is healthful and sovereign for the understanding, as the first is for the affections. For friendship maketh indeed a fair day in the affections from storm and tempests; but it maketh daylight in the understanding out of darkness and confusion of thoughts. Neither is this to be understood only of faithful counsel which a man receiveth from his friend; but before you come to that, certain it is that whosoever hath his mind fraught with many thoughts, his wits and understanding do clarify and break up in the communicating and discoursing with another: he tosseth his thoughts more easily; he marshalleth them more orderly; he seeth how they look when they are turned into words; finally, he waxeth wiser than himself, and that more by an hour's discourse than by a day's meditation. It was well said by Themistocles to the King of Persia, that speech was like cloth of arras opened and put abroad; whereby the

imagery doth appear in figure, whereas in thoughts they lie but as in packs. Neither is this second fruit of friendship, in opening the understanding, restrained only to such friends as are able to give a man counsel (they indeed are best); but even without that a man learneth of himself, and bringeth his own thoughts to light, and whetteth his wits as against a stone, which itself cuts not. In a word, a man were better relate himself to a statua or picture than to suffer his thoughts to pass in smother.

Add now, to make this second fruit of friendship complete, that other point which lieth more open, and falleth within vulgar observation; which is, faithful counsel from a friend. Heraclitus saith well in one of his enigmas, "Dry light is ever the best;" and certain it is that the light that a man receiveth by counsel from another is drier and purer than that which cometh from his own understanding and judgment, which is ever infused and drenched in his affections and customs. So as there is as much difference between the counsel that a friend giveth and that a man giveth himself as there is between the counsel of a friend and of a flatterer. For there is no such flatterer as is a man's self; and there is no such remedy against flattery of a man's self as the liberty of a friend.

Counsel is of two sorts—the one concerning manners, the other concerning business. For the first, the best preservative to keep the mind in health is the faithful admonition of a friend. The calling of a man's self to a strict account is a medicine

sometime too piercing and corrosive ; reading good books of morality is a little flat and dead ; observing our faults in others is sometimes improper for our case ; but the best receipt (best, I say, to work, and best to take) is the admonition of a friend. It is a strange thing to behold what gross errors and extreme absurdities many (especially of the greater sort) do commit for want of a friend to tell them of them, to the great damage both of their fame and fortune. For, as St. James saith, they are as men that look sometimes into a glass and presently forget their own shape and favour.

As for business, a man may think, if he will, that two eyes see no more than one, or that a gamester seeth always more than a looker on, or that a man in anger is as wise as he that hath said over the four-and-twenty letters, or that a musket may be shot off as well upon the arm as upon a rest ; and such other fond and high imaginations, to think himself all in all. But when all is done, the help of good counsel is that which setteth business straight ; and if any man think that he will take counsel but it shall be by pieces, asking counsel in one business of one man, and in another business of another man, it is well (that is to say, better perhaps than if he asked none at all). But he runneth two dangers : one, that he shall not be faithfully counselled, for it is a rare thing, except it be from a perfect and entire friend, to have counsel given but such as shall be bowed and crooked to some ends which he hath that giveth it ; the other, that he shall have counsel given

hurtful and unsafe (though with good meaning), and mixed partly of mischief and partly of remedy—even as if you would call a physician that is thought good for the cure of the disease you complain of, but is unacquainted with your body, and therefore may put you in way for a present cure, but overthroweth your health in some other kind, and so cure the disease and kill the patient. But a friend that is wholly acquainted with a man's estate will beware, by furthering any present business, how he dasheth upon other inconvenience. And, therefore, rest not upon scattered counsels; they will rather distract and mislead than settle and direct.

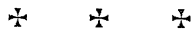
After these two noble fruits of friendship (peace in the affections and support of the judgment) followeth the last fruit, which is like the pomegranate full of many kernels: I mean aid and bearing a part in all actions and occasions. Here the best way to represent to life the manifold use of friendship is to cast and see how many things there are which a man cannot do himself; and then it will appear that it was a sparing speech of the ancients to say that a friend is another himself, for that a friend is far more than himself. Men have their time, and die many times in desire of some things which they principally take to heart—the bestowing of a child, the finishing of a work, or the like. If a man have a true friend, he may rest almost secure that the care of those things will continue after him; so that a man hath, as it were, two lives in his desires. A man hath a body, and that body is confined to a

place; but where friendship is, all offices of life are, as it were, granted to him and his deputy, for he may exercise them by his friend. How many things are there which a man cannot, with any face or comeliness, say or do himself? A man can scarce allege his own merits with modesty, much less extol them; a man cannot sometimes brook to supplicate or beg; and a number of the like: but all these things are graceful in a friend's mouth which are blushing in a man's own. So, again, a man's person hath many proper relations which he cannot put off. A man cannot speak to his son but as a father, to his wife but as a husband, to his enemy but upon terms; whereas a friend may speak as the case requires, and not as it sorteth with the person. But to enumerate these things were endless. I have given the rule where a man cannot fitly play his own part; if he have not a friend, he may quit the stage.

BACON.



The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,  
 Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel;  
 But do not dull thy palm with entertainment  
 Of each new-hatched, unfledged comrade.—*Shakespeare.*



He that is thy friend indeed,  
 He will help thee in thy need.  
 If thou sorrow, he will weep;  
 If thou wake, he cannot sleep.  
 Thus of every grief in heart  
 He with thee doth bear a part.  
 There are certain signs to know  
 Faithful friend from flattering foe.—*Shakespeare.*

## 87. PRAISE OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

Magnanimity, no doubt, consisteth in contempt of peril, in contempt of profit, and in meriting of the times wherein one liveth.

For contempt of peril, see a lady that cometh to a crown after the experience of some adverse fortune, which for the most part extenuateth the mind, and maketh it apprehensive of fears. No sooner she taketh the sceptre into her sacred hands, but she putteth on a resolution to make the greatest, the most important, the most dangerous alteration that can be in a state—the alteration of religion. This she doth, not after a sovereignty established and continued by sundry years, when custom might have bred in her people a more absolute obedience. when trial of her servants might have made her more assured whom to employ, when the reputation of her policy and virtue might have made her government redoubted; but at the very entrance of her reign, when she was green in authority, her servants scant known unto her, the adverse part not weakened, her own part not confirmed.

Neither does she reduce or reunite her realm to the religion of the states about her, that the evil inclination of the subject might be countervailed by the good correspondence in foreign parts; but contrariwise she introduceth a religion exterminated and persecuted both at home and abroad. Her proceeding herein is not by degrees and by stealth, but absolute and at once. Was she encouraged thereto by the strength



she found in leagues and alliances with great and potent confederates? No, but she found her realm in wars with her nearest and mightiest neighbours: she stood single and alone, and in league only with one that, after the people of her nation had made his wars, left her to make her own peace; one that could never be by any solicitation moved to renew the treaties; and one that since hath proceeded from doubtful terms of amity to the highest acts of hostility. Yet notwithstanding the opposition so great, the support so weak, the season so improper—yet, I say, because it was a religion wherein she was nourished and brought up, a religion that freed her subjects from pretence of foreign powers, and indeed the true religion, she brought to pass this great work with success worthy so noble a resolution.

See a queen that, when a deep and secret conspiracy was plotted against her sacred person, practised by subtile instruments, embraced by violent and desperate humours, strengthened by vows and sacraments, and the same was revealed unto her (and yet the nature of the affairs required further ripening before the apprehension of any of the parties), was content to put herself into the guard of the Divine providence and her own prudence, to have some of the conspirators in her eyes, to suffer them to approach to her person, to take a petition of the hand that was conjured for her death; and that with such majesty of countenance, such mildness and serenity of gesture, such art and impression of words, as had been sufficient to have repressed and bound

the hand of a conspirator, if he had not been discovered.

Lastly, see a queen that, when her realm was to have been invaded by an army, the preparation whereof was like the travail of an elephant, the provisions whereof were infinite, the setting forth whereof was the terror and wonder of Europe, it was not seen that her cheer, her fashion, her ordinary manner was anything altered; not a cloud of that storm did appear in that countenance wherein peace doth ever shine; but with excellent assurance and advised security she inspired her council, animated her nobility, redoubled the courage of her people; still having this noble apprehension, not only that she would communicate her fortune with them, but that it was she that would protect them, and not they her; which she testified by no less demonstration than her presence in camp. Therefore that magnanimity that neither feareth greatness of alteration, nor the vows of conspirators, nor the power of enemies, is more than heroical.

For contempt of profit, consider her offers, consider her purchases. She hath reigned in a most populous and wealthy peace, her people greatly multiplied, wealthily appointed, and singularly devoted. She wanted not the example of the power of her armies, in the memorable voyages and invasions prosperously made and achieved by sundry her noble progenitors. She hath not wanted pretences, as well of claim and right as of quarrel and revenge. She hath reigned during the minorities of some of her neigh-



QUEEN ELIZABETH.  
*(From an old print.)*

bour princes, and during the factions and divisions of their people upon deep and irreconcilable quarrels, and during the embracing greatness of some one that hath made himself as weak through too much burthen as others are through decay of strength; and yet see her sitting as it were within the compass of her sands. Scotland, that doth as it were eclipse her island; the United Provinces of the Low Countries, which for site, wealth, commodity of traffic, affection to our nation, were most meet to be annexed to this crown—she left the possession of the one, and refused the sovereignty of the other; so that notwithstanding the greatness of her means, the justness of her pretences, and the rareness of her opportunity, she hath continued her first mind; she hath made the possessions which she received the limits of her dominions, and the world the limits of her name, by a peace that hath stained all victories.

BACON.

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## 88. WOLSEY ON HIS FALL.

*Wolsey.* Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness !  
 This is the state of man : to-day he puts forth  
 The tender leaves of hopes ; to-morrow blossoms,  
 And bears his blushing honours thick upon him ;  
 The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,  
 And,—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely  
 His greatness is a-ripening,—nips his root,  
 And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,  
 Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,  
 This many summers in a sea of glory,  
 But far beyond my depth : my high-blown pride  
 At length broke under me, and now has left me,

Weary and old with service, to the mercy  
 Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.  
 Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye :  
 I feel my heart new opened. Oh, how wretched  
 Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours !  
 There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,  
 That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,  
 More pangs and fears than wars or women have :  
 And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,  
 Never to hope again.—

*Enter CROMWELL.*

*Cromwell.* How does your grace ?  
*Wolsey.* Why, well ;

Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.  
 I know myself now ; and I feel within me  
 A peace above all earthly dignities,  
 A still and quiet conscience. The king has cured me,  
 I humbly thank his grace ; and from these shoulders,  
 These ruined pillars, out of pity, taken  
 A load would sink a navy,—too much honour :  
 Oh, 'tis a burthen, Cromwell, 'tis a burthen  
 Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven !.....  
 What news abroad ?.....

*Cromwell.* The Lady Anne,  
 Whom the king hath in secrecy long married,  
 This day was viewed in open as his queen,  
 Going to chapel ; and the voice is now  
 Only about her coronation.

*Wolsey.* There was the weight that pulled me down.  
 O Cromwell,

The king has gone beyond me : all my glories  
 In that one woman I have lost for ever :  
 No sun shall ever usher forth mine honours,  
 Or gild again the noble troops that waited  
 Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell ;  
 I am a poor fall'n man, unworthy now  
 To be thy lord and master. Seek the king :

That sun, I pray, may never set ! I have told him  
 What and how true thou art : he will advance thee ;  
 Some little memory of me will stir him—  
 I know his noble nature—not to let

• Thy hopeful service perish too : good Cromwell,  
 Neglect him not ; make use now, and provide  
 For thine own future safety.....

Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear  
 In all my miseries ; but thou hast forced me,  
 Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.  
 Let's dry our eyes : and thus far hear me, Cromwell ;  
 And, when I am forgotten, as I shall be,  
 And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention  
 Of me more must be heard of, say, I taught thee,—  
 Say, Wolsey,—that once trod the ways of glory,  
 And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,—  
 Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in ;  
 A sure and safe one, though thy master missed it.  
 Mark but my fall, and that that ruined me.  
 Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition ;  
 By that sin fell the angels ; how can man, then,  
 The image of his Maker, hope to win by it ?  
 Love thyself last ; cherish those hearts that hate thee ;  
 Corruption wins not more than honesty.  
 Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,  
 To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not :  
 Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,  
 Thy God's, and truth's ; then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,  
 Thou fall'st a blessed martyr ! Serve the king ;  
 And,—prithee, lead me in :  
 There take an inventory of all I have,  
 To the last penny ; 'tis the king's : my robe,  
 And my integrity to heaven, is all  
 I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell !  
 Had I but served my God with half the zeal  
 I served my king, He would not in mine age  
 Have left me naked to mine enemies.

## 89. LIGHT.

Hail, holy Light, offspring of Heaven first-born !  
Or of the Eternal co-eternal beam  
May I express thee unblamed ? since God is light,  
And never but in unapproachèd light  
Dwelt from eternity—dwelt then in thee,  
Bright effluence of bright essence increate !  
Or hear'st thou rather pure ethereal stream,  
Whose fountain who shall tell ? Before the Sun,  
Before the Heavens, thou wert, and at the voice  
Of God, as with a mantle, didst invest  
The rising world of waters dark and deep,  
Won from the void and formless infinite !  
Thee I revisit now with bolder wing,  
Escaped the Stygian pool, though long detained  
In that obscure sojourn, while in my flight,  
Through utter and through middle Darkness born,  
With other notes than to the Orphéan lyre  
I sung of Chaos and eternal Night,  
Taught by the heavenly Muse to venture down  
The dark descent, and up to re-ascend,  
Though hard and rare. Thee I revisit safe,  
And feel thy sovran vital lamp ; but thou  
Revisit'st not these eyes, that roll in vain  
To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn ;  
So thick a drop serene hath quenched their orbs,  
Or dim suffusion veiled. Yet not the more  
Cease I to wander where the Muses haunt  
Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill,  
Smit with the love of sacred song ; but chief  
Thee, Sion, and the flowery brooks beneath,  
That wash thy hallowed feet, and warbling flow,  
Nightly I visit : nor sometimes forget  
Those other two equalled with me in fate,  
So were I equalled with them in renown,  
Blind Thamyras and blind Mæonides,  
And Tiresias and Phineus, prophets old :

Then feed on thoughts that voluntary move  
Harmonious numbers ; as the wakeful bird  
Sings darkling, and, in shadiest covert hid,  
Tunes her nocturnal note. Thus with the year  
Seasons return ; but not to me returns  
Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn  
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,  
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine ;  
But cloud instead and ever-during dark  
Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men  
Cut off, and, for the book of knowledge fair,  
Presented with a universal blank  
Of Nature's works, to me expunged and rased,  
And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.  
So much the rather thou, celestial Light,  
Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers  
Irradiate ; there plant eyes ; all mist from thence  
Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell  
Of things invisible to mortal sight.

MILTON.

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### 90. THE FIFTH DAY.

And God said, "Let the waters generate  
Reptile with spawn abundant, living soul ;  
And let fowl fly above the earth, with wings  
Displayed on the open firmament of Heaven !"  
And God created the great whales, and each  
Soul living, each that crept, which plenteously  
The waters generated by their kinds,  
And every bird of wing after his kind ;  
And saw that it was good, and blessed them, saying,  
"Be fruitful, multiply, and in the seas,  
And lakes, and running streams, the waters fill ;  
And let the fowl be multiplied on the Earth !"  
Forthwith the sounds and seas, each creek and bay,  
With fry innumerable swarm, and shoals



## The Fifth Day.

Of fish that, with their fins and shining scales,  
Glide under the green wave in sculls that oft  
Bank the mid-sea. Part, single or with mate,  
Graze the seaweed, their pasture, and through groves  
Of coral stray, or, sporting with quick glance,  
Show to the sun their waved coats dropt with gold,  
Or, in their pearly shells at ease, attend  
Moist nutriment, or under rocks their food  
In jointed armour watch ; on smooth the seal  
And bended dolphins play : part, huge of bulk,  
Wallowing unwieldy, enormous in their gait,  
Tempest the ocean. There leviathan,  
Hugest of living creatures, on the deep  
Stretched like a promontory, sleeps or swims,  
And seems a moving land, and at his gills  
Draws in, and at his trunk spouts out, a sea.  
Meanwhile the tepid caves, and fens, and shores,  
Their brood as numerous hatch from the egg, that  
soon,

Bursting with kindly rupture, forth disclosed  
Their callow young ; but feathered soon and fledge  
They summed their pens, and, soaring the air sublime,  
With clang despised the ground, under a cloud  
In prospect. There the eagle and the stork  
On cliffs and cedar tops their eyries build.  
Part loosely wing the region ; part, more wise,  
In common, ranged in figure, wedge their way,  
Intelligent of seasons, and set forth  
Their airy caravan, high over seas  
Flying, and over lands, with mutual wing  
Easing their flight : so steers the prudent crane  
Her annual voyage, borne on winds : the air  
Floats as they pass, fanned with unnumbered plumes.  
From branch to branch the smaller birds with song  
Solaced the woods, and spread their painted wings,  
Till even ; nor then the solemn nightingale  
Ceased warbling, but all night tuned her soft lays.  
Others, on silver lakes and rivers, bathed

Their downy breast ; the swan, with arched neck  
 Between her white wings mantling proudly, rows  
 Her state with oary feet ; yet oft they quit  
 The dank, and, rising on stiff pennons, tower  
 The mid aerial sky. Others on ground  
 Walked firm—the crested cock, whose clarion sounds  
 The silent hours, and the other, whose gay train  
 Adorns him, coloured with the florid hue  
 Of rainbows and starry eyes. The waters thus  
 With fish replenished, and the air with fowl,  
 Evening and morn solemnized the fifth day.

MILTON.



Ye mists and exhalations, that now rise  
 From hill or streaming lake, dusky or gray,  
 Till the Sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold !  
 In honour to the world's great Author rise ;  
 Whether to deck with clouds the uncoloured sky,  
 Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,  
 Rising or falling, still advance His praise.  
 His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters blow,  
 Breathe soft or loud ; and wave your tops, ye pines,  
 With every plant, in sign of worship, wave.  
 Fountains, and ye that warble, as ye flow,  
 Melodious murmurs, warbling tune His praise.  
 Join voices, all ye living souls ! Ye birds,  
 That singing up to Heaven-gate ascend,  
 Bear on your wings and in your notes His praise.  
 Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk  
 The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep,  
 Witness if I be silent, morn or even,  
 To hill or valley, fountain or fresh shade,  
 Made vocal by my song, and taught His praise !

*Milton.*

## 91. DEATH OF SOCRATES.

Thus saying, he got up and went into another room to bathe, and Crito followed him; but us he requested to stay behind. We remained, therefore, talking over with one another and inquiring into what had been said, ever and again coming back to the misfortune which had befallen us; for we looked upon ourselves as doomed to go through the rest of life like orphans, bereft of a father.

After he had bathed, his children were brought to him—for he had three sons, two very young, and one who was older—and the women of his household also arrived. And having talked with them in the presence of Crito, and given them all his directions, he bade them depart, and himself returned to us. It was now near sunset, for he had spent a long time in the inner room. He came then and sat down with us, but he did not speak much after this.

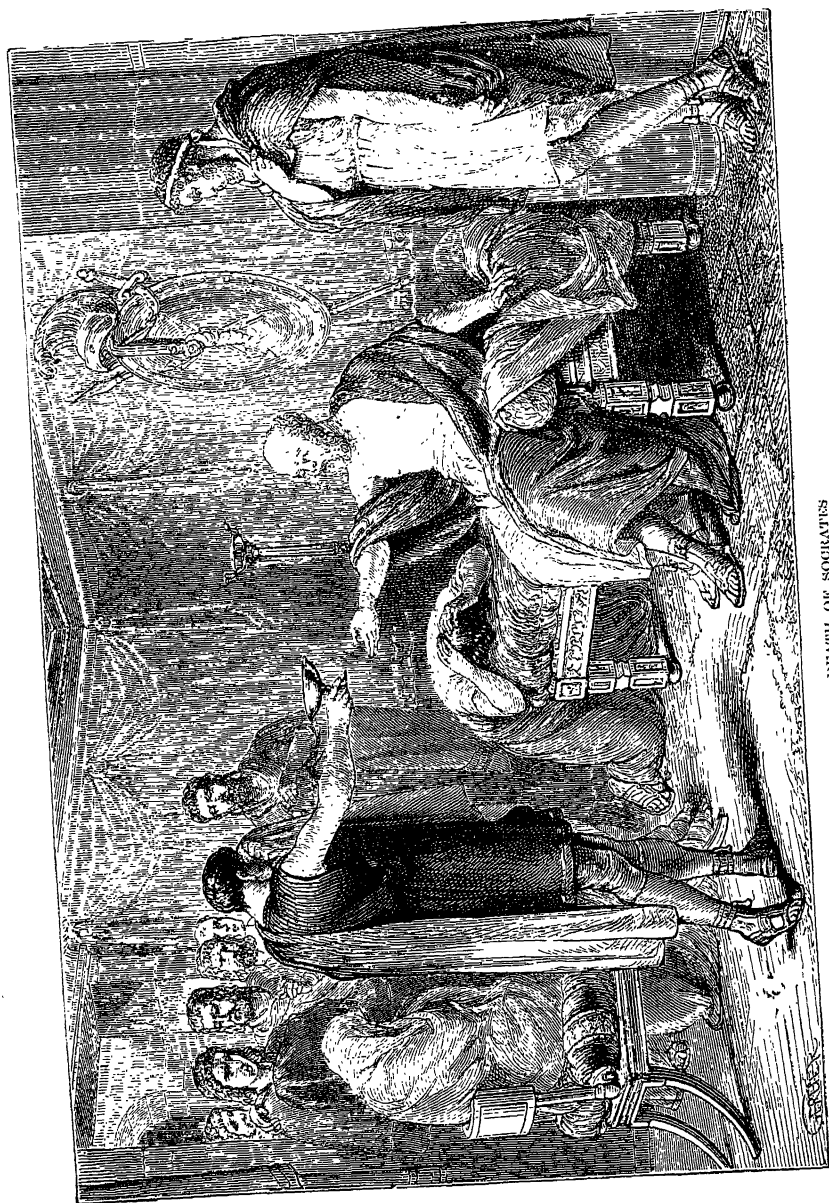
And the servant of the Eleven came, and standing by him said: "I shall not have to reproach you, O Socrates, as I have others, with being enraged and cursing me when I announce to them, by order of the magistrates, that they must drink the poison; but during this time of your imprisonment I have learned to know you as the noblest and gentlest and best man of all that have ever come here, and so I am sure now that you will not be angry with me; for you know the real authors of this, and will blame them alone. And now—for you know what it is I have come to announce—farewell, and try to bear as best you may the inevitable."

And upon this, bursting into tears, he turned and went away; and Socrates, looking after him, said: "May it fare well with you also! We will do what you have bidden." And to us he added: "How courteous the man is! The whole time I have been here he has been constantly coming to see me, and has frequently talked to me, and shown himself to be the kindest of men; and see how feelingly he weeps for me now! But come, Crito, we must obey him. So let the poison be brought, if it is already mixed; if not, let the man mix it."

And Crito said: "But, Socrates, the sun, I think, is still upon the mountains, and has not yet gone down. Others, I know, have not taken the poison till very late, and have feasted and drunk right heartily, some even enjoying the company of their intimates long after receiving the order. So do not hasten, for there is yet time."

But Socrates said: "It is very natural, Crito, that those of whom you speak should do this, for they think to gain thereby; but it is just as natural that I should not do so, for I do not think that, by drinking the poison a little later, I should gain anything more than a laugh at my own expense for being greedy of life and 'stingy when nothing is left.' So go and do as I desire."

At these words Crito motioned to the servant standing by, who then went out, and after some time came back with the man who was to give the poison, which he brought mixed in a cup. And Socrates seeing the man, said: "Well, my friend, I must ask



DEATH OF SOCRATES

you, since you have had experience in these matters, what I ought to do."

"Nothing," said he, "but walk about after drinking until you feel a heaviness in your legs, and then, if you lie down, the poison will take effect of itself."

With this he handed the cup to Socrates, who took it right cheerfully without tremor or change of colour or countenance, and, looking at the man from under his brows with that intent gaze peculiar to himself, said: "What say you to pouring a libation from this cup to one of the gods? Is it allowed, or not?"

"We prepare, Socrates," answered he, "only just so much as we think is the right quantity to drink."

"I understand," said he; "but prayer to the gods is surely allowed, and must be made, that it may fare well with me on my journey yonder. For this, then, I pray, and so be it!"

Thus speaking, he put the cup to his lips, and right easily and blithely drank it off. Now most of us had until then been able to keep back our tears; but when we saw him drinking, and then that he had finished the draught, we could do so no longer. In spite of myself, my tears burst forth in floods, so that I covered my face and wept aloud, not for him assuredly, but for my own fate in being deprived of such a friend. Now Crito, even before I gave way, had not been able to restrain his tears, and so had moved away. But Apollodorus all along had not ceased to weep; and now, when he burst into loud sobs, there was not one of those present who was not overcome by his tears and distress, except Socrates

himself. But he asked: "What are you doing, you strange people? My chief reason for sending away the women was that we might be spared such discordance as this; for I have heard that a man ought to die in solemn stillness. So pray be composed, and restrain yourselves!"

On hearing this we were ashamed, and forced back our tears. And he walked about until he said that he began to feel a heaviness in his legs, and then he lay down on his back, as he had been told to do. Thereupon the man who had given the poison, taking hold of him, examined from time to time his feet and legs, and then, pressing one foot hard, asked if he felt it, to which he answered, No; and after that again his legs, and then still higher, showing us the while that he was getting cold and stiff. Then Socrates himself did the same, and said that by the time the poison had reached his heart he should be gone. And now he was cold nearly up to his middle, when, uncovering his face, for he had covered it up, he said—and these were his last words—"Crito, we owe a cock to Æsculapius. Pay the debt, and do not neglect it."

"It shall be done, Socrates," said he. "But think if you have nothing else to say."

There was no answer to this question; but after a moment Socrates stirred, and when the man uncovered him, we saw that his face was set. Such was the end of our friend—a man whom we may well call, of all men known to us of our day, the best, and besides the wisest and the most just.

## 92. HYMN.

## CREATION.

The spacious firmament on high,  
 With all the blue ethereal sky  
 And spangled heavens—a shining frame—  
 Their great Original proclaim.  
 The unwearied Sun, from day to day  
 Does his Creator's power display ;  
 And publishes to every land  
 The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,  
 The Moon takes up the wondrous tale,  
 And, nightly to the listening Earth,  
 Repeats the story of her birth ;  
 While all the stars that round her burn,  
 And all the planets in their turn,  
 Confirm the tidings as they roll,  
 And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in solemn silence all  
 Move round the dark terrestrial ball ?  
 What though no real voice, nor sound,  
 Amidst their radiant orbs be found ?  
 In Reason's ear they all rejoice,  
 And utter forth a glorious voice ;  
 For ever singing, as they shine,  
 "The hand that made us is divine."

ADDISON.



I had rather believe all the fables in the Legend, and the Talmud, and the Alcoran, than that this universal frame is without a mind. And, therefore, God never wrought miracle to convince atheism, because His ordinary works convince it.—*Bacon*.



### 93. LONDON IN THE TIME OF CHAUCER.

Chaucer's birthplace was the city of London. This is completely ascertained by his own words in the "Testament of Love:" "Also the citeye of London, that is to me so dere and swete, in which I was forth growen; and more kindly love have I to that place than to any other in yerth, as every kindly cature hath full appetite to that place of his kindly engendrure."

He who loves to follow the poet through the various scenes from which his mind receives its first impressions, will be eager in this place to recollect what sort of a city London was in the beginning of the fourteenth century; how far it resembled, and in what respects it differed from, the present metropolis of England.

I am afraid little doubt can be entertained that, if we were to judge of it from the first impression it was likely to make upon a stranger, it would not have been found much more advantageous than that of Paris at the same era, which Petrarca describes (A.D. 1333) "as the most dirty and ill-smelling town he had ever visited, Avignon only excepted."

Of this, however, we may be sure, that the impression which London produced on the mind of Chaucer was very different from that of Paris on the mind of Petrarca. Petrarca was an Italian, proud that he owed his birth to the country of Cicero and Virgil, of Brutus and Cato, and looking on the rest of the world as a people of barbarians. Chaucer had

none of these prejudices. London, with its narrow lanes and its dirty ways, its streets encumbered with commerce, and its people vexed with the cares of gain, was in his eyes beautiful, lovely, and engaging. "More kindly love and fuller appetite" had he "to that place than to any other in yerth."

But though London had at this time very little to boast on the score of its general architecture, it was already the scene of considerable population and wealth. The topographer who would attain to an exact idea of any of our principal towns at a remote period of their history, must go back in the first place to the consideration of what they were in the time of the Roman Empire. For near four centuries, from the year of Christ 50 to the year 450, Britain was a flourishing and powerful colony to the great mistress of the world.

London was founded by the Romans, and enclosed with a wall nearly equal in extent to the present boundaries of the City of London strictly so called. Its limits were from about the foot of Blackfriars Bridge west to the Tower Stairs east; on the north it extended to the street now denominated London Wall, and on the south it had another wall which skirted the whole length of the city along the shores of the river.

In that melancholy period when the Roman Empire in the west became a prey to the hordes of ferocious barbarians, England fell to the lot of certain piratical tribes from the north of Germany, since known by the general denomination of Anglo-Saxons. These

invaders were successful in exterminating from among us all vestiges of literature and Roman civilization. The Christian religion itself sank under their hostility. The institutions of the ancient Germans and the mythology of Woden became universal. At the time when the monk St. Augustine arrived in this country, for the pious purpose of converting its usurpers—A.D. 596—it has been supposed that there was not a book to be found through the whole extent of the island.

From this time, however, there was a period of comparative illumination. The Saxons had poetry, and the missionaries from Rome brought with them such literature as Europe then had to boast. We had our Bede, our Alcuin, and our Alfred. This infancy of improvement was nearly crushed by the Danes, the inveterate foes of monasteries and learning, who were in the tenth century what the Saxons had already been in the sixth. England presents little to soothe the eye of the lover of civilization from the retreat of the Romans to the epoch of the Norman Conquest, when a race of warriors, educated in a happier scene, and a succession of kings nearly all of distinguished ability, brought back to us the abode of the Muses and the arts of cultivated life.

During this interval, London, the heart of England, had experienced a common fate with the rest of its members. The walls, indeed, in considerable part remained, but the houses tumbled into ruin, and the tall grass waved in the streets; not that it was ever wholly unpeopled, but that it was an inconsiderable

place in comparison of the dimensions which the Romans had marked out for it. A short time, however, previously to the Conquest it had a bridge of wood erected over the Thames—a work which would scarcely have been constructed in those rude times if it had not even then been a flourishing city.

The Tower of London was constructed for the purpose of subjugation by William the Conqueror. William Rufus, who had a strong passion for magnificence, enlarged this edifice, rebuilt London Bridge on a more commodious plan, and laid the foundation of Westminster Hall. London Bridge was first built of stone under Henry the Second. Edward the Confessor, who a short time before the Conquest imported some of the Norman arts into Britain, first gave existence to the City of Westminster, having built there the old palace and the venerable structure known by the name of Westminster Abbey.

London also, in the time of Chaucer, contained several royal palaces. The Tower was long a principal residence of our kings; beside which they had several smaller mansions near it. This city was, besides, adorned with various monasteries, the chief of which were the Temple, which had lately been the residence of the Knights Templars, but was now in the occupation of the students-at-law; and the monastery of St. John, a gate of which is remaining to this day. It had many other buildings, which, relatively to the times we are considering, might be styled magnificent.

The population of London is stated by Peter of

Blois at forty thousand persons in the reign of King Stephen. In the reign of Edward the First, and the year 1285, the twenty-four wards of London are enumerated in a charter of that monarch nearly as at present, so that London must then have occupied the same space of ground as the City of London now occupies. We must not, however, suppose that this space was covered with inhabitants. Cheapside, for example, we are told, was "no manner of street, a fair large place, commonly called Crown Field;" and tournaments were held there in the reign of Edward the Third. Among the environs of London we find enumerated the villages of Strand, Charing, and Holborn.

Respecting the population of London in the year 1349, when Chaucer was already twenty-one years of age, we have a ground of calculation of singular authenticity. That was a period when Europe, and nearly the whole known world, was afflicted with a pestilence more terrible than perhaps any others in the records of mankind. In England, our old historians assure us that scarcely the tenth person was left alive. From the known number of interments in the City of London it is certain that the population at that period exceeded one hundred thousand.

Nor did the wealth and commerce of London fail of their due proportion to the number of its inhabitants. Of this many striking examples may be produced. The father of Michael de la Pole, Earl of Suffolk, and Lord Chancellor to King Richard the Second, was a merchant; and the first cause of the subsequent eminence of the son was the loans of



WHITTINGTON DISTRIBUTING ALMS.

money advanced at several times by the father to Edward the Third, to assist him in the prosecution of his wars in France.

In the year next after the battle of Poitiers, Henry Picard, vintner or wine merchant, Mayor of London, gave a sumptuous entertainment to four kings—Edward, King of England; John, King of France; David, King of Scots; and the King of Cyprus.

In the second year of King Richard the Second, John Mercer, a Scotchman, having fitted out a piratical fleet against the English, John Philpot, a citizen of London, hired, with his own money, to the number of a thousand soldiers; and putting to sea, in a short time took the said John Mercer, with all his prizes, and fifteen valuable Spanish ships which he had drawn to his assistance.

In the same reign, Sir Richard Whittington, Mayor of London, of whom so many traditional and improbable stories are told, rebuilt at his own expense the jail of Newgate, the library of the Grey Friars, the hospital of Little St. Bartholomew's, and a college near St. Paul's, which was called after his own name.

The increase of the towns and the progress of commerce were the immediate causes of that great revolution in the thirteenth century, the rise of the Commons. We shall be at a loss to understand many circumstances in the history of this period if we do not recollect that the wealthy merchants of England were now enabled to enter into a sort of rivalry with the ancient barons.

GODWIN.

94. PROLOGUE TO THE CANTERBURY  
TALES.

## At the Tabard Inn.

Whan that Aprillē with his schowrēs swootē  
 The drought of March hath percēd to the rootē,  
 And bathēd every veyne in swich licoúr,  
 Of which vertú engendred is the flour ;  
 Whan Zephirus eek with his sweetē breeth  
 Inspirēd hath in every holt and heeth  
 The tendrē croppēs, and the yongē sonnē  
 Hath in the Ram his halfē cours y-ronnē,  
 And smalē fowlēs maken melodye,  
 That slepen al the night with open ye,  
 So priketh hem natúre in here coráges :—  
 Than longen folk to gon on pilgrimáges,  
 And palmers for to seken straungē strondēs,  
 To fernē holwēs, kouthē in sondry londēs ;  
 And specially, from every schirēs endē  
 Of Engelond, to Caunterbury they wendē,  
 The holy blisful martir for to sekē,  
 That hem hath holpen whan that they were seekē.

Bifel that, in that sesoun on a day,  
 At Southwerk at the Tabard as I lay,  
 Redy to wenden on my pilgrimáge  
 To Caunterbury with ful devout coráge,  
 At night was come into that hostelrye  
 Wel nyne and twentie in a compaignye,  
 Of sondry folk, by aventure y-fallē  
 In felaweschipe, and pilgrims were they allē,  
 That toward Caunterbury wolden rydē ;  
 The chambres and the stables weren wydē,  
 And wel we weren esed attē bestē.  
 And shortly, whan the sonnē was to restē,  
 So hadde I spoken with hem everichon  
 That I was of here felaweschipe anon.



## The Knight.

A knight ther was and that a worthy man,  
 That fro the timē that he first bigan  
 To riden out, he lovēd chivalrye,  
 Trouthe and honoúr, fredom and curtesye.  
 Ful worthy was he in his lordēs werrē,  
 And therto hadde he riden, no man ferrē,  
 As wel in cristendom as in hethenesse,  
 And ever honoured for his worthynesse.....  
 And though that he were worthy, he was wys,  
 And of his port as meeke as is a mayde.  
 He nevir yet no vileinye ne sayde  
 In al his lyf, unto no maner wight.  
 He was a verray parfit, gentil knight.

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## The Prioress.

Ther was also a Nonne, a Prioress,  
 That of hir smiling was ful simple and coy ;  
 Hir gretteste ooth was but " By seinte Loy ; "  
 And she was clepēd Madame Eglentine.  
 Ful wel she song the servicē divine,  
 Entunēd in hir nose ful semēly.  
 And Frensh she spak ful faire and fetisly,  
 After the scole of Stratford-attē-Bowe,  
 For Frensh of Paris was to hir unknowe.  
 At metē wel y-taught was she withalle ;  
 She leet no morsel from hir lippēs falle,  
 Ne wette hir fingres in hir saucē deep ;  
 Wel coude she carie a morsel, and wel kepe  
 Thát no droppe ne fille upon hir brest ;  
 In curtesye was set ful much hir lest.....  
 But, for to speken of hir consciēce,  
 She was so charitable and so pitous  
 She woldē wepe if that she sawe a mous  
 Caught in a trappe, if it were deed or bledde.  
 Of smalē houndēs hadde she, that she fedde



CANTERBURY PILGRIMS.

With rosted flesh, or milk and wastel breed ;  
 But sorë wepte she if oon of hem were deed,  
 Or if men smoot it with a yerdë smerte ;  
 And al was consciënce and tendre herte.

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### The Clerk of Oxenford.

A Clerk ther was of Oxenford also,  
 That unto logik haddë long y-go.  
 As lenë was his hors as is a rake,  
 And he was not right fat, I undertake,  
 But lokede holwe, and therto soberly.  
 Ful thredbare was his overeste courtepy,  
 For he had geten him yit no benefice,  
 Ne was so worldly for to have office.  
 For him was levere have at his beddës heed  
 Twenty bookës, clad in blak or reed,  
 Of Aristotle and his philosophie,  
 Than robës rich, or fithele, or gay sautrie.  
 But al be that he was a philosophre,  
 Yet haddë he but litel gold in cofre ;  
 But al that he might of his frendës hente,  
 On bookës and on lernyng he it spente,  
 And busily gan for the soulës preye  
 Of hem that yaf him wherewith to scoleye.  
 Of studie took he most cure and most heede,  
 Not oo word spak he morë than was neede,  
 And that was seid in forme and reverence,  
 And short and quyk, and ful of hy sentëce.  
 Sownynge in moral vertu was his speche,  
 And gladly wolde he lerne, and gladly teche.

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### The Poor Parson.

A good man was ther of religioun,  
 And was a poure Persoun of a toun ;  
 But riche he was of holy thought and werk.  
 He was also a lernëd man, a clerk,

That Cristës gospel trewely wolde preche ;  
 His parishens devoutly wolde he teche.  
 Benigne he was, and wonder diligent,  
 And in adversitee ful paciënt ;.....  
 Wyd was his parishe, and houses fer asonder,  
 But he ne laftë nat for reyn ne thonder,  
 In siknesse nor in meschief to visite  
 The ferreste in his parishe, muche and lite,  
 Upon his feet, and in his hand a staf.  
 This noble ensample to his sheep he yaf,  
 That first he wroughte, and afterwards he taughte.....  
 He was a shepherde and no mercenarie.  
 And though he holy were and vertuous,  
 He was to sinful man nat despitous,  
 Ne of his spechë daungerous ne digne,  
 But in his teching discreet and benigne.  
 To drawn folk to hevne by fairnesse,  
 By good ensample, this was his businesse ;  
 But if were any persone obstinat,  
 What so he were, of high or low estat,  
 Him wolde he snibben sharply for the nonis.  
 A bettrë preest I trowe ther nowher noon is.  
 He waited after no pompe and reverence,  
 Ne maked him a spicëd consciëce,  
 But Cristës love, and his Apostles twelve,  
 He taught, but first he folwëd it himselve.

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### The Host.

A semely man our hostë was with-alle  
 For to han been a marshal in a halle ;  
 A largë man he was, with eyen stepe,  
 A fairer burgeys is ther noon in Chepe ;  
 Bold of his speche and wys and wel y-taught,  
 And of manhod him lakkedë right naught.  
 Eek therto he was right a mery man,  
 And after soper pleyen he biȝan,

And spak of mirthe amongës othere thinges,  
 When that we haddë maad our rekeninges;  
 And seyde thus, "Now, lordinges, trewely  
 Ye been to me right welcome, hertely;  
 For by my trouthe, if that I shal nat lye,  
 I ne saugh this yeer so mery a companye  
 At onës in this herberwe as is now."  
 Fayn wolde I doon yow mirthë, wiste I how.  
 And of a mirthe I am right now bithought  
 To doon yow ese, and it shal costë nought.  
 "Ye goon to Caunterbury—(God yow speede,  
 The blisful martir quitë yow youre meede!)  
 And wel I wot, as ye goon by the weye,  
 Ye shapen yow to talen and to pleye;  
 For trewely confört ne mirthe is noon  
 To ridë by the weye dounb as a stoon;  
 And therfor wol I maken yow disport,  
 As I seyde erst, and doon yow som confort.....  
 This is the point, to speken short and pleyn,  
 That ech of yow, to shortë with youre weye,  
 In this viage shal tellë talës tweye,—  
 To Caunterbury-ward, I mene it so,  
 And homward shal he telen othere two,—  
 Of aventúres that whilom han bifalle.  
 And which of yow that bereth him beste of alle,  
 That is to seyn, that telleth in this cas  
 Talës of best sentënce and most solas,  
 Shal have a soper at oure aller cost  
 Here in this placë, sittinge by this post,  
 Whan that we come agayn fro Caunterbury;  
 And, for to makë yow the morë mery,  
 I wol myselven gladly with yow ride  
 Right at min owenë cost, and be youre gide.  
 And whoso wol my jugëment withseye  
 Shal paye al that we spenden by the weye."

# NOTES.

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## 1. Silas Marner's Treasure.

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1 **Silas Marner**, the hero of the story, a linen-weaver, who had come to Raveloe, no one knew whence, and settled in what had formerly been a stone-cutter's hut, by the side of an old disused stone-pit. One night, during his absence in the village, his cottage was entered, and his hoarded money stolen. This robbery was the turning-point in Silas Marner's life.

**Tramp's child**, a child who had found her way one stormy night into Silas Marner's cottage. Her mother, supposed to be a tramp, was found dead in the snow near by.

**His misfortune**, the robbery of his money.

2 **Neighbourly offices**, the duties which neighbours owe to one another. The original meaning of the Latin *officium*, duty, is preserved.

**Them**, the plural pronoun, used from a feeling of reverence.

7 **Raveloe**, a village in the Midlands of England, where the scene of the story is laid.

**Irrelevant**, not relevant ; without relation to.

## 3. Butterflies and Spiders of Brazil.

9 **Lepidoptera**, an order of insects with four wings covered with fine scales. (Gr. *lepis*, a scale ; *pteron*, a wing.)

**Forceps**, pincers used for delicate work.

10 **Foragers**, rovers in search of food or fodder.

**Bahia**, or San Salvador da Bahia, the second city in Brazil. It takes its name from *Bahia de Todos los Santos*, Bay of All Saints, on which it is situated. It is otherwise called *San Salvador*.

**Larvæ**, plural of *larva*, an insect in its first stage after leaving the egg.

11 **Rio de Janeiro**, the first city in Brazil. The name means *January River*, the bay on which the city stands having been discovered on the 1st of January 1531, by a Portuguese captain, who took it for the mouth of a river.

**Thorax**, the middle segment of an insect.

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- 11 **Antennæ**, jointed organs of touch attached to the heads of insects, crabs, etc. (Sing. *antenna*.)
- 13 **Azara** (1746-1811), a distinguished Spanish naturalist who spent several years in South America.
- Cordillera**, a mountain chain. Several ranges in South America and Mexico are so named.
- Mendoza**, a town in the west of the Argentine Republic, about six hundred and fifty miles from Buenos Ayres.

#### 4. The Campagna.

- 14 **Campagna**, an undulating plain surrounding Rome, marshy in the lower portions.
- Lago di Vico**, a lake in the province of Rome, five miles from Viterbo.
- Viterbo**, a city of Italy, fifty miles north-west of Rome. It has an ancient cathedral and beautiful fountains.
- Ostia**, the ancient port of Rome, at the mouth of the Tiber, now in ruins; the modern town is half a mile up the river.
- Exotic**, foreign: now generally used of plants.
- 16 **Manes**, the souls of the departed.
- Frieze**, sculptured decoration below the cornice of a building.
- 17 **Ilex**, the genus of tree to which the holly belongs.
- Vatican**, the Pope's palace in Rome.

#### 5. Rome.

- 19 **Sufferance**, here "state of suffering." The usual meaning now is "negative permission or consent."
- Niobe**, the wife of Amphiion, King of Thebes. Her pride in her children provoked Apollo and Diana, who slew them all.
- Scipios**, a famous Roman family to which several great Roman generals belonged.
- The Goth**. Rome was sacked by the Goths under Alaric, after being besieged three times, 410 A.D.
- The Capitol**, the ancient citadel of Rome, situated on the Capitoline Hill.
- Brutus**, Marcus Junius, one of the chief of the conspirators who murdered Julius Cæsar.
- Tully**, Marcus Tullius Cicero, the great Roman orator.
- Virgil**, Livy, two great Roman writers—the former, the great poet of the "*Æneid*;" the latter, a great historian.

#### 6. Vesuvius.

- 20 **Resina**, a town at the foot of Mount Vesuvius, built on the site of the ancient Herculaneum.
- Tumuli**, plural of *tumulus*, a mound.
- 21 **Bituminous**, impregnated with *bitumen* or mineral pitch.
- 23 **Palanquin**, a covered litter or couch, suspended from poles, by means of which it is borne on the shoulders of *men*.

## 8. Death of Pliny the Elder.

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- 25 **Pliny the Elder** (23-79 A.D.), the most learned man of his time. He wrote, besides historical and grammatical works, the "*Naturalis Historia*" which has come down to us.
- 26 **Pumice-stone**, a light porous stone of volcanic origin.
- 27 **Stabiae**, a town on the coast of Campania, near Pompeii.

## 9. The Destruction of Pompeii.

- 29 **Fresco**, a painting on a wall, on *fresh* plaster: an Italian word, derived from the German.
- Belgravia**, a wealthy residential district in London.
- 31 **Mosaic**, ornamental work made with small pieces of marble, etc. (From Latin, *musæum opus*, connected with the Muses.)
- Archives**, records; properly places where records are kept. (From Gr. *archeion*, a public building.)
- Europa**, daughter of the Phœnician king Agenor. She is said to have been carried off into Crete by Jupiter.
- Amazons**, a warlike nation of women in Scythia, who are said to have cut off their right breasts in order to be able to shoot. (Gr. *a*, without; *mazos*, a breast.)
- 32 **Arabesque**, a kind of ornamentation after the Arabian manner, often consisting of the interweaving of foliage, etc., in an intricate pattern.
- Horace, Anacreon**, two great lyric poets—the former a Roman, the latter a Greek.
- Consuls and proconsuls**, chief magistrates at Rome, and governors of provinces.

## 11. David Swan.

- 36 **David Swan**, a youth of twenty, on the way to Boston, to enter the service of his uncle, a small grocer in that city.
- Venomous superfluity**, superfluous venom—that is, scorn.
- Linch-pin**, a pin to prevent a wheel sliding off the axle; formerly *lins-pin*—that is, axle-pin.
- 37 **Opiate**, a drug which causes sleep. (Gr. *opion*, poppy-juice; *opos*, sap.)

## 12. The Battle of Plassey.

- 44 **Surajah Dowlah**, the nabob or ruler of Bengal, who had attacked the British, destroyed their factories, and thrown his prisoners into the Black Hole of Calcutta.
- Meer Jaffer**, an officer of the nabob, who, aiming at supplanting him, had agreed with Clive to betray his master.
- Cossimbuzar**, formerly the chief English agency in Bengal; its site is now a swamp.
- Plassey**, ninety-six miles north of Calcutta.
- 45 **Black Hole**, a small dungeon, into which, after promising them their



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- lives, Surajah Dowlah flung his English prisoners. Scarcely a third of their number came out alive next morning.
- 45 **Carnatic**, a coast region of India, now included in the province of Madras.
- 48 **Moorshedabad**, one hundred and twenty miles north of Calcutta, on a branch of the Ganges, was once the Mohammedan capital of Bengal.
- 49 **Patna**, called also Azimabad, an important city on the Ganges.

### 13. A Celebrated Event in Ancient History.

- 49 **A Roman master**, etc. About the year 200 B.C. Philip the Third of Macedonia attempted to make himself master of Greece. With the help of Rome, Philip was defeated, and the Greek cities which he had seized set free. The Liberty of Greece was proclaimed at the Isthmian Games (196 B.C.). The liberty thus given was soon recalled by Rome, and Greece became part of the Roman Empire.
- Isthmian Games**, a great Greek festival held on the Isthmus of Corinth.

### 14. The Combat.

- 50 **Amadis of Gaul**, son of King Perion of Gaul, the hero of a great number of legends of chivalry. The lady Oriana, believing him false to her, has just sent him a letter by the hand of the squire Durin, in which she repudiates him.
- Gandalin**, **Ysanjo**, friends of Amadis, the former being his foster-brother.
- Affect**, seek to obtain. This meaning is now obsolete.
- 51 **Caitiff**, despicable: an archaic word, really a form of "captive," usually a noun.
- 52 **Foully requited**, ill rewarded. Requite (also *requit*) means to pay back like for like.
- 54 **Guerdon**, reward: recompense.

### 16. Alexander Selkirk.

- 50 **Alexander Selkirk** (1676-1721), a native of Largo, who lived for four years (1704-1709) alone on the island of Juan Fernandez, off the coast of Chile. His story is supposed to have suggested the "Robinson Crusoe" of Defoe, though Crusoe's island was on the other side of South America, near the mouth of the Orinoco.

### 18. Old London Bridge.

- 62 **The Cheape**, Cheapside; the street of merchants or *chapmen*.  
**Street of the Lombards**, Lombard Street.
- 63 **Balustrade**, a rail supported by a row of small columns or *balusters*.
- 64 **Cæsar's Castle**, the Tower of London, part of which is said to be Roman, and is certainly very old.

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- 64 **Cleopatra's Needle**, an obelisk which was taken from Alexandria in Egypt and erected on the Thames Embankment in 1878. It formerly stood in front of the great temple at Heliopolis. There were two obelisks, the other being now in New York. The traditional connection with the name of the Egyptian queen Cleopatra is not clear.
- Maelstrom**, a whirlpool; from a celebrated whirlpool off the Norwegian coast (= *mill stream*).
- 65 **Cockaigne**, an imaginary land of ease and pleasure; the subject of a burlesque as early as the twelfth century; here used for London. (Hence probably *cockney*.)

### 19. Lavengro's Wanderings.

- 66 **Lavengro**, the hero of the story. The name was given him by the gipsies on account of his education, and means "word-master." He had tried, but failed, to make his living by literature.
- Somniferous**, sleep-bringing. A more usual word is "soporific."
- 67 **My new profession**. Lavengro intended to become a tinker, and had purchased the required outfit from Slingsby, who was giving up the business.
- 68 **Billet**, a small stick of wood. It is the diminutive of a Celtic word meaning "a log."
- 69 **Sloughy**, from slough, a muddy pool.

### 20. The Academy of Lagado.

- 70 **Lagado**, in "Gulliver's Travels," the capital of the imaginary island of Balnibarbi, which was subject to the king of the flying island Laputa.
- 73 **Chimeras**, vain or foolish fancies or projects. "Chimera" was the name given to a fabulous monster of the Greeks.
- 74 **Taction**, touch; application. (Lat. *tangere*.)
- 75 **Intellectuals**, mind, intellectual powers. The voyage to Laputa is a satire on the vain speculations of philosophers.

### 21. Music.

- 76 **Diapason**, the octave or interval which includes all the tones; literally, concord of first and last notes of an octave "through all the notes."
- Jubæa**, the inventor of the harp (Gen. iv. 21).
- Chorded shell**. The earliest form of the harp is believed to have been made by stretching strings across a shell.
- 77 **Orpheus**, a legendary poet and musician, whose skill in music was such that even the rocks and trees followed him.
- Sequacious**, following. An unusual word. (Lat. *sequax*.)
- Cecilia**, the patroness of music, especially church music; by some regarded as the inventor of the organ. She is said to have suffered martyrdom in the year 230 A.D.

## 22. The Great Dismal Swamp.

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 78 **Norfolk**, a seaport of Virginia, United States.  
**Weldon**, a small town in North Carolina, United States.  
 80 **Pine Barrens**, a great stretch of uncultivated land in the State of Virginia.  
**Taproots**, roots like those of the turnip, carrot, etc., which are shaped like a plug or *tup*.  
**Deciduous**, liable to decay; here, trees which lose their foliage annually.  
 83 **Carboniferous**, coal-bearing; the name given by geologists to the system of rocks in which the coal measures occur.

## 23. The Bermudas.

- 84 **The Bermudas**, a group of islands in the North Atlantic, about six hundred miles from the coast of North America, belonging to Britain.  
 85 **Ormuz**, formerly an important commercial city at the entrance to the Persian Gulf; the headquarters of the Persian trade with India.  
**Lebanon**, a mountainous region of Syria.  
**Mexique Bay**, the Gulf of Mexico.  
**Chime**, originally the ringing of a cymbal; here vocal music.

## 24. The Young Geologist.

- 86 **Old red sandstone**, the name given by geologists to a system of rocks older than, and lying beneath, the coal measures of this country.  
 88 **Mellowed**, became milder. The usual meaning is "ripened."  
 89 **Ben Wyvis**, a mountain in Ross-shire, near Dingwall.  
**Strata**, plural of *stratum*, a layer of rock.  
 90 **Section**, a cutting which displays the structure.  
 91 **Primary rock**, the oldest rocks which contain fossil remains.  
**Granite**, a rock composed of crystals of quartz, felspar, and mica.  
**Gneiss**, a rock resembling granite in composition.  
**Hornblende**, a crystalline mineral, usually occurring in the form of dark-green or black crystals.  
**Secondary rocks**, the rocks lying above the primary rocks.  
**Shales**, rocks formed of hardened clay, which split easily into thin sheets.  
**Spar**, a hard and compact rock deposited from trickling water, as in stalactites.  
**Lignite**, vegetable matter in a state somewhat resembling coal, but not so hard or compact.  
**Nodular**, irregularly rounded (nodule = small node or knot).  
 92 **Bivalve**, a shell-fish with two hinged shells or *valves*.  
 93 **Organic**, belonging to the animal or vegetable kingdoms, as distinct from the mineral or inorganic.

## 25. The Sea.

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- 94 **Mermaid**, a maiden of the *mere* (lake or sea); a fabulous creature, half woman, half fish. (Masculine, *merman*.)  
**Triton**, a sea-god, the son and trumpeter of Neptune. Here the plural is used in a general sense for sea-gods.

## 26. Tranquillity.

- 96 **Factionous rage**, the strife of contending parties or *factions*.  
**Satiety**, the state of being filled beyond desire, to repletion and loathing.  
**Interlope**, intrude; the noun *interloper*, intruder, is more common.  
**The bubble**, hope.  
**The spectre**, remembrance.

## 27. The Prisoners.

- 97 **John Baptist Cavalletto** and **Monsieur Rigaud** are in prison in Marseilles—the former on a charge of smuggling, and the latter on a charge of murder.  
**All that**. Rigaud has just been giving his version of the supposed murder, and has explained that his wife committed suicide during a quarrel.

## 28. The Relief of Leyden.

- 102 **The great dyke**, the Land Scheiding, a great dyke five miles from Leyden.  
**Zoetermeer, Benthuyzen, North Aa**, villages near Leyden, which had been seized and fortified by the Spaniards.  
**Leyden**, a city of Holland, on the Old Rhine; formerly much larger than it now is. It was besieged twice by the Spaniards—in 1573 and 1574. The latter is the siege here spoken of.  
104 **Orange**, William the Silent, Prince of Orange, the hero of the struggle for Dutch independence. He was assassinated at Delft in 1584.  
**Zealanders**, the inhabitants of the Dutch province of Zealand.  
**Admiral Boisot**, commander of the Dutch fleet.  
**Delft**, an ancient town of Holland, near Rotterdam.  
**Salvos**, general discharges of firearms, usually as a salute or in token of rejoicing.  
105 **Haarlem**, a large city on the narrow isthmus between the Zuyder Zee and the German Ocean. It was taken by the Spaniards in 1573, after a siege of seven months.  
106 **Valdez**, the general in command of the Spanish army besieging Leyden.  
**Burgomaster**, the chief magistrate or mayor of a town in Holland.  
**Adrian Van der Werf** was burgomaster of Leyden at the time of the siege.  
110 **Equinoctial gale**. Gales are frequent at the time of the equinoxes—

that is, when the sun is overhead at the Equator, and day and night are of equal duration.

- 111 **Tower of Hengist**, an ancient ruined tower in the centre of the city, ascribed by some to the Saxon Hengist, one of the conquerors of England.

**Zoeterwoude, Lammen**, Spanish forts near Leyden—the latter being in command of Colonel Borgia, and distant only two hundred and fifty yards from the city.

### 30. The Partition of Spain.

- 117 **Charles the Second**, the King of Spain, on whose death, in 1700, the War of the Spanish Succession broke out. There were two claimants to the vacant throne—Charles of the House of Austria, second son of the Emperor Leopold the First; and Philip of Anjou, a grandson of Louis the Fourteenth of France.

**Savoy**, now a province of France, on the borders of Italy.

**Brandenburg**, a province in the centre of Prussia. Brandenburg and Savoy were at one time practically independent states.

- 118 **Catholic king**, the King of Spain. The title was first conferred on the Spanish sovereigns Ferdinand and Isabella by Pope Alexander the Sixth in 1494.

**Campania**, a province in the south-west of Italy, having Capua as its capital.

**Enna**, now Castrogiovanni, a town of Sicily situated on a fertile plateau.

**Galesus**, a river near Tarentum, or Taranto, in the south of Italy.

- 119 **Signs of the zodiac**. The zodiac is an imaginary belt in the heavens, the apparent path of the sun, named from Greek *zodion*, a little animal, because the constellations through which it passes are mostly represented by and take their names from animals.

**Cochineal**, a dye, consisting of the dried bodies of insects which are found on several species of cactus in Mexico.

**Quinquina**, Peruvian bark, from which quinine is extracted. It is known also as *cinchona* (*sinkona*).

**Alva**, a great Spanish general and statesman, who was sent in 1567 to command in the Netherlands during the struggle for Dutch independence.

- 120 **Catalans**, the inhabitants of Catalonia, an ancient province in the east of Spain, including Barcelona, etc.

**Lombards, Biscayans, Flemings, Arragonese**, inhabitants of Lombardy (Italy), Biscay or Vizcaya (Spain), Flanders (Belgium), and Arragon (Spain) respectively.

**Doge**, the chief magistrate of the Italian republics of Venice, Genoa, etc. (Lat. *dux*.)

**Creoles**, people of pure European descent (Spanish, Portuguese, etc.), but born in the West Indies or the adjoining countries.

**Mestizos**, half-breeds, born of European and Indian parents.

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- 120 **Quadroons**, quarter-blooded ; the offspring of half-breeds and whites.  
**Montezuma**, one of the last native emperors of Mexico, conquered by the Spaniards under Cortez in 1519, and imprisoned. He was afterwards slain by his own people while Cortez was showing him to them, in order to restore tranquillity in the capital.  
**Henry the Fourth** (of France), the first of the Bourbon kings ; assassinated in 1610.  
121 **Lima**, the capital of Peru.  
**Escorial**, a royal palace, monastery, and mausoleum of Spain, thirty-one miles north-west of Madrid. It was built by Philip the Second, 1563-1584.

### 31. The Raven.

- 122 **Surcease**, cessation.  
124 **Pallas**, the Greek goddess of wisdom, corresponding to the Roman Minerva.  
**Plutonian**, from Pluto, the Greek god of the under-world.  
126 **Nepenthe**, a drug to cause forgetfulness of sorrow.  
127 **Aidenn**, the abode of the blest.

### 32. Praise of the Air.

- 128 **Dædalus**, a famous Athenian artificer, who is said to have constructed wings with which he flew across the Ægean Sea.  
131 **Thrassel**, thrush.  
**Descants**, variations of an air.  
**Varro**, Marcus Terentius, a voluminous Latin writer, who treated of natural history among other subjects.  
**Notables**, notable things. It usually means "notable men."  
132 **Rhodes**, an island off the south-west coast of Asia Minor.  
**Aleppo**, a city in the north of Syria.  
**Babylon**, a great city and capital of an empire of the ancient world, situated on the Euphrates. The unimportant town of Hillah now occupies what was probably the centre of the city.  
**Ark of Noah**, Gen. viii. 8-12. **Elijah**, 1 Kings xvii. 6. **The Holy Ghost**, Matt. iii. 16.

### 33. Trout-Fishing.

- 133 **Venator**, hunter. **Piscator**, fisher.  
**Chub**, a fresh-water fish of the carp family, so named from its fatness.  
**Sleight**, dexterity in doing anything ; skill. From the same Scandinavian root as *sly* and *slyd*.  
**Catch**, a musical composition in three or four parts ; a round.  
**A match**, so be it ; it is a bargain.  
134 **Teeming**, overflowing with life.  
135 **Kit Marlowe**, Christopher Marlowe (1563-1593), poet and dramatist.  
The song here referred to is that entitled "The Passionate Shep-

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herd and his Love." "The Nymph's Reply to the Shepherd" is by Raleigh. (See next lesson.)

135 **Sir Walter Raleigh** (1552-1618), courtier, explorer, historian, and poet of Queen Elizabeth's reign.

### 34. Songs.

136 **Madrigal**, a short love song or poem.

**Philomel**, the nightingale. **Philomela**, daughter of **Pandion**, King of Athens, was, according to fable, changed into a nightingale.

### 35. Sports, Agriculture, and Trade of the Middle Ages.

137 **The Middle Ages**, the period from the fall of the Roman Empire in the west, about 450 A.D., to the taking of Constantinople by the Turks, in 1453.

**Salic**. The **Salic Law** was a code drawn up in the country of the Salian Franks, in Belgium, about the seventh century.

**Harold**, son of Godwin, who was killed at the battle of Hastings.

**Tapestry of Bayeux**, a piece of sewed work originally found in the cathedral of Bayeux, the pictures on which represent the invasion and conquest of England by the Normans.

139 **Saint Denis**, a French town near Paris. **Denis**, the apostle of the Gauls, and first bishop of Paris, is said to have been martyred here.

**Feudal lords**, holders of lands for which they owed military service to the king.

140 **Charter of John**, the Charter of the Forests, signed along with **Magna Charta** in 1215.

**Louis the Ninth**, **Saint Louis** of France; died in 1270.

141 **Charlemagne**, **Charles the Great**, King of the Franks, and subsequently Emperor of the West; died 814.

143 **Ponthieu**, an ancient district in the north of France.

**Romancers**, the writers of the metrical romances and romances of chivalry of the Middle Ages.

### 36. Sir Patrick Spens.

144 **Skeely**, skilful; experienced. (This and the other words of unusual spelling in the ballad are in the Scotch dialect, which is often merely an Old English form preserved.)

**Eldern**, elderly.

**Monenday**, **Wodensday**, the day of the Moon, the day of Woden; the original genitives.

145 **Fee**, property.

**Gane**, suffice.

**Half-fou**, half a bushel.

**Ever alake**, alas. The usual spelling is "ever alack."

**Gurly**, rough; boisterous; stormy. (Compare *growl*.)

146 **Wap**, thrust.

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146 Laith, loath; reluctant.

Aberdour, a village on the north side of the Firth of Forth.

## 37. The Scottish Borderers.

147 Warden, the same word as "guardian."

Moss trooper. "Moss" has the sense of *log* or *moorland*, as in *peat-moss*.148 Marchers, borderer: from *march*, a border or frontier. (Compare *mark*.)

151 Alnwick, Raby, Naworth, castles in the north of England. The first was long a bulwark against the Scots.

Blackmail, payment for protection against or exemption from pillage.

## 38. La Garde Doloureuse.

155 Eveline Berenger, daughter of Raymond Berenger, and Lady of the Castle of La Garde Doloureuse. Her father has just been slain in battle with the Welsh, and the castle is now besieged.

High and ecstatic expression, etc. On the previous evening, while at her devotions before a picture of the Virgin, she seemed to see the picture become endowed with life. She took this vision for a special sign of protection and favour.

156 Wilkin Flammock, a Flemish merchant, who, owing military service to Raymond Berenger, had been left by that nobleman in charge of the defence of the castle.

157 Our Lady of the Garde Doloureuse. The Virgin Mary "was revered as a peculiar and household deity by the family of Berenger."

Shrewsbury and Chester, English lords supposed to be advancing to the relief of the castle.

158 A Welsh wolf. The leader of the besiegers was Gwenwyn, Prince of Powys, the "Wolf of Wales," who had sought Eveline's hand in marriage.

160 Postern gate, a small private gate or back-door.

Cassock, a loose outer coat.

Dishabille (Fr. *déshabillé*), careless dress; undress.

Suspected of treachery. Flammock, pretending readiness to surrender the castle, had induced the Welsh to send in some cattle, for the castle was in need of provisions. His conference with the Welsh envoy having been overheard, he was suspected of actually intending to surrender the castle.

161 Gaud, an ornament; usually in a semi-contemptuous sense, a trinket. (Lat. *gaudium*.)

164 Father Aldrovand, the chaplain of Raymond Berenger.

Ajax, one of the bravest of the Greeks in the Trojan War.

What skills it, what is the use; what purpose will it serve.

165 Uncanonical, not in accordance with the canons or rules of the church.

Quarrel, a heavy arrow with a square head. (Lat. *quadrus*, square.)



## 39. Mary Ambree.

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166 Gaunt, Ghent in Belgium.

Gauntlet, originally a little glove. (Fr. *gant*.)

167 Ancient, a banner: a corruption of "ensign." The word was also used to mean "standard-bearer."

168 Parma, Duke of. Alexander Farnese, a great Spanish general of the sixteenth century. He was, in fact, not Duke but Prince of Parma.

## 40. Swineherds of the New Forest.

169 Boldre, a parish in the New Forest, Hampshire.

Mast, fruit of the beech and oak.

Lyndhurst, a village of Hampshire; the capital of the New Forest.

Bole, the trunk of a tree: a Scandinavian word.

Wattle, to twist and interweave twigs.

## 41. The Battle of Hastings.

174 Palisade, a row of stakes or pales; usually *palisade*.

Thane, an English noble; literally, "mature" or "grown-up."

St. Calixtus, a bishop of Rome who suffered martyrdom in the third century.

175 Gonfanon, a kind of banner; literally, a battle-flag. William's banner had been consecrated by the Pope.

Lay of Charlemagne and Roland, the "Song of Roland," a famous French poem of the eleventh century. Roland was the chief of Charlemagne's warriors. He fell at Roncesvalles.

Taille-fer, the cleaver of iron.

176 Point-blank, aiming directly towards the mark.

## 42. A Glance at the "Witenagemot."

180 Hardicanute, or Harthacnut (1040-1042), son of Canute. The "Anglo-Saxon friend" is not strictly accurate in his remarks: Harthacnut died in London as King of England.

Line of Cerdic, the royal house of Wessex, descended from Cerdic, a leader of the Saxon invaders, who conquered and occupied Wessëx.

Huscarls, the king's bodyguard.

Danegeld, a tax, first imposed by Ethelred in 991, to purchase the retreat of the Danes after the battle of Maldon.

182 Cowls, hoods worn by monks.

Mitre, a cap, cleft at the top, worn by bishops and cardinals.

Clerkship, scholarship: an obsolete meaning; the same word as "clergy."

Malcolm, King of the Scots, Malcolm the Third (1057-1093), son of Duncan. After the murder of his father by Macbeth, Malcolm found a refuge at the court of the Confessor.

183 Watling Street, a famous Roman road from Dover, through London, to Chester, and thence into Wales.

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- 183 Hengist and Horsa**, the leaders of the first Saxon invasion, in 449.  
**Roman fosseway**, a Roman road from the Tyne to Wales.
- 185 Sagas**, the stories of Norse and Danish chiefs and heroes which were told as tales by the fireside in Iceland. The word is here used in a rather wider sense.  
**Scalds**, properly poets, but here used to include saga-men.
- 186 Hundred**, a division or part of a shire, supposed to have contained originally a hundred families or freemen.  
**Shire**, a division corresponding more or less to the modern county; allied to "share."  
**Reeve**, a magistrate or overseer, as in port-reeve, borough-reeve, and shire-reeve (sheriff).  
**Doom**, decision; judgment; sentence.  
**Hyde**, a measure of land. Some writers place it as low as thirty acres; others, as high as a hundred. It was probably originally enough land for one family.  
**Churl**, a freeman, but not of noble blood.
- 187 Water of Scotland**, an old name for the Firth of Forth.  
**King Ethelbert**, King of Wessex, who ascended the throne in 860.  
**Acolyte**, servitor; attendant.  
**Egbert of Wessex**; died 836.
- 188 Romance jargon**. French, which began as a corrupt form of Latin or Roman, *lingua Romana rustica*. *Jargon* (Fr.) is a harsh, discordant language, which *jars*.  
**Northern pirates**, the Danish and Norse vikings.  
**Socman**, one holding his land by the mode of tenure called "socage," and having certain privileges.

#### 43. King John of France at Poitiers.

- 189 Captal de Buch**, a Gascon knight. The Gascons were at this time fighting on the side of the English.
- 190 The Prince of Wales**, Edward, the Black Prince, commander of the English army.
- 191 Sir John Chandos**, a famous English soldier who fought during the early part of the Hundred Years' War.

#### 44. Iseult's Tale.

- 193 Iseult**, Isolt, or Isolde, one of the heroines of the cycle of legends regarding King Arthur and his knights.  
**Broce-liande**, a wild and wooded country in the north of France.  
**Merlin**, a great enchanter and prophet of the time of King Arthur.  
**Fay**, fairy. (Fr. *fee*.) The word is connected with *fate*, and means "enchantment;" it has no connection with *fair*.  
**Vivian**, a beautiful but treacherous woman, one of the heroines of the Arthurian legends.
- 194 Wight**, person or being.  
**Fond**, simple; foolish.

## 45. Crossing the Alps.

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176 Arc, a river of Savoy.

Mr. Walpole, Horace Walpole (1717-1797), youngest son of Sir Robert; a man of letters, known chiefly as one of the most eminent English letter-writers.

198 Piedmont, the northernmost part of the kingdom of Italy, at the foot of the Alps. It was formerly a principality of the kingdom of Sardinia.

Capital of the Principality. Until 1860 Turin was capital, not only of Piedmont, but also of the kingdom of Sardinia.

Go post, to travel by means of relays of horses, changing at certain stations by the way. Hence post-horses, post-haste, etc.

## 46. Chamouni.

198 Servoz, a town in France near the Swiss border.

Chamouni, a celebrated valley in the French Alps. (Lat. *campus munitus*.)

199 Arve, a Swiss stream which flows through the vale of Chamouni, and joins the Rhone.

Bonneville, Cluses, towns on the banks of the Arve.

Aiguilles, sharp-pointed mountain masses. A French word, meaning "needles."

201 Glacier de Boisson, the celebrated Glacier des Bossons, over which tourists pass from Chamouni to Mont Blanc. It expands above into the Mer de Glace, or Sea of Ice.

Pyramidical, shaped like a *pyramid*; pyramidal.

## 47. Hymn before Sunrise in the Vale of Chamouni.

202 Arveiron, or Arveyron, a stream having its source in the Glacier des Bossons, the lowest part of the Mer de Glace.

203 Ice-falls, not avalanches, but steep glaciers which look like water-falls frozen into ice.

## 48. Napoleon.

205 General Clarke, General Junot, two of Napoleon's generals. The latter was defeated by Wellington at Vimiera in 1808. ~~or~~ Austerlitz, in Moravia, where Napoleon defeated the Austrians, 2nd December 1805.

Plenitude of his resources, abundance of his plans or expedients.

206 Lobenstein, a small town in Thuringia, Germany.

Jena, on the Saale, Germany, where the Prussians were totally defeated, 14th October 1806.

Arcola, Lonato, in the north of Italy, where Napoleon defeated the Austrians in 1796.

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- 207 **Las Casas** (1766-1842), Emmanuel Dieudonné, Comte de Las Casas, the writer of several works on Napoleon, and one of his companions in St. Helena.
- Montebello**, in the north of Italy, where the Austrians were defeated, June 1800.
- 209 **Kellermann** (1735-1820), a French general and field-marshal, who served in the Seven Years' War and under Napoleon.
- Tuileries**, a palace of the French kings in Paris.
- Bourrienne** (1769-1834), a French historian and diplomatist; private secretary to Napoleon.
- Ulysses**, a famous Greek warrior who took part in the siege of Troy: the hero of Homer's "Odyssey."
- William of Orange**, William the Third of England.
- Tithe**, tenth. The "n" has been lost.

#### 49. Escape from the Bastille.

- 210 **Bastille** (Fr. *a building*), a strong castle. A former castle and prison of Paris, in which state prisoners were confined. At the beginning of the French Revolution it was destroyed by a mob, 16th July 1789.
- 215 **Mortise**, a hole cut in a piece of wood, into which another piece, called the "tenon," is fitted.
- 216 **Reeve**, to pass the end of a rope through a hole. The usual past tense is "rove."
- Sheaves**, wheels or pulleys in a block. The singular is "sheave."
- 220 **Bercy**, formerly a village on the Seine, now a part of Paris.

#### 50. L'Allegro.

- 221 **L'Allegro**, the cheerful man (Italian).
- Cerberus**, the three-headed dog which guards the gate of Hades.
- Stygian**, from the river Styx, one of the rivers of the under-world.
- Cimmerian desert**. The Cimmerians were a people who, according to old Greek legends, dwelt beyond the ocean in perpetual darkness.
- Yclept**, named: an old word. The "y" is the survival of the Anglo-Saxon participial prefix "ge." For other examples of this "y," see selections from Spenser and Chaucer.
- Euphrosyne**, one of the three Graces. Her name means "mirth" or "merriment."
- Quip**, a jest, or rather jibe.
- Crank**, a twisting or turning of words; a change in the form or meaning of a word.
- Hebe**, the goddess of youth, and cup-bearer to the gods.
- 222 **Tells his tale**, counts his number of sheep. "Tell" and "tale" have two meanings, which still survive, though that here used is now rare.

## 51. II Penseroso.

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- 223 **II Penseroso**, the grave man (Italian).  
 Pensioners, dependants.  
**Morpheus**, the son of Somnus (sleep) and the god of dreams.  
 224 **Hist**, summon without noise : an obsolete verb.  
**Philomel**, the nightingale. A legendary princess of Athens, so named,  
 was changed into this bird.  
**Cynthia**, the moon goddess.  
**Plat**, plot.  
**Counterfeit**, imitate.  
**Bellman's drowsy charm**. The watchman who cried the hours used  
 some benediction or charm to guard a house from the dangers of  
 the night.

## 52. Westminster Abbey.

- 226 **Cloisters**, covered arcades in a monastery or abbey.  
 227 **Prebendary**, a clergyman attached to a cathedral church, who is  
 maintained out of the cathedral revenues.  
**The present war**, the War of the Spanish Succession (1702-1713).  
 229 **Blenheim**. Marlborough defeated the French, 1704.  
**Sir Cloudesley Shovel** (1659-1707), a British admiral who assisted at  
 the taking of Gibraltar in 1704.  
**Beau**, a man of fashionable dress ; a fop.  
**Periwig**, a small wig or peruke.  
**Rostral**, like or belonging to the beak of a ship (Lat. *rostrum*). A  
 common form of monumental and other decoration in Rome.  
 230 **Wit**, a man of lively fancy or keen humour, with the power of  
 expressing it well.

## 53. The Opinions of an Old Book.

- 231 **Quarto**, a book of such a size that a sheet is folded to make four  
 leaves. (Lat. *quartus*.)  
 232 **Xerxes**, a king of Persia, who led a great army across the Hellespont  
 into Europe to conquer Greece (480 A.D.).  
 234 **Sir Philip Sydney**, or Sidney (1554-1586), a courtier, scholar, soldier,  
 and man of letters of Elizabeth's reign. Elizabeth called him  
 "the jewel of her time."  
**Sackville**, Thomas, Lord Buckhurst (1536-1608), poet and statesman,  
 the author of the first English tragedy, "Gorboduc."  
**John Lyly** (1553-1606?), the author of several plays, and also of  
 "Euphues," a romance written in a highly ornate style, which  
 set the fashion, and gave the name to "euphuism."  
**Varlet**, from Old French *varlet*, a groom, youth, or stripling. The  
 original spelling was *vaslet*; then it became *varlet*; and finally  
 the modern *valet*. It is the diminutive of "vassal."  
 236 **Verger**, from *verge*, a rod : originally a rod-bearer ; here an attendant  
 or beadle.

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**54. On Chapman's Homer.**

- 236 **Chapman**, George (1559-1634?), dramatist, poet, and translator.  
**Demesne**, another spelling of "domain."  
**Cortez** (1484-1547), the Spanish conqueror of Mexico, and discoverer of California.

**55. The Temple of Fame.**

- 237 **Ambient**, surrounding. (Lat. *ambire*.)  
**Stars with blazing hair**, comets; named from the Greek, *komētēs*, long-haired.  
238 **Alternate**, the adjective used for "alternately."  
239 **Guilty bays**, fame won in the way described. The bay or laurel was used for wreaths or crowns of victory. Hence the term "poet-laureate."

**56. The Corner of a Meadow.**

- 240 **Osier**, a species of willow.  
**Moat**, a trench or ditch.  
241 **Miniature**, originally a small painting; from Lat. *minium*, red lead; Italian *miniare*, to colour with red lead.  
243 **Flags**, reeds; the same word as "flag," a standard, so-called from waving in the wind.  
**Stoles**, offshoots from a tree, which, after leaving the stem, descend into the earth.

**57. Work.**

- 248 **Amorphous botch**, shapeless blot; work done in a bungling manner.  
249 **Sir Christopher Wren**, the builder of St. Paul's Cathedral.  
**Portland stone**, stone from the Isle of Portland, Dorsetshire, a limestone which is highly prized for building purposes. Wren used it for St. Paul's.  
250 **Gideon**, see Judges vi. 37-40.  
**Norse Sea-king**, a viking. The word "viking" (*vīk-ing*) has, however, no connection with "king."  
252 **Kepler** (1571-1630), a great German astronomer.  
**Newton**, Sir Isaac (1642-1727), the great mathematician and philosopher, best known for his investigation of the law of gravitation.  
**Agony of bloody sweat**. See Luke xxii. 44.  
**Spartan**, a people of ancient Greece, noted for their courage and endurance.

**58. The Dignity of Labour.**

- 254 **The philosopher's stone**, a stone or preparation which the alchemists sought as the means of converting the baser metals into gold.  
**Crucible**, a chemical melting-pot, capable of enduring great heat.  
**Putrid**, decayed; rotten.  
255 **Delicate iron thread**, telegraph wires and cables.  
(1,183)

## 59. Labour in Utopia.

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257 **Utopia**, an imaginary island, which was taken as a model of a happy and well-governed state. The word means "the land of nowhere."

**Be**, an obsolete form, now used only in the subjunctive mood.

**Cunning**, skilful; not used in a bad sense as now.

258 **Siphogrants**, officers or magistrates of Utopia, elected annually, and having each control over thirty families.

260 **Commodity**, convenience; an obsolete use.

263 **Public weal**, public well-being; common good; commonwealth.

## 60. The Leech=Gatherer.

265 **Chatterton**, Thomas (1752-1770). His first work, a satire, was written at the age of eleven. He afterwards wrote pretended translations from old manuscripts, which he professed to have discovered.

**Him who walked**, etc. Robert Burns (1759-1796).

266 **Conned**, observed closely; from the same root as "can."

267 **Housing**, dwelling; lodging.

## 61. Character of James Watt.

268 **James Watt**, great engineer and inventor, born in Greenock in 1736. **Commemoration**, recalling to mind.

269 **National debt**, the money which has been borrowed by the State mainly to carry on wars; "consols," or the consolidated funds.

270 **Rectifying**, refining; purifying.

272 **Measures**, metre or form.

## 62. The Last of the Incas.

276 **Incas**, the rulers of Peru.

**Pizarro**, the conqueror of Peru, and founder of Lima. He began life as a swineherd, and then became a soldier. He was assassinated in 1541.

**Falconets**, small pieces of artillery.

277 **Atahualpa**, the last of the Incas. The Spaniards took advantage of a civil war between Atahualpa and his brother Huascar to interfere, and espousing the cause of the former, were admitted into the capital. Atahualpa was subsequently put to death in 1533.

280 **Dominican friar**. The Dominicans, or preaching friars, were an order founded by St. Dominic (1170-1221).

281 **His deity**. The ancient Peruvians worshipped the sun.

282 **St. Jago**, St. James the Greater, the son of Zebedee, the patron saint of the Spaniards.

284 **Caxamalca**, a town of Peru, 280 miles north of Lima, the scene of the death of Atahualpa.

## 63. The Cave of Mammon.

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285 **Albe**, although (albeit).**Annexed**, adjoining.**Mammon**, the god of riches.**Sir Guyon**, the Knight of Temperance, whose adventures form the theme of the second book of the "Faerie Queene."286 **Arachne**, the Spider; also a Greek maiden, who, according to an old myth, was turned into a spider because she was proud of her skill in spinning.**His**, its. "His" was the possessive of "hit" until after the time of Spenser.287 **Nil** (ne will), will not; refuse.**Assay**, trial; the same word as "essay."**Culver**, a wood pigeon.**Wist**, knew; past tense of "wit" or "wot." (Anglo-Saxon *witan*, to know.)**Weren pight**, were fixed; pight is akin to "pitched" = placed.288 **Vulcan**, the god of fire, who presided over workers in metal. **He it** was who forged Jupiter's thunderbolts.**Swink**, toil; an old verb.**Battelous**, warlike.**Emprise**, undertaking; enterprise.**No'te he chuse**, he could not choose (ne wot).**Mesprise**, contempt or neglect.

## 64. Damascus.

289 **Damascus**, the capital of Syria, and largest town in Western Asia.**Anti-Libanus**, or Anti-Lebanon. The mountains of Lebanon are divided into two parallel ranges—Lebanon on the west, and Anti-Lebanon on the east.**Barada**, the Abana of the Bible.**Zebdani**, north-west of Damascus.291 **Palmyra**, in the second and third centuries a wealthy city of Northern Syria. Splendid ruins still exist, the chief of which is the Temple of the Sun.**Bagdad**, a Turkish city on the Tigris. A former centre of Arabic learning and literature.**Helion**, the highest peak of Anti-Libanus (9,150 feet).292 **Mussulman** (or Moslem), a follower of Mohammed; literally one who holds the faith of *Islam*.**The Prophet**, etc., Mohammed, or Mahomet, the founder of the religion named after him Mohammedanism; born at Mecca in 569; died at Medina in 632.**Henry Thomas Buckle** (1822-1862), began a "History of Civilization in England," but only completed two volumes.



## 65. Address to a Mummy.

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- 293 **Thebes**, the ancient capital of Upper Egypt.  
**Memnon**, one of two colossal statues erected by Amenhotep the Third of Egypt. According to ancient tradition, this statue, when first touched by the rays of the rising sun, emitted a musical tone.  
**Cheops, Cephrenes**, Egyptian kings, the supposed builders of the pyramids which bear their names.  
**Pompey's Pillar**, a column of red granite near Alexandria, so named through error; it was erected in honour of the Emperor Diocletian (284-305 A.D.).  
**Misnomer**, a wrong name or title. The word is generally used in a semi-jocular way.  
**Queen Dido**, the reputed founder and first queen of Carthage.  
295 **Romulus and Remus**, twin sons of a priestess of Mars, said to have been cast out to die, but were suckled by a she-wolf. The former was the reputed founder of Rome.  
**Cambyzes**, a Persian conqueror of Egypt (died 51 B.C.). He pillaged Memphis, and slew the sacred bull Apis.  
**Osiris, Orus, Apis, Isis**, deities of the ancient Egyptians.  
296 **Tegument**, the body; a covering. (Lat. *tegere*.)

## 66. Ser Francesco.

- 297 **Ser, Messer**, Italian equivalents for master. The former is much used by Boccaccio. Messer Francesco and Ser Giovanni are respectively Petrarch and Boccaccio, two famous Italian authors.  
**Certaldo**, a town of Central Italy, about twenty miles from Florence; birthplace of Boccaccio.  
**Semplicetta**, simple, or kind little thing. (Pronounce *semplee-tchetta*.)  
**Monsignore**, my lord.  
299 **Bestiaccia**, brute; ugly beast. (Pronounce *bestee-atcha*.)  
**Poco garbato**, ill-bred; badly brought up.  
**Bastone**, stick.  
300 **Riveritissimo**, most revered; highly respected.  
**Genuflexion**, bending of the knee.  
**Gnor**, ignorant.

## 67. Julius Cæsar.

- 302 **The Fabians**, a noble family of Rome, the most famous member of which was Quintus Fabius Maximus, who, by a waiting policy, wore out the strength of Hannibal. Hence "Fabian policy."  
**The Scipios**, a celebrated Roman family. The most distinguished were Publius Cornelius Scipio, surnamed Africanus, who conquered Hannibal, and Publius Æmilianus, his adopted son, who destroyed Carthage.  
**The Metellians**, a famous Roman family. The most distinguished

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- was the Metellus who defeated Jugurtha, and under whom Marius served.
- 302 **Sulla**, or Sylla, Lucius Cornelius, one of the greatest of Roman generals. He first served under Marius, and afterwards became dictator and the leader of the aristocratic party.
- Marius**, a celebrated Roman general of plebeian origin, who conquered Jugurtha, and defeated the Cimbri and Teutones. By his marriage he was allied to the family of Cæsar.
- The two Lucullians**, two brothers, one a lieutenant under Sulla, the other a famous Roman general, and still more famous for his luxury.
- Pompey**, Cnæus Pompeius, surnamed Magnus, a great Roman general, and the rival of Julius Cæsar. He was defeated by Cæsar at Pharsalus, and afterwards assassinated at Alexandria (48 B.C.).
- 304 **Acilius**, an officer under Cæsar in the Civil Wars.
- Dyrrachium**, the modern Durazzo, a small town in Turkey, on the Adriatic.
- 305 **Scipio**, an adherent of Pompey in the Civil Wars. He was defeated by Cæsar at Thapsus, in the north of Africa.
- 306 **Falling sickness**, epileptic fits.
- A cloak to cherish him withal**, an excuse for treating himself tenderly.
- Oppius**, a friend of Cæsar, famous for his "Life of Scipio Africanus" and "Life of Pompey." In the latter he defames Pompey and extols Cæsar.
- 307 **Sperage**, asparagus.
- Easing**, the eaves; contracted from *eaves-ing*.

### 68. Cassius's Appeal to Brutus.

- 308 **That virtue**. Brutus has just said, "I love the name of honour more than I fear death."
- Favour**, appearance.
- I had as lief not be**, I would as soon not live at all.
- Accoutred**, fully armed.
- Hearts of controversy**, hearts eager for the struggle.
- Æneas, our great ancestor**. The reputed founder of the Roman nation was a Trojan prince named Æneas, who escaped from Troy when it had been set on fire by the Greeks, bearing his father Anchises on his shoulders. After many wanderings, he at length landed in Italy. The story of his wanderings is told by Virgil in the "Æneid."
- 309 **Temper**, quality.
- Colossus**, a gigantic statue, especially that at the entrance to the harbour of Rhodes, which was said to stand across the harbour mouth, and to be so large that ships passed between the legs.
- Rome.....room**, a pun. "Rome" was pronounced "Room" in Shakespeare's time.

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310 **A Brutus once.** This was Lucius Junius Brutus, who took a leading part in driving out Tarquinius Superbus, the last of the Roman kings.

**Nothing jealous,** not at all doubtful.

**Some aim,** some notion ; some idea.

**Chew upon this,** turn this over in your mind ; compare *ruminate*.

### 69. The World at Auction.

310 **Pretorians,** a regiment of Roman soldiers corresponding to our Life Guards.

**Pertinax,** emperor of Rome for eighty-seven days. He was assassinated by the pretorians because he attempted to reform the discipline of that body in 193 A.D.

**Lætus,** a Roman officer who first conspired against the Emperor Commodus, and raised Pertinax to the throne, and afterwards conspired against Pertinax.

**Declined,** avoided ; refused to face.

311 **Donative,** a gratuity given to the soldiers on the accession of a new emperor.

312 **Congratulated.....felicity,** congratulated themselves and the state on their good fortune. The meaning of the word and the construction are Latin, a characteristic of Gibbon.

### 70. The Flight of the Kalmucks.

314 **Kien Long,** Emperor of China from 1735 to 1796.

**The Great Wall,** a wall which extends for a distance of 1,250 miles, forming the boundary line between China Proper and Mongolia.

315 **Indorse** here has the literal original meaning. It usually means to sign one's name on the back of a document, and hence to support.

316 **Kalmuck host,** a Tartar nation which migrated from the banks of the Volga to China in 1771.

**The Torgau,** or Torgai, a river in the south-west of Siberia.

317 **Prematurely precipitated,** forced them to act before they were ready to do so.

318 **Tengis,** another name for Lake Balkash in Siberia. De<sup>c</sup> Quincey probably means some lake nearer China, but it must be remembered that the whole account is partly invention and partly history.

**Kobi,** or Gobi, a great desert in Central Asia.

**Scimitar,** a short sword with the point curved backward.

**Kirghises and Bashkirs,** Tartar tribes dwelling near the Caspian Sea, the Volga, and the Sea of Aral. They were the hereditary enemies of the Kalmucks.

### 71. The Canadian Indians.

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- 322 **Hampstead Heath**, above the village of Hampstead, now part of the north of London.  
**Stagnant**, here "uncultivated," but usually applied to water, when it means "without motion."  
 323 **Lake Simcoe**, a lake in Ontario, Canada.  
**Penetanguishene Bay**, a harbour on the Canadian side of Lake Huron, in Ontario.  
 327 **Feu de joie**, firing of guns as a sign of rejoicing or a salute.  
 328 **Gorgetts**, ornaments for the neck; originally armour for the "gorge" or throat.  
 330 **The Salt Lake**, the Atlantic Ocean

### 72. Thanatopsis

- 332 **Thanatopsis**, a Greek word signifying a "view of death."  
 333 **Barcan wilderness**, a desert in the north of Africa between Tripoli and Egypt, and continuous with the Sahara.  
**Oregon**, or **Columbia**, after the Yukon the largest river on the west coast of North America.

### 73. Habits of the Red Deer.

- 335 **Shielings**, shelters; summer huts: a Scandinavian word.  
**Murrain**, an infectious and fatal disease of cattle. (Lat. *mori*.)  
 337 **Corrie**, a narrow valley leading into the hills, and open only at one end; a Gaelic word, meaning a "pot" or "caldron."

### 74. The Industry of a Gentleman.

- 340 **Paradoxical**, apparently contradictory.  
**Fruition**, enjoyment. (Lat. *frui*.)  
 342 **Propound**, exhibit or set forth. The word is usually employed of a question, or its solution.  
**Quality**, rank, as in "a man of quality."

### 75. Letter to her Son, from Lady Fanshawe.

- 345 **Sanguine**, ruddy. (Lat. *sanguis*, blood.)  
 346 **Discovered**, revealed; an old meaning.  
 347 **Honest**, honourable; the original meaning.

### 76. The Red-Cross Knight.

- The Red-Cross Knight stands for Religion, especially that of the Church of England, the Lady Una for Truth, and the Dwarf who lagged behind for the Flesh.  
 348 **Pricking**, spurring.  
**Jolly**, handsome; not used in the modern sense.

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- 348 **Cheer**, mien; countenance; the original sense.  
**Gloriana**, the Queen of Faerie; supposed to represent Queen Elizabeth.  
**Puissance**, might: a French word.  
**Wimples**, drawn down; plaited.  
**Stole**, scarf.  
 350 **Forwasted**, wasted entirely; "for" is here an intensive prefix.  
**Compelled**, induced to come; used in a weaker sense than its modern meaning.  
**Needments**, necessities: the English word where we use the Latin.  
**Jove**, Jupiter, the chief god of the Romans.  
**His leman**, his favourite: here it means the earth.  
**Eke**, also. The word is from the same root as the verb "to eke."  
 "A nickname" = "an eke-name."  
**Alley**, in the original sense, a walk.  
**Harbour**, shelter; literally, "army-shelter."  
**Them**, the dative case = to them.  
 351 **Funeral**, used as an adjective = *funereal*.  
**Mead of mighty conquerors**, a reference to the laurel wreaths of the ancients.  
**Paramours**, lovers; originally an adverb.  
**Platane**, the plane tree.  
**Holme**, the holly tree, used for carving.  
**Been**, the original third person plural of the verb. (Compare "weren pight" in Lesson 63.)  
**Eftsoons**, in a short time; soon afterwards.  
 352 **Wot**, know; from the verb *witan*.  
**Rede**, counsel; advice.

## 77. The Year.

- Saffron**, originally the Turkish name of a yellow flower; hence yellow.  
**Sheen**, splendour; from "show," not from "shine."

## 78. Johnson.

- 353 **Johnson** (1709-1784), Dr. Samuel, the great English essayist and philosopher, author of Johnson's "Dictionary."  
**Hypochondria**, a mental disorder, in which a person is tortured with gloomy forebodings, especially regarding his own health.  
**Nessus'-shirt**. Nessus was a centaur—or fabulous being, half-man, half-horse—slain by Hercules. His tunic, being poisoned, afterwards caused that hero's death.  
 354 **Gentleman Commoner**, a student of the second rank in the University of Oxford.  
 355 **Paper-age**, the name which Carlyle gives to the eighteenth century.  
**Church of St. Clement Danes**, a church in London where Johnson had a sitting, now marked by a plate and an inscription.

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355 **Voltaire** (1694-1778), one of the greatest of French writers; poet, dramatist, philosopher, and historian. Many of his writings are irreligious.

### 79. Shakespeare.

356 **Heresies of paradox**, unsound opinions which become popular from their paradoxical form.

**Consolatory expedients**, means of consoling themselves.

**Opacity**, obscurity. It here means an obscure or dark medium.

**Contention**, effort; an old meaning.

357 **Pythagorean scale**. Pythagorus was a Greek philosopher and mathematician, born about 580 B.C. The Pythagoreans found the elements of all things in numbers.

358 **Prescriptive**, pleading the authority of long use and wont.

**Devolved**, were handed down or transmitted.

360 **Euripides**, a famous Greek tragedian of the fifth century before Christ. **Prudence**, wisdom or philosophy. (Compare "jurisprudence.")

**Hierocles**, a Greek philosopher who taught in Alexandria about 485 A.D.

361 **Pope**, Alexander (1688-1744), English poet, and a great master of poetic form.

362 **Approximate**, here used transitively = to bring near.

### 80. Scene from "Romeo and Juliet."

363 **Ducats**, originally silver coins; in this case gold (Lat. *ducatus*, a duchy, from *dux*).

**Soon-speeding gear**, a drug which will soon *speed* or dismiss from life. "Gear" is here used in the general sense of "stuff."

**Mantua**, a town in Northern Italy, where this scene of the play is laid. The scene of the rest of the play is laid in Verona.

**Any he that utters them**, any person who sells them. "Utter" is derived from "out."

**Juliet**, the chief heroine of the play. Romeo, her lover, has heard that she has poisoned herself.

### 81. Scene from "King John."

364 **Beldams**, old women.

**Young Arthur's death**. Prince Arthur, son of John's elder brother Geoffrey, was the heir to the throne. He disappeared suddenly and mysteriously at Rouen in 1203, and the story generally believed is that he was stabbed, either by John himself or by his orders, and his body thrown into the Seine. Shakespeare makes him die by leaping from the wall of an English castle.

**Common in their mouths**, talked about everywhere.

**Embattailed**, in battle array.

**Provoke**, urge on.

**More upon humour than advised respect**, more from caprice or ill-temper than deliberate consideration.

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365 Quoted, noted ; a rare use.

Broke with thee, hinted to thee ; mentioned.

Made it not conscience, saw no harm in it ; did not make it a matter for conscience to decide.

Express, definite.

366 Incensed, aroused ; kindled.

Tame to their obedience, return quietly to their allegiance.

## 82. Scene from "King Richard the Third."

366 **Brakenbury**, lieutenant of the Tower.

**Clarence**, brother of King Edward the Fourth, and of the Duke of Gloucester. He had married the daughter of the Earl of Warwick, and supported that nobleman against the king. Before the battle of Barnet he deserted Warwick, and went over to the king. At this time he has just been thrown into the Tower by Edward, who had never forgiven his alliance with Warwick. He never came out of the Tower alive. The common story is that he was drowned in a barrel of wine, but Shakespeare causes him to be slain by order of his brother Gloucester.

**Gloucester**, Richard, Duke of Gloucester, afterwards Richard the Third.

367 **The Wars of York and Lancaster**, the Wars of the Roses (1455-1485).

**Sour ferryman**, Chæron, who, according to ancient Greek legend, conveyed the souls of the dead across the river Styx to Hades.

**Renowned Warwick**, Richard Neville, Earl of Warwick, surnamed the Kingmaker. He was slain at Barnet in 1471, while fighting against Edward the Fourth.

368 **Perjury**. Clarence had sworn fealty to Henry the Sixth, and his son Prince Edward.

**A shadow like an angel**, Prince Edward, son of Henry the Sixth, who was taken prisoner at Tewkesbury (1471), and stabbed by Clarence and Gloucester.

**Tewkesbury**, a town of Gloucestershire, on the Avon.

**Edward's sake**. In this case Clarence's brother, King Edward the Fourth, is meant.

**Requite** (also spelt requit), to quit oneself of an obligation ; to repay in kind.

## 83. The Battle of Naseby.

369 **Prince Rupert**, the nephew of Charles the First, and a famous cavalry leader during the Civil War. He afterwards became an admiral, and served against the Dutch during the reign of Charles the Second.

**Naseby**, a village on the borders of Northampton.

370 **Lord Astley**, an officer of the king's army during the Civil War.

**Sir Marmaduke Langdale**, a distinguished general on the side of the king.

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- 373 **Essex, Waller**, two parliamentary generals.  
**Edgehill** (1642), the first battle of the Civil War. It was indecisive.  
 374 **Fairfax**, commander-in-chief of the new model army of the Commonwealth at Naseby.  
 . **Aspersed**, slandered ; charged falsely.

#### 84. The Battle of Dunbar.

- 375 **Lambert**, a major-general serving under Cromwell in the Scottish campaign. He died in prison in the island of Guernsey soon after the Restoration.  
**Doon Hill**, a spur of the Lammermoors, near Dunbar.  
**Monk**, Colonel George Monk, afterwards General Monk of Restoration fame.  
**Harvest moon**. During the harvest season the full moon rises at almost the same time for several successive evenings. Hence the "harvest moon" has acquired special importance.  
**Brock**, a small stream near Dunbar, running through a deep, grassy glen.  
 376 **A major-general**, Major-General Holburn.  
**My pudding-headed Yorkshire friend**, Major Hodgson, one of Cromwell's officers, who is Carlyle's authority for several incidents in his "Life of Cromwell."  
 378 **Snaphances**, Dutch firelocks in general use in the seventeenth century.  
**Copperspath**, or Cockburnspath, a village of Berwickshire, near which the road into England passed through a deep defile.  
 379 **Nol**, common contraction for Oliver, and the Cavalier nickname for Cromwell.  
**Belhaven**, a fishing village near Dunbar.  
**Hacker**, Colonel Francis Hacker, an officer under Cromwell. He was one of the officers appointed to witness the execution of Charles the First, for which he afterwards suffered death.  
 380 **Committee of Estates**, committee of the Scottish Parliament, who were responsible for the conduct of the campaign.  
**General David Lesley**, the conqueror of Montrose, and commander of the Scots at Dunbar.  
**Old Leven**, General Sir Alexander Lesley, a veteran of the Thirty Years' War, and nominally commander-in-chief of the Scottish forces, but here present merely as a spectator.  
**January 1644**, when the Scots marched into England to help the Parliament.  
**Covenant**, the National Covenant signed in 1638, and again, in conjunction with the English Puritans, as the Solemn League and Covenant in 1643.  
**Covenanted Stuart King**, Charles the Second, who, after considerable pressure, had been induced to sign the Covenant.



### 85. An Evening Dream.

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381 **Brown Bess**, the name given to a musket formerly used by the British army.

382 **Leal**, loyal ; true.

### 86. Of Friendship.

386 **Him that spake it**, the great Greek philosopher Aristotle (385-322 B.C.), in his "Politics."

**Aversion**. The form "aversion" is now used.

387 **The Roman name**—that is, *participes curarum*.

388 **Sovereign**, an unfailing remedy.

**Themistocles**, a leading Athenian citizen during the time of the Persian Wars in the fifth century before Christ. To him was due the credit of the great naval victory of Salamis (480 B.C.). He was afterwards banished from Athens, and fled to the Persian court.

**Cloth of arras**, tapestry. The words really used by Themistocles were "a rich Persian carpet."

389 **Vulgar**, common ; the original meaning of the word.

**Heracitus**, an early Greek philosopher. He took a melancholy view of life, and was styled "the weeping philosopher."

**Enigmas**, dark sayings.

391 **The bestowing**, the settling of or providing for. (Anglo-Saxon, *stow*, a place.)

### 87. Praise of Queen Elizabeth.

393 **Magnanimity**, greatness of mind ; now used in a narrower sense, equal to generosity or nobility.

**Extenuateth**, reduces ; makes thin ; an unusual sense of the word.

**Countervailed**, balanced. (Lat. *contra*, *valere*.)

394 **In league only with one**, etc. Spain is here meant, with which England was allied, on the accession of Elizabeth, and for some years afterwards.

**Conjured**, sworn ; the original meaning.

396 **Communicate**, share.

**Minorities of some**, for example, James the Sixth of Scotland.

397 **Left the possession**. Scotland is here presumably meant. English armies helped the Protestants there during the Wars of the Congregation.

**Refused the sovereignty**. The Dutch twice asked Elizabeth to accept the sovereignty of Holland.

### 88. Wolsey on his Fall.

397 **Wanton**, literally unrestrained ; heedless.

398 **Aspect**, look ; favourable regard.

**Lucifer**, Satan. Literally the word means "light-bringer," and was

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the name given to Venus as a morning star. In Isa. xiv. 12, we have "Lucifer, son of the morning."

398 **Cromwell**, Thomas, said to have been a blacksmith's son. Wolsey, seeing his abilities, attached him to his train, and he afterwards rose high in the king's favour, which, however, he lost by his advice to Henry to marry Anne of Cleves. He was executed in 1540.

**Lady Anne**, Anne Boleyn or Bullen, whom Henry the Eighth married after the divorce of Queen Catherine. She was executed in 1536.

399 **Will stir him**, will move him "not to let," etc.

### 89. Light.

400 **Effluence of bright essence increate**, flowing out from the uncreated being (of God).

**Hear'st thou rather**, dost thou prefer to be called.

**The Stygian Pool**, the lake into which, according to Milton, Satan and the fallen angels were hurled from heaven.

**Obscure sojourn**. The first and second books of the "Paradise Lost" treat of Satan and his followers in their prison-house.

**Utter darkness**, the darkness of hell; "utter" is "outer."

**Middle darkness**, the great gulf between hell and heaven.

**Orphean lyre**, etc. Milton means that he, like Orpheus, has sung of Night; but while Orpheus was inspired by his mother Calliope, he was inspired by the "heavenly Muse."

**Thou revisit'st not these eyes**. This is a reference to his blindness.

**Drop serene, dim suffusion**. Those are the two supposed causes of blindness known in Milton's day. The former means a watery humour on the optic nerve, the latter cataract.

**Thamyris**, an ancient Greek poet and musician mentioned by several Greek writers.

**Mæonides**, Homer, the greatest Greek poet, author of the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey."

**Tiresias and Phineus**, famous blind prophets and poets of Greek antiquity.

401 **Move harmonious numbers**, translate themselves into musical verse.

**Darkling**, in the dark or twilight.

**Irradiate**, enlighten; illuminate.

### 90. The Fifth Day.

401 **And God said**, etc. The first few lines are adapted from Gen. i. 20-23.

**Soul**, here means creature or being.

**Fry**, little fish just spawned.

402 **Sculls**, shoals; originally the same word. (Compare *schools* of whales.)

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492 **Attend**, await.

**Banded dolphins.** The dolphin appears arched when leaping out of the water.

**Tempest**, raise into billows and lash into foam.

**Leviathan**, a gigantic sea-creature mentioned in the Bible—here probably the whale; but if so, the description is not to be taken literally.

**Callow**, bald; unfledged.

**Fledge.** This is middle English *flegge*, ready to fly, for which we have substituted the participle *fledged*.

**Summed their pens**, their feathers were fully grown; an expression taken from hawking.

**Plumes**, feathers, or rather wings.

### 91. Death of Socrates.

404 **Crito**, an old and intimate friend of Socrates.

**The Eleven**, the eleven magistrates of Athens.

407 **A libation**, liquor, usually wine, poured on the ground as a sacrifice to, or in honour of, some deity.

**Apollodorus**, an Athenian, a friend of Socrates.

408 **A cock to Æsculapius.** Æsculapius, or Asclepius, was the god of the healing art. An offering was usually made to him on recovery from sickness. Socrates probably means that he looks on death as a recovery from the "fitful fever" of life, and so owes an offering to Æsculapius.

### 93. London in the Time of Chaucer.

410 **Appetite**, love, desire after.

**Engendrure**, birth.

**Petrarca**, or Petrarch, a great Italian poet of the fourteenth century.

**Avignon**, an old French city on the Rhone. It is still encircled by a wall, and has narrow, crooked streets.

**Cicero**, **Virgil**, **Brutus**, **Cato**, famous men of ancient Rome.

411 **Founded by the Romans.** During the greater part of the Roman occupation, London consisted of two forts, one at each end of the bridge across the Thames. The suburbs were enclosed by a wall about the year 360 A.D. From this time to the end of the Roman occupation, London, under the name of *Augusta*, was the capital of Roman Britain. The name London itself is, however, Celtic.

412 **Bede** (673-735), scholar and historian, the "Father of English Prose."

**Alcuin** (735-804), the most famous scholar of his age. Under him the school of York became one of the most celebrated in Europe. His later years were spent in the service of Charlemagne, who wished to encourage learning and letters in his empire.

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- 413 **Knights Templars**, an order of knights first formed for the protection of pilgrims on the road to Jerusalem. They became a very powerful and, indeed, formidable order, and were suppressed about the beginning of the fourteenth century.
- Peter of Blois**, writer of the twelfth century; born at Blois, and invited to England by Henry the Second.
- 416 **David, King of Scots**, David the Second, son of Robert the Bruce. He was taken prisoner at the battle of Neville's Cross in 1346, and not liberated till 1357.
- Sir William Walworth**. He struck down Wat Tyler for insolence in the presence of the king, Richard the Second (1381).

#### 94. Prologue to the Canterbury Tales.

##### AT THE TABARD INN.

- 417 **Swoote**, sweet; the plural of the adjective.
- Swich**, such. This form is intermediate between the older "swile" and the modern "such."
- Zephirus**, the west wind.
- Holt**, wood.
- Croppes**, tops or upper shoots.
- Ram**, the sign of the zodiac called Aries or the Ram, the position of the sun in spring-time.
- Smale**, the plural of the adjective.
- Maken**, the plural of the verb. The plural in *en* is characteristic of the Midland dialect.
- Priketh**, spurs on; excites.
- Hem**, here, them, their.
- Corages**, hearts; spirits.
- Gon**, the *n* is the sign of the infinitive.
- Palmers**, men who brought home from the Holy Land *palm branches*. Here the word is used generally for pilgrims travelling to foreign countries.
- Ferne holwes**, distant holies or saints. The *v* is the older *g*, which has become *y* with us.
- Kouthe**, the past participle of *cunnan*, to know.
- Wende**, go. The past tense *went* is now used as the past of *go*.
- Martir**, Thomas à Becket.
- Southwerk**, Southwark, on the Surrey side of the Thames, now a part of London, but in Chaucer's time a village on the road to Canterbury.
- By aventure**, by chance. (Compare *misadventure*.)
- Wolden**, would; purposed.
- Wel.....esed**, well accommodated.
- Atte beste**, in the best style; "at the best."
- Everichon**, every one.
- Anon**, "an one;" at once.

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## THE KNIGHT.

- 418 **Ferre**, farther; the comparative degree of *fer*, far. The *th* is intrusive.  
**Hethenesse**, heathen lands.  
**Worthy**, distinguished.  
**Port**, bearing; carriage.  
**Nevir**.....**no**.....**ne**.....**no**. Note the four negatives. This is in accordance with old English usage. Our use of negatives is not English but Latin.

## THE PRIORESS.

- 418 **Coy**, quiet.  
**Seinte Loy**, St. Eloy, or St. Eligius. This is the usual surmise, but it may be St. Louis.  
**Fetisly**, neatly.  
**Stratford-atte-Bowe**, now called Stratford-le-Bow, in the east of London. It is not necessary to suppose that this is a sneer at her French. Chaucer may be merely stating the fact that the French spoken in England at this time differed considerably from the French of Paris.  
**Coude**, could. The *l* is intrusive.  
**Lest**, pleasure; delight. (Compare *lust*.)  
420 **Wastel breed**, cake bread. (Old French *gâteau*, *gâteau*.)  
**Yerde**, rod; stick.

## THE CLERK OF OXFORD.

- Y-go**, gone.  
**Overeste courtiepy**, uppermost short coat. The word "courtiepy" is a hybrid from French *court*, short, and Dutch *pije*, a coarse cloth. (Compare *pea-jacket*.)  
**Him**, the dative case.  
**Levere**, comparative of *lefe*, lief; more agreeable.  
**Aristotle** (384-323 B.C.), a famous Greek philosopher, the tutor of Alexander the Great.  
**Fithele**, *sautrie*, fiddle, psaltery.  
**Hente**, obtain.  
**Yaf**, gave.  
**Scoleye**, to attend school. (Old French *escolier*.)  
**Oo**, one.  
**In forme and reverence**, with propriety and modesty.  
**Hy sentence**, excellent sense; weighty meaning.  
**Sownynge in**, sounding in; tending to.

## THE POOR PARSON.

- 421 **Lafte**, left; omitted.  
**Despitous**, without pity; angry.  
**Digne**, proud; disdainful.

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421 **Snibben**, reprove ; snub.**For the nouns**, for the occasion ; "for then once."**Spiced**, over-nice ; morbidly scrupulous.

## THE HOST.

**Han**, have (infinitive).422 **Lordinges**, sons of lords ; gentlemen.**Herberwe**, inn ; lodging.**Ese**, pleasure.**Quite yow youre meede**, grant you your reward.**Talen**, tell stories.**Confort ne mirthe is noon**, it is no comfort or mirth.**Disport**, sport ; diversion.**To shorte with**, to shorten.**Whilom**, in former times : an old dative. (Compare *seldom*.)**Aller**, of all : possessive plural.**Withseye**, gainsay ; contradict.

## NOTES ON AUTHORS.

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\* \* *Additional to those given in Book I.*

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**Arnold, Matthew** (born at Laleham, 1822; died at Liverpool, 1888), was almost equally eminent in verse and in prose; but his prose productions, being mainly criticisms of the tendencies of his time, cannot possess the durability of his poems. These, too, are frequently productions of reflection rather than inspiration; but when reflection and inspiration unite, the result is harmonious perfection. Arnold was an excellent literary critic, and both his precepts and his example were efficacious in correcting the vagaries of contemporary taste. He was the son of the famous headmaster of Rugby, and was himself distinguished as an inspector of schools.

**Bacon, Francis** (Lord Verulam)—born in London, 1561; died at Highgate, 1626—is immortal as the greatest natural philosopher England has produced, not in virtue of any great discoveries of his own, but of the principles which he established for the investigation of nature. His "Essays" are matchless for practical wisdom; but his heart was less than his head, and as a moralist he is cold and self-regarding. The essay, "Of Friendship," here given, illustrates his strong and his weak points in this respect; while, on the other hand, the fine character of Queen Elizabeth, written after her death, when he had nothing to gain by flattery, shows that he was capable of exalted feeling.

**Barrow, Isaac** (born in London, 1630; died there, 1677), was the greatest preacher of his day, and inferior to few as an ecclesiastical controversialist and mathematician. He was master of Trinity College, Cambridge.

**Beckford, William** (born in London, 1760; died at Bath, 1844), is principally celebrated as the author of the wild and striking Oriental tale "Vathek," written under mingled French and Arabian influences at an early age. His letters and reminiscences of travel, chiefly in Italy and Portugal, are also remarkable productions. In general, however, corrupted by the inheritance of enormous wealth, most of which he dissipated, he failed to accomplish anything worthy of his gifts and advantages.

**Beddoes, Thomas Lovell** (born at Clifton, 1803; died at Zurich, 1849), was the son of an eminent physician, and himself followed the medical

profession. His devotion to scientific studies, and the disuse of his native language, occasioned by his living in Switzerland, estranged him from the poetical pursuits of his youth, and he left little behind him but dramatic fragments of great picturesqueness, and a few choice lyrics. His letters are original and striking, both in thought and in expression.

**Borrow, George** (born at East Dereham, in Norfolk, 1803; died at Oulton, in Suffolk, 1881), is one of the most original figures of his time, both as author and man. Acquainted with ordinary English life in almost all its phases, he has depicted these with unequalled graphic power in his great romance, "*Lavengro*" (1851), and in its sequel, "*The Romany Rye*." He made himself the special delineator of the gipsies; embodied his adventures in Spain, where he was employed by the Bible Society to circulate the Scriptures, in his "*Bible in Spain*," one of the most delightful of books of travel; wrote charmingly of "*Wild Wales*" from intimate knowledge; and was a great linguist, though not a scientific philologist. There was a rough and coarse element in his nature, but the general character of his books is manly and wholesome.

**Brontë, Emily** (born at Haworth, 1818; died there, 1848), was the younger sister of Charlotte Brontë, and a writer of kindred genius. Her novel, "*Wuthering Heights*," is more powerful than any of Charlotte's, but too eccentric and exceptional to have obtained the same popularity. As a poetess, she greatly surpassed Charlotte; her last verses, written in the prospect of death, are perhaps the finest lyric as yet produced by an Englishwoman.

**Carlyle, Thomas** (born at Ecclefechan, 1795; died at Chelsea, 1881), is the grandest literary figure of the age of Victoria. Alone among his contemporaries, except Ruskin in a somewhat less degree, he conveys the impression of the apparition of a Hebrew prophet in modern times. His mission as a revealer of the identity of the natural and the supernatural equally inspires the strange, original, marvellously eloquent "*Sartor Resartus*" and "*Past and Present*;" his great prose epic on the "*French Revolution*," not so much a history as a poem; and his "*Hero-Worship*," the essays on great men whom he employed as vehicles for his own ideas. No modern writer has exerted so vast and, in the main, so wholesome an influence, whether immediately from himself or mediately through illustrious disciples. His many errors are almost always traceable either to defective sympathies in certain directions, or to the habitual exaggeration almost inseparable from the prophetic character. His grand and rugged style should be much studied, and little imitated. Its wonderful vividness is not imitable.

**Chaucer, Geoffrey** (1340?-1400), would merit, on the score of genius alone, to be placed in the first rank of English poets, but has, in addition, claims entirely peculiar to himself. He is not merely the first great English poet, but the founder of English poetry, the first to give



English literature a claim to be named among the literatures of the world. Having successfully transplanted the methods of French and Italian poetry into English, he suddenly appeared in his "Canterbury Tales" as not only an original but an intensely national poet, the creator of the frank, genial humour which has remained a distinguishing note of English literature to this day. The field has been immeasurably amplified, but Chaucer's performance in it has never been surpassed. The "Canterbury Tales" is his most important work, but his other poems place him far above any contemporary or successor until we arrive at Spenser.

**Clarendon, Earl of**, Edward Hyde (born at Dinton, near Salisbury, 1608; died at Rouen, 1674; buried in Westminster Abbey), was a member of the Short and the Long Parliament, and up to 1641 sided with the popular party; he then withdrew and headed the Royalist opposition in Parliament until the outbreak of the Civil War, when he attached himself to the king. He was knighted in 1643, and made Chancellor of the Exchequer. After a period of exile with Charles II., he returned to England at the Restoration, and in 1661 was created Earl of Clarendon. His daughter Anne was secretly married to the Duke of York in 1659. As a minister he was unpopular. In 1667 he was dismissed from office, and banished by the king; and he spent his last years in France. His "History of the Rebellion," though an apology rather than an impartial history, is marked by great dignity of style and skill in narrative.

**Darwin, Charles Robert** (born at Shrewsbury, 1809; died at Down, Kent, 1882), is renowned as the naturalist who has, above all others, contributed to establish the theory of evolution, especially by his great work "The Origin of Species" (1859). In his youth he had taken part in a scientific exploring expedition, which kept him voyaging for many years, and whose results are communicated in the work from which our extract is derived. His style is unadorned and occasionally negligent, but, like his own character, a model of unpretending simplicity.

**De Quincey, Thomas** (born at Manchester, 1785; died at Edinburgh, 1859), is so renowned as the English opium-eater, that it is hardly remembered how small a portion his experience in this capacity covers of his voluminous work. With many grave defects, the worst of which is immoderate prolixity, he is still eminent beyond most contemporaries as biographer, autobiographer, historian, essayist, critic, and political economist; while a still higher claim to distinction is the majesty and harmony of his style. Of this, "The Revolt of the Kalmucks" is a fine example. Notwithstanding the bulk of his literary productions, he was extremely fastidious in composition, and would probably have produced little but for the pressure of necessity.

**Dickens, Charles** (born at Portsmouth, 1812; died near Rochester, 1869), is so universally popular a figure, both as author and man, that it is hardly necessary to speak of him here in either capacity. It may be remarked, however, that the extract given in the text belongs to his later period, when the inevitable exhaustion of that prodigious exuber-

ance of animal spirits, which in his youth had made him the greatest of modern humorists, compelled him to resort to artifice in his plots, and to pen his descriptions with anxious care and effort. The masterly art of the second period is no adequate substitute for the overwhelming genius of the first, but it deserves great admiration notwithstanding.

**Dryden, John** (born in Northamptonshire, 1631; died in London, 1700), was, after Milton's death, the first English poet of his age, and by far its most conspicuous man of letters. It was a prosaic period; pure poetry had become for the time impossible, and Dryden did all that could be done in elevating essentially prosaic themes by dignified style and splendid versification. His poems on the politics of his day are his masterpieces; but he was also a prolific dramatist, a successful adapter and translator, and a fine lyric poet. His prose style is still regarded as a model; and his critical writings reveal a powerful intelligence hampered by the circumstances of his age, of which he is far in advance.

**Eliot, George** (the assumed name of Marian Evans)—born near Nun-eaton, Warwickshire, 1819; died at Chelsea, 1880)—is by common consent the most powerful intellect that has yet appeared among English authoresses. Her attention was at first given to philosophy, but upon the encouragement of her friends, G. H. Lewes and Herbert Spencer, she attempted fiction, and her first considerable novel, "Adam Bede" (1859), placed her alongside of Thackeray and Dickens. Her succeeding works showed no abatement in power. "Middlemarch" is a most wonderful picture of English middle-class life; "Romola," a great historical novel; "Silas Marner," from which an extract is taken, an exquisite idyll; and every one has its own peculiar charm. Her principal defect—a certain heaviness of treatment and tendency to pedantry of style—naturally grew the more upon her the longer she wrote. She frequently attempted verse, but produced only one memorable poem, "The Legend of Jubal."

**Emerson, Ralph Waldo** (born at Boston, Massachusetts, 1803; died at Concord, 1882), is perhaps the most remarkable, and certainly the most influential writer as yet produced by America. His prose works consist chiefly of essays and orations, embodiments of a few leading principles infinitely varied in expression, couched in a style of perfect originality untainted by affectation, and, though sometimes mystical in appearance, instinct with shrewd common sense, as in the estimate of Napoleon given here. His great defect as a thinker is want of continuity. Carlyle, who compared the simple force of his style to "silent electricity," added that the apparent connection of the ideas was sometimes no closer than that of pellets of shot knotted up together in a parcel. Emerson wrote much obscure and extravagant verse, and a little, of which "The Rhodora" here given is an instance, more elegant in form and graceful in expression than that of any other American poet.

**Fanshawe, Anne**, Lady Fanshawe, the wife of Sir Richard Fanshawe, cavalier, diplomatist, and poet, sufficiently depicts her own character in her beautiful letter on her husband, whose memoir she also wrote.

**Froissart, Jean** (born about 1338; died about 1404), is one of those writers who have obtained a supreme position in literature by absolute simplicity and truth. He may be compared to Herodotus; like him a chronicler, a traveller, and exercised in rescuing memorable deeds from oblivion. No more convincing picture was ever painted than Froissart's view of the age of chivalry, as it existed in the courts and camps of the fourteenth century. His magical power of description is the same whether he is depicting what he has seen or professing to depict what he only knows by hearsay. His picture is in so far defective that we see nothing but the splendour of the great world, and have no hint of the sufferings of the poor. Had Froissart, however, been capable of giving this side of the picture, it could not have been said, as it may now, that his book represents Chivalry's conception of herself.

**Gibbon, Edward** (born at Putney, 1737; died in London, 1793), is by common consent the greatest of English historians. His supremacy is no doubt partly due to his choice of a subject precisely adapted to his powers. "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," from the extinction of the Antonine dynasty to the taking of Constantinople by the Turks, is a magnificent pageant, comprising an immense number of personages and incidents requiring to be marshalled into a vast procession. With Gibbon everything falls into its right place, is dispatched with dignified brevity, and made to contribute its full effect to the total impression, which is as though the world walked across the stage. So absolutely vital is this magnificence, which hardly another than Gibbon could have attained, that his shortcomings of head and heart, and the inevitable defects of his knowledge at the period when he wrote, appear inconsiderable in comparison. His stately style befits his theme, but is not to be recommended as a general model.

**Gilpin, William** (born near Carlisle, 1724; died in Hampshire, 1804), was a clergyman and useful miscellaneous author in his day, who survives in ours as an agreeable writer on landscape and country life.

**Godwin, William** (born at Wisbeach, 1756; died in London, 1836), obtained great fame and influence in his own day as a thinker in politics and morals, but is now chiefly remembered by his striking novel, "Caleb Williams," and as the husband of Mary Wollstonecraft, and father-in-law of Shelley. His life of Chaucer, from which our extract is taken, has long been superseded by more accurate knowledge.

**Gray, Thomas** (born in London, 1716; died at Cambridge, 1771), is perhaps of all English poets the one who enjoys the most fame in proportion to his productiveness. Four or five poems have sufficed not merely to immortalize the fastidious author of "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard," but to place him high in the second rank of English poets. The poem mentioned, indeed, cannot in its own manner be surpassed; and almost equal praise is due to Gray's elegant and polished letters, like his poems the fruit of infinite solicitude.

**Hall, Newman** (born at Maidstone, 1816; died at Hampstead, 1902), was an eminent and popular Congregational clergyman.

**Hallam, Henry** (born at Windsor, 1777; died in London, 1859), is the author of three works on great subjects—the Middle Ages, the English constitution, and the literature of Europe—so learned and thorough as, without much aid from beauty of composition, still to maintain the honourable place accorded to them by contemporaries.

**Hawthorne, Nathaniel** (born at Salem, Massachusetts, 1804; died on a tour in the White Mountains, 1864), is undoubtedly the greatest genius in fiction as yet produced by America. His novels are perfectly original in style and thought, dealing for the most part with modern people, yet spiritual as Dante; true to nature and free from all extravagance, yet leavened with a pervading sense of something beyond the visible world. In his short tales his peculiar genius appears in an even more concentrated form. The one here given is a good example.

**Head, Sir Francis Bond** (born in Kent, 1793; died at Croydon, 1875), travelled in his youth in the Argentine Republic, was afterwards governor of Upper Canada, and wrote important books upon both countries, besides essays on a great variety of miscellaneous subjects. His judgment is frequently infirm, but he is very lively and entertaining.

**Jefferies, Richard** (born in Wiltshire, 1848; died at Worthing, 1887), is of all English prose writers the most successful delineator of the aspects of Nature; accurate as Gilbert White, poetical in spirit, though not in form, as Keats or Tennyson. His most successful works are either literal descriptions of nature, such as "Wild Life in a Southern County," where he has depicted with marvellous vividness the dreams of his native Wiltshire; or fanciful romances like "Wood Magic," or "After London," in which the description of country scenery and animal life is inextricably interwoven with imaginative incident.

**Jeffrey, Francis** (Lord Jeffrey)—1773–1850—exercised an enormous influence on literature in his day as the editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, in which he wrote much valuable criticism on prose writers, and some very shallow criticism upon poetry. The demerits of the latter have caused the real excellence of his other writings to be unduly slighted. He was acute, ingenious, versatile, and altogether noble and admirable in his public capacity as advocate and judge, and in his private character as an intrepid and high-minded man.

**Johnson, Samuel** (born at Lichfield, 1709; died in London, 1784), is perhaps of all men the one who in his lifetime established the most uncontested dictatorship over literature. As a man of genius, he cannot be placed on the level of some of his contemporaries, but in sheer intellectual force he surpassed them all; and his reputation was grounded less upon his works than upon his strength of argument and his conversational powers. These live in the pages of his biographer and reporter, Boswell, who has preserved with little loss of lustre a reputation which might otherwise have grown dim. Poor, diseased, uncouth, Johnson worked his way up to an undisputed supremacy over many men whose writings will long survive his own, but who, with the single exception of Burke,

felt that his intellectual stature was nevertheless greater than theirs. Rude and overbearing to offensiveness, Johnson was nevertheless the most tender-hearted of men. His noble, manly, rugged figure has been admirably depicted by Carlyle, a kindred spirit in many respects. His impressive style is too Latinized and too pompous to be a good model.

**Keats, John** (born in London, 1795; died at Rome, 1821), is one of the most extraordinary of modern English poets. The son of a livery stable keeper, with no especial advantages of education, he displayed such a genius for reproducing the spirit of antique Greek poetry as but few scholars have approached; while, at the same time, his poems on classical themes are no mere imitations, but new creations. Mediæval subjects were equally congenial to him, and the best of his odes and sonnets stand unrivalled for grandeur of conception, richness of expression, and solemn music. Sickness and misfortune blighted this fair promise, but not until enough had been achieved to secure the young poet undying fame.

**Landor, Walter Savage** (born in Warwickshire, 1775; died near Florence, 1864), has a very high and peculiar reputation as the author of fine English prose and verse in a style of massive dignity and classic finish. Many of his blank verse poems are as Grecian as Keats's, but in quite a different way. Of his prose works the most extensive and the best known is his "Imaginary Conversations," a treasury of wisdom, contrasting most strangely with the mismanagement of his ill-regulated life. His "Pentameron," from which our extract is taken, is a piece of delightful humour, introducing Petrarch and Boccaccio, and full of the life and atmosphere of Tuscany, where Landor had resided for many years.

**Lyell, Sir Charles** (born in Forfarshire, 1797; died in London, 1875), was the most eminent British geologist of his day, and was particularly distinguished for the support he gave to the doctrine of the general uniformity of the operations of nature, in opposition to that of vast catastrophes which had prevailed before him. The description of the Great Dismal Swamp, taken from his travels in America, is a good example of his clear and easy style.

**Marlowe, Christopher** (born at Canterbury, 1564; died at Greenwich, 1593), only appears here as the author of the beautiful song, "Come, live with me, and be my love," quoted by Izaak Walton. His great position in our literature is, of course, due to his being the first powerful dramatic writer that the English theatre possessed, the *Æschylus* of our stage, and the precursor of Shakespeare.

**Marvell, Andrew** (born near Hull, 1621; died in London, 1678), was assistant to Milton as Latin Secretary under the Commonwealth, and an incorruptible patriot as member for Hull in the time of Charles the Second. His beautiful lyrical poems were chiefly written in his youth; he afterwards showed great vigour as a satirist.

**Miller, Hugh** (born at Cromarty, 1802; died in Edinburgh, 1856), successively stonemason, banker's clerk, and editor of a newspaper, by

native power of observation and by literary gift made himself one of the most eminent writers on geology of his day. His principal works, "The Old Red Sandstone" and "My Schools and Schoolmasters," blend geology delightfully with autobiography, and are permanent classics.

**More, Sir Thomas** (born in London, 1478; beheaded on Tower Hill, 1535), was during his life the greatest promoter of learning and culture in England, but is chiefly known as an author by his "Utopia," a philosophical romance depicting an imaginary commonwealth, written by him in Latin in his youth, and afterwards translated into English.

**Motley, John Lothrop** (born at Boston, 1814; died in England, 1877), was a distinguished American diplomatist. He was also an eloquent and brilliant historian, who was fortunate in finding in his two great histories, "The Rise of the Dutch Republic" and "The Revolt of the United Netherlands," themes most appropriate to his enthusiasm for heroism and liberty.

**Palgrave, Sir Francis** (born in London, 1788; died at Hampstead, 1860), was a learned antiquary and Deputy-Keeper of the Records. He was also a man of a highly original cast of mind; and the union in him of qualities not often found combined, gives a peculiar and very agreeable tone to his spirited histories of Anglo-Saxon England and of Normandy.

**Pliny the Younger** (A.D. 61?-112?) is one of the most interesting and amiable of the ancient Latin writers. His works consist principally of epistles, which throw great light on the manners and society of his time. The one translated in this collection describes the eruption of Vesuvius, A.D. 79, and the death of his uncle, the famous naturalist.

**Poe, Edgar Allan** (born at Richmond, Va., 1811; died in Baltimore, 1849), is a perfectly unique writer, and a marvellous example of the power of ingenious artifice to simulate inspiration. Of this, his famous poem, "The Raven," given here, is a startling example. The best of his tales are even more remarkable than his poems in the same way; but, as Lowell said of them, "the heart is squeezed out by the mind."

**Pope, Alexander** (born in London, 1688; died at Twickenham, 1744), succeeded to the poetical sceptre of Dryden, and brought his style to the last point of finish. No one has excelled Pope in those beauties and accomplishments which adorn the poetical character without being absolutely essential to it. He deals by turns in playful fancy, weighty morality, piercing sarcasm, and withering invective. But his language fatigues by excessive polish, and his versification by monotony; he can never escape from the society of his day, and is rather a great critic and painter than a great poet. As the chief literary representative of his time, his place in literature is highly important; his translation of Homer, though not Homeric, is a great performance; and his letters are among the best in the language.

**Prescott, William Hickling** (born at Salem, Massachusetts, 1796; died 1859); is remarkable not only as an eminent historian, but for the great

difficulties which he overcame in writing history, having almost lost his sight from the effects of an accident. He nevertheless produced histories of the Spanish conquests of Mexico and Peru, and of the reigns of Ferdinand and Isabella, and of Philip the Second, which form delightful reading, although subsequent research has shown them to be occasionally inaccurate.

**Scrope, William** (1772-1852), was a country gentleman, a skilful amateur artist, and a sportsman. He is an especial authority on the habits of the salmon and the red deer.

**Shakespeare, William** (born at Stratford-on-Avon, 1564; died there, 1616). It is needless to say anything here of this chief poet of England, and of the world, except to warn the reader that his plays are complete wholes, and that extracts can give no adequate idea of their greatness; also that the scene from "Henry the Eighth" here given is probably not by him, but by Fletcher, who assisted him in writing the play.

**Smith, Horace** (born in London, 1779; died at Tunbridge Wells, 1849), was a novelist and writer of humorous verse, whose fame chiefly rests upon the inimitable parodies of poets then living, executed in conjunction with his brother James, and entitled "The Rejected Addresses" (1812); but the original poem here quoted from him proves that he was himself endowed with a vein of real poetry.

**Spenser, Edmund** (born in London about 1553; died there, 1599), ranks along with Chaucer, and immediately after Milton, among our great ancient poets. His principal work, "The Faerie Queene," an allegorical poem in celebration of Queen Elizabeth, is unfortunate in plan, but full of the more exquisite poetical beauties, and remains unrivalled to this day for richness of language and harmony of versification. His minor poems are almost lost in the splendour of his great effort, but would have made a high reputation for any other poet.

**Stanley, Arthur Penrhyn**, Dean of Westminster (born in Cheshire, 1815; died in London, 1881), possessed in an eminent degree the historic sense and the perception of the picturesque both in life and nature which rendered him equally delightful as traveller, biographer, and historian. No man was more amiable or more generally beloved, and his gifts of character, no less than his intellectual endowments, gave him great influence with the world.

**Walton, Izaak** (born at Stafford, 1593; died at Winchester, 1683), is a natural prose poet, whose treatise on angling is in truth a pastoral. His sincere piety also found expression in beautiful lives of some of the saintly characters of his day.

# APPENDIX.

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## COMMON ROOTS AND THEIR DERIVATIVES.

[For principles of Word-building, and lists of Prefixes and Affixes, see Appendix to Literature Reader No. I. Revision of the matter given there will be a useful preparation for exercises in word-analysis based on the following useful list of roots and their derivatives.]

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## COMMON SAXON ROOTS AND DERIVATIVES.

**Ær**, before, in advance of: *ere* (sometimes *or*), before; *erst* (superl.), *erstwhile*; *early*. -*er* in comparatives has the same meaning.

**Agan**, to have or hold: *owe* (orig. to possess), *ought*; *own*, *disown*; *owner*.

**Beran**, to carry, to bring forth: *bear*, *bearing*, manner; *forbear*, *overbearing*; *bairn*, a child; *barrow*, *berry*, seed-bearing, *berth*, in a ship; *bier*, for carrying a corpse; *birth*, *birthright*; *burden* or *burthen*, what is borne, *disburden*; *born*, brought forth, *borne*, carried.

**Biddan**, to pray: *bid*, *bead*; *beadsman* or *bedesman*, a monk.

**Beóðan**, to command: *bid*, order, *forbid*. (Often confused with *biddan*.)

**Blawan**, to puff or blow: *bladder*, *blain*, *blister*, a swelling; *blast*; *blaze*, flame, *blaze*, to proclaim; *blazon*, a proclamation; *bluster*.

**Blowan**, to blow as a flower: *bloom*; *blossom*; *blood*, the sign of blossoming life; *bleed*; *bless* (A.S. *bledsian*, *bloedsian*), to consecrate by blood.

**Bindan**, to bind: *band*, a fastening; *band*, a company; *bandage*, *band*; *bond*; *bundle*.

**Buan**, to till, to dwell: *boor*, a peasant, *boorish*; *neighbour*, *neighbourhood*; *bondsman*, *bondage* (meaning due to confusion with *bind*); *bower*, *byre*; *husband* (noun and verb), *husbandman*, *husbandry*.

**Betan**, to improve; **bot**, advantage: *better*, *best*; *boot*, profit, *bootless*, *booty*; *abet*, encourage, *bet*; *batten*, to grow fat.

**Beornan**, **byrnan**, **brennan**, to burn: *brand* (noun and verb), *brandish*, *brand-new*, *brandy* (formerly *brand-wine*, *burnt-wine*); *brimstone*, sulphur; *brindled*; *brine* (from the taste = scorching); *brunt*, attack. Also *brown*, *bronze*, *bruin* (the brown animal), and *burnish*, to polish.

**Bugan**, to bend: *bow* (noun and verb); *bight*; *bout*, a turn; *bucom*, (orig. obliging, good-tempered); *bow-window* (but not *bay-window*, from Fr. *baie*, L. Lat. *badare*, to gape); *elbow*.



- Beórgan**, to protect: *bury*, a fort; *barrow*, a burial mound (for *berrow*); *borrow*, to keep, protect; *burgh*, *burgess*, *burgher*; *burglar* (Fr.); *burgomaster*; *burrow*, *bury* (verb); *-bury* (in names of towns).
- Cynn**, a tribe: *kin*, *kind* (noun and adjective), *kindly*, *kindred*, *kinship*, *kinsman*, *akin*; *king* (A.S. *cyn-ing*, belonging to the tribe), *kingdom*.
- Cleófan**, to split: *cleave*, to divide, *cleft*, *cloven*; *clove*, a bulb or tuber.
- Cleófan**, **clifan**, to stick: *cleave*, to adhere; *cliff*, probably a climbing-place. (No connection with the preceding.)
- Cunnan**, to know: *cun*, *could*; *con*, to examine; *cunning* (lit. knowing); *ken* (noun and verb); *keen* (orig. knowing, able); *kith*, *kindred*, acquaintance; *kythe* (obs.), to make known; *uncouth*, unknown, strange.
- Dragan**, to draw: *drag* (noun and verb), *dragg*, *drawl* (frequentatives); *draught*, *draft* (phonetic form); *dray*, *dredge*; *dregs*; *draw*, *withdraw*, *drawbridge*, *drawing-room* (withdrawing-room).
- Faran**, to go: *farewell*, *welfare*, *thoroughfare*, *wayfarer*, *warfare*; *fare*, money paid, or food provided for the way; *ferry*, to convey, *ferryboat*, *ferryman*; *ford*, a passage. *Firth* (Dan. *fjord*) is allied.
- Faest**, firm: *fast*, *fasten*, *steadfast*, *fastness*. *Fast*, to abstain from food (orig. to make fast, be strict), and *fast*, quick (in such phrases as *to sleep fast*, *fast at work*, etc.), are from the same root.
- Fleótan**, to flow, float: *float*, *afloat*; *fleet* (orig. a ship); *fleet*, a creek or bay (where ships float), as in *Fleet Ditch*, *Fleetside*; *fleet*, (adj.) swift, (verb) to move swiftly; *flit*, to move about; *flotsam*, goods floating from a shipwreck (an old Fr. law term); *flutter*.
- Grafan**, to cut out: *grave* (noun); *engrave* (hybrid, Fr. *en*, Lat. *in*, with Saxon root), *engraver*; *graver*, a cutting tool; *groove*; *grove* (orig. a glade in a wood).
- Habban**, to hold, have: *have*, *had*; *behave* (to *be-have* or control oneself), *behaviour* (abnormal, with Fr. suffix), *misbehaviour*; *haft*, handle.
- Haga**, an enclosure: *hedge*; *haw*, a hedge; *haw-haw*, a sunk fence (reduplicated form); *hawthorn*, hedge-thorn; *haw*, hawthorn berry; *haggard*, wild (orig. used of a wild or hedge falcon).
- Hál**, whole; **hálig**, holy; **hálgian**, to make holy: *hale*, *hail*, to greet, and *hail*! exclamation used in greeting; *halibut* or *holibut* (*butte*, a plaice), a fish used on holy days; *hallow*, *hallowmass* (*All Hallows' Mass*), the feast of *All Hallows*—that is, all saints; *heal*, to make whole; *health*; *holiday* (holy day); *hollyhock* (*hock*, mallow), the blessed mallow, so-called because a native of the Holy Land; *holy*, perfect; *whole* (in Mid. Eng. *hole*); *wassail* (*wes hál*, lit. be in health).
- Hand**, **hond**, the hand: *hand*, *handcuff* (Mid. Eng. *handcops*, from *cops*, a fetter); *handicap*, *hand-i'-cap*, from a method of drawing lots; *handicraft*, *handcraft*—the *i* inserted by imitation of *handiwork* (A.S. *geweorc*, work); *handle* (noun and verb); *handsel*, *hansel*, first instalment of a bargain, referring to *shaking hands* on its conclusion; *handsome* (orig. *handy* or dexterous = tractable).
- Healdan**, to keep or hold: *held*; *behold*; *uphold*; *withhold*; *upholsterer* (from *upholster*, a form of *upholder*, one who holds up for sale).

- Hús**, a house: *house, household, householder, outhouse; hoard*, a thing housed; *husband; hussy* (contr. for *housewife*), a pert girl; *hussif*, also *housewife*, a case for needles, etc. (*f* due to confusion with *housewife*); *hustings*, properly *husting*, a house meeting (*ting* or *thing*).
- Hladan**, to load, heap up; also to draw out water: *luden; lade*, a drain, *ladle; last*, or large weight; *ballast* (*bale*, unprofitable load); *load*.
- Lædan**, to lead; *lād*, a course or way: *lode*, a vein of ore (a water-course); *lead*, to conduct; *lodestar* or *loadstar* (lit. the star that *leads*), the pole star; *lodestone* or *loadstone* (lit. the stone that *draws*, not *leads*, formed in imitation of *lodestar*), the magnet.
- Hleápan**, to run, jump: *leap; elope* (*e* = *ent*, Du. *ont-loopen*, to run away); *interloper*, intruder (Lat. *inter* and Du. *loopen*); *lope*, to run; *lapwing* (*winean*, to turn), the bird that turns about in running.
- Læt**, late; *lettan*, to hinder, make late: *late, later, latter, latest, last* (contracted from *latest*); *let*, to hinder (obsolete). *Let*, to permit (A.S. *lætan*), is from the same base.
- Líegan** (past *læg*), to rest, abide: *lie*, to rest; *lay*, to cause to lie, place; *allay*, to assuage (confused with O. Fr. *aleger*, L. Lat. *alleviare*); *belay*, to fasten a rope (Du.); *beleaguer*, to besiege; *leaguer* (*leger*), a camp; *lair* (*leger*), the resting-place of a beast; *law, lawyer; layer*, a stratum or bed; *ledge; ledger* (formerly *ledger-book*, one that lies ready); *log* (a tree that is *lying*); *low; rely, reliance, reliable*, compounds barbarously formed with Lat. prefix and Fr. suffix.
- Leóht**, (1) illumination (akin to Lat. *lux*); (2) not heavy (akin to Lat. *levis*): *lighten*, to make light; *enlighten* (with Fr. prefix); *lightning; light, alight* (to relieve a horse or *make him light* of his burden—hence), to descend; *lighten*, to alleviate, make light; *lighter* (Du.), a boat for unloading ships; *lights, lungs* (so called because *light*).
- Lívan**, to live, dwell (orig. to be left behind): *leave; life; life guard; lifelong* (better form, *livelong*), as long as life is; *live, alive* (lit. on life); *lively* (lit. life-like); *livelihood* (corruption of the Mid. Eng. *livelode*, way of life—*lād*).
- Hláf**, bread: *loaf; lady* (probably the bread-kneader, from A.S. *dægec*); *lord* (A.S. *hláfórd*, probably from *hláf-weard*, the loaf-ward or keeper); *Lammas*, the 1st August (*loaf-mass*).
- Lyft**, the air: *lift*, to raise up in the air; *uplift; loft*, an upper room; *aloft; lofty*.
- Macian**, to make: *maker* (closely connected with *match*, and *mâte*, meaning an equal, companion. *Make* is an older form of *mâte*).
- Mearc**, mark, boundary: *mark*, a stroke or outline; *mark*, a coin (stamped); *demarcation* (*de* and *marquer*, Fr., from Ger.); *marquis* (Fr., from L. Lat. *marchensis*, a ruler of the marches or boundaries, from Ger.); *marchioness* (same deriv., L. Lat. term. *-issa*); *margrave*, lord of the marches (Du. *mark* and *graaf*, a count); *remark* (through Fr.).
- Mogan**, to be able (pres. *mæg*): *may* (verb); *dismay* (through Fr. and L. Lat.); *maid, maiden* (one growing in strength); *nickle*, great

- (obs.); *might* (verb and noun); *more* (which stands for two distinct Mid. Eng. words, *mo*, more in number, and *more*, larger); *most*; *much*.
- Mótian**, to meet; **mót** and **gemót**, a meeting: *meet*; *Witenagemot*; *moot* (as in "a moot point"—i.e., to be discussed at a meeting).
- Cnafa**, a boy, servant (of Celtic origin, from the Celtic boys being taken as slaves by the Teutons): *knave* (orig. a servant); *knarish*, *knarvish*.
- Cnawan**, to know (akin to Lat. *nosco*, Gk. *gignosko*): *know*, *knowledge*.
- Cwic**, living: *quick*, alive (as in "the quick and the dead"); *quick*, rapid (i.e., lively); *quicken*; *quickset* (planted alive so as to grow); *quicksand*, a moving sand; *quicksilver*, mercury (moving silver).
- Cwacian**, to move, shake (akin to *cwic*): *quake*; *quagmire*, a bog (*quakemire*, an older form); *earthquake*; *Quaker* (a name given in reproach to members of the Society of Friends, based on the idea of trembling through religious fear or reverence).
- Kwaken** (Dutch form), to make a noise as a duck: *quack*; *quack*, to cry up the merits of one's own remedies, hence a pretended doctor; *quail* (Du. through Fr., from the sound made by the bird).
- Ridan**, to ride: *raid*, a riding; *ready*, prepared (i.e. for riding); *array*, to make ready (with Lat. prefix, through Fr.); *raiment* (= *arrayment*); *road* (for riding; also for ships); *roadstead*.
- Hreówan**, to be sorry, to groan: *rue*, to regret, *rueful*; *ruth*, pity; *ruthless*.
- Sceran**, to shear, cut: *jeer*, to mock (from Du. phrase, meaning to *shear* a fool); *scar*, a bare rock or *scaur* (connected with *skerry*, a rock separated from the shore); *scared*, terrified (made to "sheer off" or run away); *score*, a cut, hence a *score*, twenty (marked by a cut on a stick); *shard*, *potsherd*, a fragment; *share*, a portion (divided); *ploughshare*, the cutting part of a plough; *sheer*, to turn aside; *short* (cut off); *shirt*, *skirt*; *shore*, the coast, a precipice; *shore*, a prop (of wood cut to the right length).
- Sceapan**, to shape (allied to *shave*): *shape*, *shapeless*; *ship*; *shift*; *skipper* (a ship-man); *landscape* (land-shape).
- Scearp**, sharp: *sharpen*; *scarp*, a sharp edge of rock; *escarpment*, *counterscarp* (with Lat. and Fr. additions); *scarf* (a small shred or piece of dress); *scrap*; *scrape* (to scratch with something sharp); *scrabble*, *scramble* (frequentative forms); *scrip*, a small bag (made of a scrap).
- Sleán**, contracted form of *slahan*, to smite, to kill: *slay*, to kill; *slaughter*; *sledge*, a hammer (reduplicated form, *sledge hammer*); *sly*, cunning; *sleight*, dexterity (compare *sloyd*, manual skill).
- Sleac**, slow: *slack*, *slacken*; *slake*, to quench; *slag*, dross; *slouch*; *slug*; *sluggish*, *sluggard* (connected with *slow* and *sloth*).
- Snican**, to creep: *snake*, *sneak*, *snail*.
- Stæl**, steal, a station, standing-place: *stall*; *install*; *forestall*; *pedestal* (with Lat. *pes*, *ped-is*); *stallion*; *stale*, too long standing; *stalk*, stem; *still*.

- Stede**, a place: *stead*; *instead*; *homestead*, *steading* (of a farm); *bedstead*; *bestead* (placed); *staithe*, landing-place; *steadfast*, firm in its place; *steady*; *stithy*, anvil.
- Stician**, to pierce, stab (allied to *sting*): *stick* (noun and verb); *stake*; *stack*, a pile; *stagger* (verb trans., to push or shake); *steak* (a slice of meat *stuck* on a peg for cooking); *stickleback*; *stitch*; *stock*; *stockade* (Fr. suffix), a rampart of posts; *stocking* (dimin. of *stock* = *nether stock*, the lower part of the clothing for the limbs); *stoker*, one who stirs up the fire. Cognate words, *ticket* and *etiquette* (Fr.).
- Thyrlian**, to pierce; **thurh**, through: *through*; *thorough*; *thrill*, to pierce; *drill*, to bore, to turn round, hence to *drill* soldiers.
- Treowe**, believed, true: *true*; *truth*, *troth*; *betroth*; *trou*, to believe, suppose; *truce* (= *trews*, a plural form), pledges; *trust*, *distrust*, *mistrust*; *tryst*, an appointment to meet.
- Twegen** (masc.), **twá** (fem.), two: *two*, *twain* (orig. different only in gender); *between*, *betwixt*; *twelve* (*twá-lif*, Goth. *lyftan*, to remain), two left over ten; *twenty* (*ty* = *tig*, ten); *twice*; *twig*, a small branch coming from a fork of a branch; *twilight*; *twill* (made double); *twin*; *twine*; *twist*.
- Wefan**, to weave: *weave*, *weaver*; *web*; *weft*; *woof* (not connected with *wife*, A.S. *wif*, and *woman*, A.S. *wifman*).
- Willa**, desire, wish: *will* (noun and verb), *wilful*; *well* (according to one's wish), *welfare*, *welcome*; *weal*, wellbeing; *wealth*, *wealthy*; *wild*, wandering at will; *wilderness*, *bewilder*.
- Witan**, to know: *wit* (verb and noun); *wise*, learned; *wise*, way, manner; *guise* (Fr. doublet of *wise*), *disguise*; *wiseacre* (= wise-sayer); *witch*, a wise person (orig. both masc. and fem.); *bewitch*, *witchcraft*; *wizard*, *wisard* (through Fr., same meaning as *witch*); *wicked* (witch-like); *twit* (A.S. *atwitan*, to take notice of, to blame); *witnoss*.
- Windan**, **wendan**, to turn, to turn oneself: *wind*, to twist; *wand*, a pliant rod; *wend*, to go; *went*; *wander*; *wonder* (a portent from which one turns aside); *wonderful*, *wondrous*; *windluss* (corruption of *windas* = a winding beam).
- Wyr̥t**, a plant, herb: *wort* (as in *stitchwort*, *sneezewort*, etc.); *orchard* (*wyr̥tgeard*, a herb-garden); *root*, part of a plant; *root*, to grub up by the roots.
- Wrecan**, to drive, impel; to punish: *wreak*, to revenge; *rack*, drifting clouds; *wrack*, seaweed (that which is driven ashore); *wreck*, ruin; *wretch*, an outlaw; *wretched*.
- Wringan**, to twist: *wring*; *wrangle* (frequentative form); *wrench*; *wriggle* (frequentative form, connected with *wry*, twisted); *wrinkle*; *wrong*, bad, turned aside.
- Writhan**, to twist, turn: *writhe*; *wrath*, *wroth*; *wrest*, *wrestle* (frequentative form); *wrist* (A.S. *hand wrist*, that which turns the hand); *wreath*, a (twisted) garland; *wreathe*, to twist.

## COMMON LATIN ROOTS, WITH FRENCH FORMS, AND THEIR DERIVATIVES.

- Ag-ere, act-um**, to do, to drive (in compounds, *-ig-* and *-g-*): *act*, *active*, *agent*; *agenda*, things requiring to be done; *actuate*, to cause to act; *actual*; *agitate* (frequentative), *agitator*; *ambiguous*, acting in two ways; *cogent*, forcible (= driving together); *cogitate* (frequentative); *excogitate*: *conjugate*, to curdle (trans. and intrans. verb); *counteract* (Fr. and Lat.); *enact*, to put in act; *exact* (verb and adj.); *exaction*, *exactly*; *exigent*, exacting; *exigency*: *manage* (with *manus*), *management*; *navigate* (with *navis*), *navigation*, *navigator*; *prodigal* (*prod* = forth); *react*, *reagent*; *transact*, *transaction*.
- Ali-us**, another; **al-ter**, the other: *alien*, *alienate*, *inalienable*; *alias* (Lat.), otherwise; *alibi* (Lat.), in another place; *aliquot*, proportionate (= how many other); *alter*, *alteration*, *altercation*, dispute; *alternate*, *alternation*, *alternative*; *subaltern*, an officer inferior to another.
- Alt-us**, high (Fr. *haut*, older form *halt*): *altar*, a raised place; *altitude*; *alto* (Ital., a high voice, of men's voices), *contralto*; *exalt*, *exaltation*; *haughty*, *haughtiness*; *hauteur* (Fr., haughtiness).
- Am-are, amat-um**, to love (in some compounds, *-ic-*): *amatory*, *amiable*, *amorous*; *amateur*; *amicable*, *amity*; *inimical*, hostile; *enemy*, *enmity*.
- Anim-a**, the soul, life; **anim-us**, the mind: *animal*, *animalcule*; *animate*, *animation*; *inanimate*, dead; *reanimate*; *animadvert* (with *verto*), to censure (lit. to turn the mind to); *animosity*, hatred; *equanimity* (with *æqu-us*), evenness of temper; *magnanimity* (with *magnus*, lit. greatness of mind), *magnanimous*; *unanimous* (with *un-us*), of one mind; *unanimity*; *pusillanimous* (with *pusillus*, weak), cowardly.
- Aud-ire, audit-um**, to hear; **auris**, the ear: *audible*, *audience*, *auditory*; *inaudible*; *audit*, a final hearing of an account, *auditor*; *obedient*, *obey*, *obedience* (Fr.); *disobey*; *auricular*, told in the ear, secret; *auscultation*, a listening; *scout*, a spy (O. Fr., *escouter*, to listen).
- Bon-us**, good; **ben-e**, well; **bon-itas** (Fr. *bon-té*), goodness: *bounty*, *bountiful*; *bonus*, a gift; *boom*, a favour; *benefactor*, *beneficent*, *benefice*, *benefit*; *benevolent*, *benevolence*.
- Bell-us** (connected with *bonus*), elegant (Fr. *belle*, *beau*): *embellish*; *belle*, a beautiful woman; *beau*, a fop; *beauty*, *beautify*.
- Cad-ere, cas-um**, to fall (in compounds, *-cid-*): *cadence*, a falling of the voice; *case*, that which has befallen or happened, *casual*; *casuistry*,

the consideration of individual cases; *cascade*; *chance* (Fr.), *mis-chance*, *perchance*; *accident*, *accidental*; *accidence*; *coincide*, *coincidence*; *decay*; *decadent*; *deciduous*, having leaves that fall in autumn; *incident*, *incidental*; *occasion*; *occident*, the west, *occidental*.

**Cæd-ere, cæs-um**, to cut, to kill (in compounds, *-cid-*, *-cis-*): *cæsura*, a pause (or cutting off) in poetry; *concise*, *conciseness*; *decide*, *decision*, *decisive*; *excise*, to cut out, also a tax; *excision*; *excisum*; *incise*, to cut into, *incision*, *incisors*, cutting teeth, *incisec*; *precise*. In certain compounds *-cide* = slaughter or killing, as *homicide*, the killing of a man; *infanticide*, of an infant; *fratricide*, of a brother; *parricide* (for *patri-*), of a father; *matricide*, of a mother; *regicide*, of a king; *tyrannicide*, of a tyrant; *suicide*, of oneself. Through French, *chisel* and *scissors* (initial *s* intrusive, and not connected with Lat. *scind-ere*, *sciss-um*).

**Camp-us**, a plain (Fr. *champ*): *camp*, *campaign*; *champagne*, a wine of Champagne in France; *champaign*, an open level country; *champion*; *decamp*, *encamp*; *scamp* (O. Fr. *escamper*) (orig. a fugitive or deserter), *scamper*; *shamble*, to run or walk awkwardly (through Dutch).

**Cand-ere**, to glow; **candid-us**, white (in some compounds, *-cend-*, *-cens-*): *candid*, fair, sincere, *candour*; *candidate*, an applicant (in Rome, a candidate appeared in a white robe); *candle* (through A.S. *candel*, from Lat. *candela*), *Candlemas*, a festival, *candelabrum*, a candle-holder; *chandler*, (1) a candlemaker, (2) a dealer generally (as in corn-chandler, ship-chandler, etc.); *chandelier* (= *candelabrum*), *cannel-coal* (lit. candle coal); *incandescent*; *incendiary*, *incense*, *censer*; *kindle* (through A.S.).

**Can-ere, cant-um**, to sing; **carmen**, a song (Fr. *chant*) (in some compounds *-cent-*): *cant*, a whining, hypocritical speech; *canto*, division of a poem; *canticle*, a song or psalm; *cantata*, a poem set to music; *chant*; *enchant*, *enchantment*, *disenchant*; *accent*, *accentuation*; *descent*; *incantation*; *incentive*; *precentor*; *recant*; *vaticination*, the utterance of a prophet (*vates*); *charm* (noun and verb).

**Cap-ere, capt-um**, to seize, hold (in compounds, *-cip-*, *-cept-*): *capable*, *capacious*, *capacity*; *captor*, *capture*, *captive*; *cattiff*; *accept*, *acceptance*, *acceptation*; *anticipate*; *case* (through Fr.); *capsule*; *casement*, *cas-ket*; *cash*, *cashier*; *chase*, (1) to hunt after, (2) to encase or set in gold; *catch*; *cater*, to buy provisions; *conceive*, *conceit*, *conception*, *inconceivable*, *misconceive*; *deceive*, *deceit*, *deception*; *emancipate*, to set free (*manus*, the hand); *except* (verb and prep.); *incipient*, beginning, *inception*; *intercept*; *municipal* (*munus*, duty or obligation); *occupy*, *preoccupied*, *unoccupied*; *participate* (*pars*, a part), *participle*, *participant*; *perceive*, *perception*; *precept*, *preceptor*; *principal* (*primus*, first), *principality*, *prince*; *principle*; *purchase*; *receive*, *receipt*, *reception*, *recipient*, *receptacle*, *recipe*; *sash*, frame of a window (corruption of O. Fr. *chasse*); *susceptible*.

- Caput** (*capit-*), the head (Fr. *chef*): *cap*, *cape*, *capuchin*, a hooded friar; *chapel* (originally the shrine with the *cape* or *cope* of St. Martin); *chapellet*, *chaperon*, a protector, *cope*, a hood; *capital* (noun and adj.), *Capitol*: *capitation*, numbering by heads; *capitulate*, draw up heads or terms of surrender; *recapitulate*; *captain*; *chattels*, *cattle* (= capital or property); *chapter*; *decapitate*; *precipitate* (headlong); *precipice*; *corporal*, a subordinate officer (Fr. *caporal*); *chief*, *chieftain*, *mischiefs*, *kerchief*, a head-covering, *handkerchief*; *achieve*; *cadet*, *cad*.
- Ced-ere, cess-um**, to go, to yield: *accede*, *access*; *accession*, *accessory*, *accessible*; *abscess*, a tumour (lit. a going away); *antecedent*; *ancestor*, *ancestry*; *cede*, to yield; *cease*; *cessation*; *concede*, *concession*; *decease*, *predecessor*; *exceed*, *excess*; *incessant*; *intercede*, *intercession*; *precede*, *precedence*, *precedent*, *precession*; *proceed*, *proceeds* (noun), *procedure*, *proceedings*, *process*, *procession*; *recede*, *recess*, *recession*; *retrocession*; *secede*, *seceder*, *secession*; *succeed*, *succession*, *successor*, *successive*, *success*, *unsuccessful*.
- Claud-ere, claus-um**, to shut (in compounds, *-clud-*, *-clus-*; Fr. *clos*): *clause*, a period or closing; *close* (noun, adj., and verb), *enclose*, *inclose*, *disclose*; *cloister*; *closet*; *conclude*, *conclusion*; *exclude*, *excludive*; *preclude*; *seclude*, *seclusion*; *recluse* (through Fr.); *sluice*, *floodgates* (Lat. *excludere*, O. Fr. *escluse*).
- Cor** (*cord-*), the heart (Fr. *cœur*): *cordial*: *core*; *accord*, *accordingly*, *accordance*, *accordion*; *concord*, *concordance*, *concordat* (Fr.); *courage*, *encourage*, *discourage*; *discord*, *discordant*; *record*, to recall to the mind or heart, *reorder*.
- Corpus** (*corpor-*), a body: *corpse*, *corse*; *corselet*, body-armour, *corset*; *corporal*, belonging to the body; *corps*, a body of men; *corpusele*, a small body; *corpulent*; *corporation*; *incorporate*.
- Cre-are, creat-um**, to make; **cresc-ere, cret-um**, to grow (Fr. *cro-*): *create*, *creator*, *creature*; *recreation*; *crescent*, shaped like the growing moon; *accretion*, addition, growing to; *accrue*; *concrete*, *concretion*; *decrease*; *excrecence*; *increase*; *increment*; *recruit*, to renew a body of troops.
- Cred-ere, credit-um**, to believe: *creed*; *credential*, what warrants belief; *credible*, *credulous*, *credulity*; *credit*, *creditor*, *creditable*; *accredit*, to give belief to; *discredit* (verb), to refuse belief, (noun) reproach, *discreditable*; *incredible*, *incredulous*; *miscreant* (orig. an unbeliever or infidel); *recrue* (lit. one who gives up his belief); *grant* (Fr., from L. Lat. *creantare*), to assure—hence to promise or yield.
- Cur-a**, care: *cure*, *curable*, *curative*; *curate*, *curator*; *curious*, *curiosity*; *accurate*, *inaccurate*; *procure*, *procurator*, one who takes care or manages for another, also *proctor*, *proxy* (short for *procuracy*), agency for another; *sinecure*, without care or work; *secure*, *security*, *insecure*; *sure* (Fr., from Lat. *securus*), *surety*; *assure*, *assurance*; *reassure*; *ensure*, *insure*, *insurance*.
- Curr-ere, curs-um**, to run (Fr. *cour-ir*): *current* (noun and adj.), *currency*; *curricule*, a kind of carriage: *cursive*, flowing (writing); *curstory*,

hasty; *corsair*, a pirate; *course*, *courser*, *courier*; *curriculum*, a course of study; *concur*, to agree, *concurrence*; *concourse*, an assembly; *discourse*, *discursive*; *excursion*; *incur*, *incursion*; *intercourse*; *occur*, *occurrence*; *precursor*, a forerunner; *recur*, *recurrence*; *recourse*; *succour*; *corridor* (Ital. *corriere*, to run), a long gallery; *coarse* (formerly *course*), rough, from *in course* = ordinary.

**Deb-ère, debit-um**, to owe (Fr. *devoir*, *du*): *debt*, *debtor*, *indebted*; *debit*, to place to the debtor side of an account; *debenture*, a document admitting a debt (formerly *debetur*, Lat. for "they are due"); *due*, *duty*, *dutiful*, *dutious*, *dutiable*, liable to pay duty; *undue*, *undutiful*; *endeavour*.

**Dic-ere, dict-um and dicat-um**, to say, proclaim: *diction*, language, *dictionary*; *ditty*, a kind of poem; *ditto*, what has been said; *dictate* (frequentative form), *dictation*, *dictator*; *abdicate*; *addicted*, assigned to; *condition* (-*dit* = -*dic*-), a covenant; *contradict*, *contradictory*; *dedicate*; *edict*, a proclamation; *indicate*, *indicator*, *index*; *indict* (pron. as if spelt, as in Fr., *indite*); *indite*, to dictate for writing; *interdict*; *jurisdiction*, legal authority, *adjudicate*; *judge*; *malediction*, *malison*, a curse, *benediction*, *benison*, a blessing; *predicate* (noun and verb); *preach* (Fr., from Lat. *predicare*); *predict*, *prediction*; *valedictory*, saying farewell; *verdict*; *vindicate*, *avenge*, *recvenge*, *vengeance*; *vindictive*.

**Dies**, a day, *diurn-us*, daily (Fr. *jour*, a day): *diary*; *dial*, a plate showing the time of day; *diurnal*, daily; *journal* (orig. daily); *journey* (lit. a day's travel); *sojourn* (Fr., from Lat. *sub* and *diurnare*, to stay); *adjourn*, to put off to another day; *meridian*, midday.

**D-are, dat-um**, to give (in compounds, -*dit*-), also **don-are, donat-um**; **don-um**, a gift: *date*, a given point of time; *datum*, *data*, what is given or granted; *add*, *addition*; *edit*, *editor*, *edition*; *die*, *dice*, cubes thrown down in gaming; *dower*, *dowry*, *dowager*, *endow*, *endue* (from *dotare*, to endow, allied to *dare*); *donation*; *pardon*; *perdition*, utter loss; *reddition*, giving back; *render*, *rendezvous*, *surrender*, *rent*; *tradition*, a giving over; *treason*, *traitor*, *treachery*, *betray*.

**Duc-ère, duct-um**, to lead; **dux** (duc-), a leader: *duke*, *dux*; *duct*, a pipe, *ductile*; *abduction*; *adduce*, to bring forward; *aqueduct* (with *aqua*, water), *viaduct* (with *via*, a road); *duchess*, *duchy*, *dukedom*, *ducal*, *ducat*; *doge*, a duke of Venice; *douche*; *conduce*, *conduct*, *conductor*, *conduit*, *misconduct*; *deduce*, *deduct*, *deduction*; *educe*; *educate*, *education*, *uneducated*; *induce*, *inducement*, *superinduce*; *induct*, *induction*; *introduce*, *introductory*; *produce*, *product*, *productive*; *reproduce*; *reduce*, *reduction*, *irreducible*; *seduce*, *seductive*; *subdue* (through Fr.); *traduce*, to slander, *traducer*.

**Æqu-us**, just, exact: *equal*, *equable*, *equalize*, *co-equal*, *unequal*, *equation*, *equator*; *adequate*, *inadequate*; *equity*, *equitable*, *iniquity*; *equanimity* (with *animus*, mind); *equilibrium* (with *libra*, a balance); *equiangular*, *equilateral*, *equinox*, *equipollent*, *equally powerful*, *equipoise*, *equivalent*, *equivocal*, of doubtful sense, *equivocate*, *equivocation*.



**Fac-ere, fact-um**, to do (in compounds, *-fic-* and *-fect-*); **facilis**, easily done (Fr. *fait*, a deed): *fact*, *faction*, *factitious*, *factor*, *factory*, *manufacture* (with *manus*, a hand), *faculty*; *fac-simile*, exact copy; *fashion*: *feasible*, possible to be done; *feat*, *feature*; *fat*, a decree (lit. "let it be done"); *affair*; *affect*, *affection*, *affectionation*; *benefactor*, *benefactor*, *beneficent*, *beneficial*, *benefit*; *confit*, a sweetmeat, *confection*; *counterfeit*; *defeat*, *defect*, *defective*, *deficient*, *deficiency*, *deficit*: *difficult*, *difficulty*; *disconfit*, to defeat; *effect*, *effectual*, *efficient*, *effective*, *efficacious*; *facile*, *facility*; *forfeit*, *forfeiture*; *infect*, *infectious*; *office*, *official*, *officious*, *officiate*; *perfect*, *imperfection*; *prefect*, a governor, *prefecture*; *proficient*, *proficiency*; *profit*, *unprofitable*; *refectory*, *refectory*; *suffice*, *sufficient*; *surfeit*; *artifice*, *edifice*; *magnify* and other words in *-fy*.

**Fer-re**, to carry: *fertile*, *fertilize*; *circumference*; *confer*; *coniferous*, bearing cones, and other words in *-ferous*; *defer*, *deference*, *deferential*; *differ*, *difference*, *indifferent*; *infer*, *inference*; *offer*; *prefer*, *preferable*; *preferment*; *refer*, *reference*, *referee*; *suffer*, *insufferable*; *transfer*, *transference*.

**Fides**, faith: **fidel-is**, faithful (Fr. *fiel*-): *faith* (O. Fr. *feid*); *fidelity*, *fealty*, *fiducial*, showing trust; *infidel* (lit. faithless); *affiance*, pledge; *affidavit*, an oath; *confide*, *confident*, *confidant*; *diffident*; *defy* (orig. to renounce one's faith); *defiance*; *perfidy*, treachery.

**Far-i**, to speak: **fat-eri**, to confess (in compounds, *-fit-*, *-fess-*); **fat-um**, spoken; **fama**, a report: *fate*, *fatal*, *fatality*; *affable* (lit. easy to be spoken to); *confess*, *confessor*; *confabulate*, to talk together; *defame*, to slander, *defamation*, *defamatory*; *infamy*, *infamous*; *ineffable*, unspeakable; *infant* (lit. not speaking), *infantry* (orig. a band of young men); *fame*; *fable*, *fabulous*; *unlawful* (lit. unlawful); *preface*, spoken before; *profess*, *professor*, *profession*.

**Fing-ere, fict-um**, to form; **figur-a**, a thing formed: *figure*; *figurative*, *configuration*; *effigy*, an image; *feign*, *feint*, *faint*; *fiction*, *fictitious*, *figment*, a pretence, *fictile*, moulded into shape; *disfigure*, *transfigure*.

**Frang-ere, fract-um**, to break; **fragil-is**, easily broken: *fraction*, *fracture*; *defray*; *fragment*; *fragile*, *frail* (through Fr.); *infringe*, *infringement*, *infracture*; *refract*, to bend back, *refrangible* (mistaken form for *refrangible*), *refractory*, stubborn; *irrefragable*, not to be refuted; *refrain*, a repeated part of a song (through Fr.).

**Genus (gener-)**, a kind; **gens (gent-)**, a nation: *congenial*, kindred, *congenital*, born with one; *degenerate*, *degeneracy*; *gender*, *engender*, to breed: *general*, *generalize*; *generate*, to cause, *generation*; *generous*, *ungenerous*, *generosity*; *genial*; *genius*, inborn power, *ingenious*, *ingenuous*, frank, *genuine*; *genus*, a kind, *generic*, *congener*, of the same genus; *engine*, *engineer*, *gin*, a trap; *gentle*, *gentile*, *genteel*, *gentry*, *gentleman*; *progeny*, offspring, *progenitor*, ancestor; *primogeniture*, right of the first-born; *regenerate*, *regeneration*.

**Ger-ere, gest-um**, to carry on, to bear: *gesture*, *gesticulate*; *jest* (from O. Fr. *geste*, a tale of things done); *belligerent* (with *bellum*, war); *conges-*

- tion*; *congeries*, a heap; *digest* (noun and verb), *indigestion*; *register* (L. Lat. *registrum*, for *registum*), *registration*, *registerman*; *suggest*; *exaggerate* (Lat. *aggar*, a heap, from *ad* and *ger-ere*).
- Grad-i** (p.p. *gress-us*), to walk, go: *grade*, rank, degree, *gradual*, *gradation*, *gradient*, a slope, *graduate*; *aggression*, attack, *aggressive*, *aggressor*; *congress*; *degree*, *degrade*; *digress* (lit. to step aside), *digression*; *egress*, a going out; *ingress*, an entering, *ingredient*; *progress*; *regress*, return, *retrograde*, going backward, *retrogression*; *transgress*, *transgressor*.
- Grati-a**, favour (Fr. *grace*): *grace*, *graceful*, *graceless*, *gracious*, *disgrace*; *agree*, *disagree*; *congratulate*; *grateful*, *gratitude*, *gratify*; *gratis*, freely, *gratuity*, a gift, *gratuitous*; *ingrate*, a thankless person; *ingratitude*, to push into favour.
- Hab-ere**, **habit-um**, to have, hold (in compounds, *-hib-*, Fr. *av-*): *habit*, custom, *habitual*, *habituate*, *habitude*; *habit*, dress, *habilitment*, dress, *deshabille* (Fr.), careless dress; *habitation*, *habitable*, *habitat*, the natural abode of a plant or an animal; *inhabit*; *able*, *ability*, *disable*, *enable*, *unable*; *debility*, *debilitate*; *adhibit*, to apply, affix: *exhibit*, *exhibition*; *inhibit*, to restrain, *inhibition*; *prohibit*, *prohibition*, *prohibitory*; *average*, proportionate amount (from L. Lat. *averū*, property, cattle); *binnacle*, box for a ship's compass (corruption of *bittacle*, from Lat. *habituaculum*, a little dwelling).
- Hæc-ere**, **hæsum**, to stick; **hæsit-are**, **hæsitat-um**, to stick fast: *hesitate* (frequentative), *hesitation*, *hesitancy*; *adhere*, *adherent*, *adhesion*, *adhesive*; *coherent* (lit. sticking together), *incoherent*, *coherence*, *cohesion*, *cohesive*, *cohesiveness*; *inherent*, inborn, natural.
- I-re**, **it-um**, to go; *adit*, an approach: *ambient*, surrounding; *ambition* (orig. going about to solicit votes), *ambitious*; *circuit*, *circuitous*; *commence* (Fr., from Lat. *cum* and *initiare*), *commencement*; *concomitant*, *accompanying*; *count*, a title of rank (Fr. *comte*, from Lat. *comit-em*), *countess*, *county*; *constable*, a peace officer (O. Fr. *conestable*, lit. a count of the stable); *exit*, departure, *issue* (Fr. form of the same); *initial*, *initiate*, *initiatory*; *obituary*, register of deaths; *perish*, *perishable*; *sedition*, a going apart, *dissension*, *seditious*; *sudden* (Fr., from Lat. *subit-us*, coming stealthily); *transit*, a passing over or beyond, *transition*, *transitive*, *transient*, *transitory*, *intransitive*, *trance*; *itinerant*, travelling, *itinerary*, guide-book for a journey.
- Jac-ere**, **jact-um**, to throw; **jac-ere**, to lie (in compounds, *-jic-*, *-ject-*; Fr. *jet-*): *object*, worthless (lit. thrown away); *adjacent*, near; *adjective*; *amice*, a pilgrim's robe (Lat. *amictus*, from *ambi* and *jactus*); *circum-jacent*, lying near; *conjecture*, to guess, to put together; *dejected*, *dejection*; *ejaculate*, to utter, *ejaculation*; *gist*, the pith of a matter (O. Fr. *gist*, from Lat. *jacet*); *inject*, to throw in; *interjacent*, lying between; *interject*, *interjection*; *jesses*, the straps round a hawk's legs (O. Fr.); *jet*, to shoot forward, *jetsam*, things thrown overboard; *jetty*, a kind of pier; *joist*, beam of a floor; *jut*, to project; *object*, *objection*, *objectionable*, *objective*; *project*, *projection*, *projector*, *projectile*; *reject*.

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*rejection*; *subject*, *subjection*, *subjective*; *subjacent*, lying beneath; *trajectory*, the path of a projectile.

**Jung-ere, junct-um**, to join (Fr. *joindre*); **jug-um**, a yoke: *join*, *joint*, *joiner*: *junction*, *juncture*, a union of circumstances; *adjoin*, *adjoinct*; *conjoin*, *conjunction*, *conjuncture*; *conjugal*, relating to marriage, *conjugation*, a yoking together, *conjugate*; *disjoin*, *disjunctive*, *disjunction*: *enjoin*, to bid, *injunction*; *jugular*, pertaining to the neck (Lat. *jugulum*, the collar bone); *junto* and *junta* (Span.), a council or faction: *rejoin*, *rejoinder*, reply; *subjoin*, *subjunctive*; *subjugate*, to bring under the yoke.

**Jus (jur-)**, right, law; **just-us**, right; **jur-o**, I swear: *judge* (Lat. *judex*, one who points out law), *adjudge*, to award, *adjudicate*, to decide, *judicature*, administration of justice; *judicial*, pertaining to law, *judicious*, well judged, *injudicious*; *prejudge*, to judge beforehand; *prejudice*, biassed opinion, *prejudicial*, hurtful, *unprejudiced*; *jury*, *juror*, *jurymen*; *abjure*, deny; *adjure*, to appeal to by an oath; *adjust*, to fit exactly, *adjustment*; *conjure*, to bind by an oath, to practise magic, *conjuror*; *injure*, *injury*, *injustice*; *jurist*, a lawyer, *jurisdiction*; *just*, *justice*, *justify*; *objurcation*, chiding; *perjure*, to swear falsely, *perjury*; *jurisprudence*, the science of law.

**Leg-ere, lect-um**, to choose, to read (in compounds, *-lig-*): *legend*, *legendary*; *lecture*; *legible*, *illegible*, *legibility*; *legion*, a body of men chosen, *legionary*; *legume*, a pod (a crop to be picked, not cut), *leguminous*; *collect*, *collection*, *collector*; *coil* (Fr., from Lat. *colligere*), *cull* (Fr.); *diligent*, careful (= choosing between things), *diligence*; *elect*, *election*, *lector*, *lectorate*; *elegant*, choice, *elegance*; *eligible*, fit to be chosen, *eligibility*; *intellect*, *intelligence*, *unintelligibility*; *lesson* (Fr., from Lat. *lectio-nem*); *neglect*, *negligence*; *predilection*, choosing beforehand; *recollect* (lit. to gather again), *recollection*; *select*, *selection*.

**Lex (leg-)**, law (allied to *luc*, that which lies or is fixed): *legal*, *illegal*, *legality*, *legalize*; *allege*, to mention, bring forward, *allegation*; *alloy* (formerly *allay*; Fr., from Lat. *alligare*, to bind together); *colleague*, a partner, *college*, an assembly of *colleagues*, a seminary, *collegiate*; *delegate*, a deputy, *delegation*; *legacy*; *loyal* (Fr. = *legal*; an example of "doublets"); *legate*, a commissioner; *legatee*, the recipient of a legacy (a word coined by adding Fr. termination to Lat. stem); *legislate*, *legislator*; *legitimate*, according to law, *illegitimate*; *relegate*, to send away, exile.

**Lig-are, ligat-um**, to bind: *ligament*, a band, *ligature*, a bandage; *ally*, *alliance*; *league*, a confederacy; *liable*, *liability*; *oblige*, to constrain, *obligation*, *obligatory*, *disoblige*; *rally* (Fr. = to ally again).

**Magn-us, great**; **maj-or**, greater; **maxim-us**, greatest: *magnate*, a great man; *magistrate*; *magnitude*; *magnanimity* (with *animus*), greatness of mind, *magnanimous*, generous; *magnify*, *magnificent* (with *facio*); *magniloquence* (with *loquor*), elevated language; *majesty*, *majestic*; *main*, chief (Fr., from Lat. *magn-us*); *major*, an officer,

*majority*; *mayor* (Span. form); *master*, *Mr.* (*mister*), *mistress*, *Mrs.*, *miss*, a young woman; *maxim*, a proverb (lit. the chief opinion), *maximum*, greatest; *merino*, a variety of sheep (Span., from L. Lat. *majorinus*, a steward or inspector of sheep pastures).

**Mal-us**, bad, evil: *malice*, ill-will, *malicious*; *malady* (Fr., old form *mal-ade*, from Lat. *malus* and *habitus*); *malapert*, saucy (with *apertus*, ready or expert); *malaria* (Ital.; lit. bad air); *malediction* (with *dico*), a curse, *malison*, older form of malediction; *malefactor*, a criminal; *malign*, ill-disposed, *malignant*; *malinger* (Fr.), to feign sickness; *maltreat*: *malversation* (with *verto*), behaving wrong (in business); *maugre* (Fr., formerly *mal-gre*, with ill-will), in spite of.

**Manus**, the hand (Fr. *main*): *manual*, done by hand, a handbook; *amanuensis*, one who writes to dictation; *maintain*, *maintenance* (Fr., with *teneo*); *manacle*, a handcuff; *manage*, *management*, *mismanage*; *manifest*, evident (lit. struck by the hand, palpable), *manifestation*, *manifesto*, a declaration; *maniple*, a band of men, a "handful"; *manipulation*, handling; *manœuvre*, trick, management; *manner*; *manufacture*; *manumit*, to free a slave (with *mitto*), *manumission*; *manure* (formerly to cultivate); *manuscript* (with *scribo*); *emancipate*, to set free (with *cupio*).

**Mer-ere, merit-um**, to deserve (a share); **merx** (*merc-*), goods, traffic: *merit*, *meritorious*, *demerit*, *unmerited*; *amerce* (Fr.), to fine; *commerce*, *commercial*; *market* (O. Fr., Lat. *mercatus*), *mart* (shortened form of *market*, Ger. *Markt*); *merchant*, *mercantile*, *merchandise*; *mercenary*, a hireling; *mercer*, a trader (in silk), *mercery*: *mercy* (orig. ransom, as in "holding a prisoner to mercy"), *merciful*, *merciless*.

**Mitt-ere, miss-um**, to send: *missile*; *mission*, *missionary*, *missive*, a letter sent; *mess*, a dish of meat (sent to table); *mass*, a sacrament, a Church festival, as in *Christmas* (from the formula used in *dismissing* the congregation), *missal*, a mass-book; *admit*, *admission*, *admittance*; *commit*, *committal*, *commission*, *committee*, *commissioner*, *commisary*, an officer to whom something is committed, *commissariat*; *demit*, to resign office, *demise*, death, *démission*; *dismiss*, *dismissal*, *dismission*; *emit*, to utter, *emission*, *emissary*, a secret messenger; *intermit*, to interrupt, *intermission*; *intromission*, dealing; *manumission*; *omit*, *omission*; *permit*, *permissive*; *premiss* or *premise*, to state beforehand, *premises*, buildings, etc., mentioned *first* in a lease; *pretermitt*, to omit; *promise*, *promissory*, *compromise*; *renit*, to send <sup>\*</sup>back, to forgive, *remiss*, careless, *remission*, pardon; *submit*, to bow to, to lay down, *submission*; *surmise*, to guess (Fr. to lay to one's charge); *transmit*, *transmission*.

**Mod-us**, a measure, a manner (Fr. *mode*): *mode*, fashion, *modify*, *modification*, *model*, *modeller*, *remodel*, *mould* (Fr. *moule*, Lat. *modulus*); *modern*, of the present mode, *modernize*; *moderate*, *moderator*, *moderation*, *immoderate*; *modest*, keeping within bounds, *modesty*, *immodest*; *modicum* (Lat.), a small quantity; *modulate*, *modulator*; *mood*, gram-

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matical form; *commodious*; *accommodate*, *accommodation*; *incommodate*.

**Mon-ère, monit-um**, to warn, to show; **monstr-um**, a portent; **monstr-are**, to show: *monition*, warning, *admonish*, *admonition*, *admonitory*; *monitor*, *monitress*, *monitorial*; *monument*, *monumental*; *money* (from the temple of *Juno Moneta*, the warning goddess, where coins were struck); *mint*, a place for coining; *premonition*, a warning beforehand, *premonitory*; *summon* (lit. to warn privately); *monster*, something unnatural or supernatural, sent as a warning, *monstrous*, *monstrosity*; *muster*, to assemble for show or review; *demonstrate*, *demonstrative*, *demonstration*; *remonstrance*, to warn against, *remonstrance*; *moidore*, a Portuguese coin (lit. money of gold).

**Mos (mor-)**, a custom, habit: *moral*, *immoral*, *morality*, *moralize*, *demoralize*; *démure* (O. Fr. *de bons mœurs*, of good habits), *morose* (lit. self-willed, for good or evil).

**Mors (mort-)**, death: *mortal*, *mortality*, *immortal*, *immortality*, *immortalize*; *mortify*, *mortification*; *post mortem* (Lat.), after death; *mortgage* (lit. a gage or pledge which has become dead or lost to the borrower); *mortuary*, a house for the dead; *murrain*, a disease fatal to cattle. *Murder* is from a cognate A.S. root.

**Mov-ère, mot-um**, to move; **mobil-is**, easily moved: *move*, *movable*, *movement*, *immoveable*; *motion*, *motionless*; *motive*, *motor*; *mobile*, fickle, *mobility*, *mob*, a disorderly crowd; *momentum* (Lat.), the force of a moving body, *moment*, a brief movement of time, an instant, *momentary*, *momentous*, grave; *commotion*; *countermotion*; *emotion* (lit. a motion of the mind away from something), intense feeling, *emotional*; *locomotion* (with *locus*), *locomotive*; *promote*, *promotion*; *remove*, *removal*, *removable*, *remote*; *mutiny* (M. Fr. *émeute*, a riot).

**Mut-are, mutat-um**, to change (probably connected with the last, equal to *morito*, frequentative form, not found): *mutable*, *mutability*, *immutable*; *mutual*; *commute*, to exchange, *commutation*; *permutation*, thorough change; *transmute*; *moult*, to change plumage (= *mout*: the *l* is intrusive); *mews*, stables, the royal stables having been built, it is said, on the site of the *mew*, or place where hawks were kept when moulting.

**Nasc-i**, to be born; **nat-us**, born: *nascent*, growing; *natal*: *nation*, *national*, *international*; *native*, *nativity*; *naïve*, artless (Fr. *naïf*, natural); *nature*, *natural*, *naturalist*; *preternatural*, beyond nature, *supernatural*, *unnatural*; *cognate*, related by origin; *innate*, inborn.

**Nav-is**, a ship; **naut-a**, a sailor: *navy*, *naval*; *navigate* (with *agō*), *navigator*, *navigation*, *navigable*, *circumnavigate*; *nautical*; *nautilus*, a shellfish; *nausea*, sickness, sea-sickness, *nauseous*; *navy* (Fr. *nef*), the body of a church (the church being commonly likened to a ship).

**Nosc-ere, not-um**, to know (for *gnoscerere*); **nobil-is**, well known; **nom-en**, a name; **not-a**, a mark: *noble*, *nobility*, *ennoble*, *ignoble*; *acquaint* (Fr., from L. Lat. *ad cognitare*), *acquaintance*, *quaint*; *annotate*, *annotation*; *cognizance*, knowledge, *cognizant*; *cognition*, *precognition*, ex-

amination or knowledge beforehand; *cognomen*, a surname; *connoisseur*, a skilled person; *denomination*, *denote*, *denotation*; *incognito* (Lat.), unrecognized, disguised; *ignominy*, disgrace; *ignore*, *ignorant*, *ignorance*, *ignoramus*, a stupid person (lit. "we are ignorant," used in law); *nomenclature*, system of naming; *nominal*, *nominate*, *nomination*, *nominate*; *notable*, *notability*, *notary*, *notation*, a system of marks; *note*, *notice*, *notify*, *notion*, *notorious*, *notoriety*; *noun*, *pronoun*: *recognize*, *recognition*; *reconnoitre*, to take a view of; *renown*.

**Nox-a**, hurt; **nox-us**, hurtful; **noc-ère**, to hurt: *noxious*, hurtful; *obnoxious*, offensive (formerly, liable to injury); *innocent*, *innocence*; *innocuous*, harmless; *nuisance*, what causes hurt (Fr. *nuire*, from Lat. *nocere*).

**Nunti-are**, **nuntiat-um**, to announce; **nunti-us**, a messenger: *nuncio*, a papal messenger; *announce*, to proclaim, *annunciation*; *denounce*, *denunciation*; *enunciate*, to express; *pronounce*, *pronunciation*, *pronouncement*, public utterance; *renounce*, to abandon, *renunciation*.

**Os (or-)**, the mouth; **or-are**, **orat-um**, to pray: *oral*, spoken; *oracle*, a divine message, *oracular*, authoritative or obscure; *oration*, a speech, *orison* (Fr. *oraison*, from Lat. *oration-em*), prayer, *orator*, *oratorical*, *oratorio*, form of sacred music; *orifice*, an opening; *adore*, *adoration*; *inexorable*, that cannot be moved by entreaty; *peroration*, the completion of a speech.

**Os (oss-)**, a bone (Gr. *osteon*): *osseous*, bony; *ossify*, to turn to bone; *ossification*; *osprey*, the sea-eagle (corruption of *osfray*, Lat. *ossifragus*, bone-breaking); *osteology*, the science of bones.

**Ordo (ordin-)**, rank, order: *order*, *orderly*, *disorder*; *ordain*, *ordinance*, *ordinary*, *ordinal*, *ordnance*, artillery (formerly *ordinance*, referring to the size of the cannon); *co-ordinate*; *subordinate*, *subordination*, *insubordination*; *inordinate*; *extraordinary*; *preordain*; *primordial* (with *primus*, first), original.

**Par**, equal: *par*, equal value; *apparel*; *peer* (Fr.), an equal, *compeer*; *peerless*; *disparage*, to belittle; *parity*, equality, *disparity*, inequality; *pair*; *umpire* (formerly *numpire* or *nompere*; lit. not paired, the odd man).

**Par-are**, **parat-um**, to make ready (in compounds, *-per-*): *pare*, to cut off; *apparatus*, instruments prepared; *compare*, *comparative*, *comparison*, *incomparable*; *emperor*, *empress*, *empire*, *imperial*, *imperative*; *parachute* (lit. something prepared for a fall; Fr. *chute*, from Ital. *caduto*, Lat. *cadere*); *parapet* (Ital. *petto*, the breast, Lat. *pectus*, a wall breast-high); *parasol*; *parade*; *parry*, to ward off; *prepare*, *preparation*, *preparatory*, *unprepared*; *rampart* (Fr.; lit. prepared again); *repair*, *reparation*, *irreparable*, *separate* (*se* = apart), *separation*, *separable*, *inseparable*, *sever* (Fr. form of Lat. *separare*, to separate), *dissever*, *several*.

**Par-ere**, **part-um**, to produce (in compounds, *-per-*); **par-ère**, I appear: *parent*, *parental*; *appear*, *apparent*, *apparition*, *appearance*, *disappear*; *repertory*, a treasury or collection; *transparent*.

**Pars** (part-), a part; **portio** (portion-), a share: *part*, *partition*, *party*, *partisan*, *partial*, *partiality*, *impartial*; *partner*, *partnership*; *partake*; *participate* (with *capio*), *participant*, *participle*, *participial*; *particle*, a small part, *particular*, *particularize*; *parcel* (Fr., from L. Lat. *particella*, a small part); *parse* (from Lat. *pars orationis*, part of speech); *portion*, *apportion*, *proportion*; *apart*, *apartment*; *compartment*; *counterpart*; *depart*, *departure*, *department*; *impair*, to give a share in; *repatee*, a witty reply; *tripartite*, in three divisions.

**Pasc-ere, past-um**, to feed: *pastor* (lit. a shepherd), *pastorate*, *pastoral*, *pasture*; *repast*, a meal; *pester*, to hinder, to annoy (short for *impester*; orig. to hobble a horse at pasture, to tether), *pastern*, part of a horse's foot above the hoof (so called from the horse being tethered by this part of its foot).

**Pater** (patr-), a father; **patria**, fatherland (root *pa*, cognate with the preceding, and the same as *fa* in father): *paternal*, *paternity*; *expatriate*, to banish from home; *parricide* (for *patri*-), the slayer of his father; *patriarch* (with Gr. *archo*, I rule), chief or father of a tribe, *patriarchal*, *patriarchate*; *patrician*, a Roman nobleman; *patrimony*, inheritance (not connected with money); *patriot* (lit. a fellow-countryman), *compatriot*, *patriotism*; *patron*, a protector, *patroness*, *patronage*, *patronize*; *patronymic* (with Gr. *onyma*, a name), belonging to the father's name; *pattern* (old spelling *patron*); *repair*, to resort to (Fr., from Lat. *repatriare*, to return to one's country); *Paternoster*, the Lord's Prayer (from Lat. "Pater noster," our Father).

**Pes** (ped-), the foot: *pedal*, belonging to the foot; *pedestal*, a base; *pedestrian*, a foot-traveller; *biped*, a two-footed animal; *quadruped*, a four-footed animal; *despatch* or *dispatch* (Fr., from Lat. *pedica*, a fetter; lit. to remove a hindrance); *impeach* (similar origin; lit. to hinder); *impede*, *impediment*; *expedite*, *expedition*, *expedient*, *expedientary*; *paon*, a piece at chess (O. Fr. *paon*, Ital. *pedone*, a foot-soldier); *pelicel*, *pedicle*, foot-stalk of a leaf; *pioneer*, a soldier who clears the way for an army (Fr. *pion*, formerly *peon*, a foot-soldier).

**Pell-ere, puls-um**, to drive; **puls-are** (frequentative), to beat, to throb: *pulse*, a regular beat, *pulsate*, *pulsation*; *appeal* (Fr., from Lat. *apelere*, to drive to, to incline towards), *appellant*, *appellation*, name; *repeal* (lit. to re-appeal); *compel*, *compulsion*, *compulsory*; *dispel*; *expel*, *expulsion*; *impel*, *impulse*, *impulsive*; *peal* (short for *appeal*), a chime of bells; *pelt*, to throw (Lat. *pultare*, to strike, frequentative form); *propel*, *propulsion*; *repel*, *repellant*, *repulse*, *repulsive*.

**Pend-ere, pens-um**, to hang down, to weigh (hence to think); **pondus** (**ponder-**), weight (Fr. *poids*): *pendant*, a hanging ornament; *pendulous*, hanging, *pendulum*, *pensile*, suspended; *pensive*, thoughtful; *append*, to add, *appendage*, *appendix*, something added? *compendium*, a summary (lit. a saving of expense), *compendious*; *compensate*, to pay for loss, *compensation*, *recompense*: *depend*, *dependence*, *independent*,

*interdependent*; *dispense*, to weigh out, *dispensary*, *dispensation*, pardon, method of divine government, *indispensable*; *expend*, *expenditure*, *expense*, *expensive*; *impend*, to hang over; *pansy*, the flower "heart's ease" (Fr. *pensée*, a thought); *pension*, *pensioner*; *penthouse*, a shed (formerly *pentice* = appendix); *perpendicular*, in the direction of the plumb-line; *poise*, to balance, *equipoise*, *counterpoise*, *avoirduois* (Fr.; lit. to have weight); *ponder*, to weigh mentally, *ponderous*, heavy, *preponderate*, to outweigh; *imponderable*, without weight; *pound*, a weight, a weighed quantity of money; *propensity*, inclination; *spend* (short for *dispendere*); *suspend*, *suspense*, *suspension*; *stipend*, fixed wages (with Lat. *stips*, small coin), *stipendiary*.

**Pet-ere, petit-um**, to seek, to attack: *petition*, a prayer; *petulant*, peevish, ready to attack; *appetite*, *appetizing*; *compete*, *competitor*, *competition*; *competent*; *impetus*, an attack, *impetuous*, *impetuosity*; *repeat*, *repetition*.

**Pl-ère, plāt-um**, to fill; **plen-us**, full: *plenary*, full; *complete*, *completion*, *complement*, that which completes, *complementary*, *incomplete*; *compliment*, to praise, *complimentary*; *accomplish*, *accomplishment*; *comply*, to yield (Ital. *complire*, to suit, to fill up—not connected with *ply*), *compliance*, *compliant*; *compline*, the last church service of the day; *depletion*, emptying; *expletive* (lit. a word to fill up), an ejaculation; *implement* (noun), a tool, (verb) to fulfil a contract; *plentitude*, fullness; *plenty*; *plenipotentiary*, having full powers; *replete*, full, *repletion*, *replenish*, to refill; *supplement*, *supplementary*; *supply*.

**Plic-are, plicat-um**, to fold or twist (Fr. *plier*): *plexus*, a fold; *ply*, to bend, to work at; *pliant*, *pliable*, *pliers*, a bending tool; *apply*, *appliance*, *application*, *applicant*, *applicable*, *inapplicable*; *complex*, interwoven, *complexity*, *complicate*, *complexion*, appearance, texture; *complicate*, to render complex, *complication*; *complicity*, confederacy, *accomplice*, a confederate; *deploy*, to open out, *display*; *double* (Fr.), *redouble*; *duplex*, double, *duplicate*, a copy, *reduplication*, *duplicity*, deceit; *employ*, *employment*, *employer*, *employee*; *explicate*, to unfold, *explicit*, made plain; *imply*, *implication*, *implicit*, implied; *perplex*, *perplexity*; *plait* (Fr.); *plot*, a conspiracy (short for *complot*, Fr.); *quadruple*, fourfold; *reply*, *replica*, a copy (Ital.); *simple*, lit. one-fold (with *sem-el*, once), *simplicity*, *simplify*, *simpleton*; *splay*, to slope (short for *display*); *supple*, pliant; *supplicate*, to beseech, to bow down, *suppliant*, *supplication*; *triple*, threefold, *treble*, *trilet*; *multiply*, *multiple*, *multiplicity*.

**Pun-ire, punit-um**, to punish; **pœn-a**, punishment; **pœnit-ère**, to cause to repent: *pain*, *painful*, *painless*; *penal*, *penalty*, *penance*, *penitence*, *penitentiary*, a prison, *impenitent*; *pine*, to suffer, to waste away, *repine*; *punish*, *punishment*; *punch*, to beat; *punitive*, *impunity*; *subpœna*, a summons under a penalty.

**Pon-ere, posit-um**, to place (Fr. *poser*, from L. Lat. *pausare*, to cease, to cause to rest, which usurped the place of *ponere*. From this form is



derived all forms in *-pose*): *pose*, (1) attitude, to place in an attitude, (2) to puzzle by questions ("posers"); *position*, *positive*; *posture*; *post* (with its numerous allied meanings); *postillion*, a postboy on horseback; *opposite*, suitable, *apposition*, agreement; *compose*, *composer*, *composition*, *compositor*, a type-setter, *composure*; *compound*, *component*, *compost*, a mixture; *decompose*, *decomposition*; *discompose*, to disturb, *discompose*; *depose*, to testify, *deponent*; *depose*, *deposition*, *deposit*, *dépôt*, a store; *dispose*, *disposal*, *disposition*; *expose*, *exposure*, *exposition*, explanation, *expositor*, one who explains; *expound*, to explain, *exponent*, an indicator; *impose*, *imposition*, *imposture*, deceit, *impostor*, deceiver, *impost*, tax; *interpose*, *interposition*, interference; *juxtaposition*, place near; *oppose*, *opposite*, *opposition*, *opponent*; *postpone*, to place behind; *preposition*; *propose*, *proposal*, *proposition*; *propound*, to set forth; *provost* (O. Fr. *prevost*, Lat. *praepositum*), the head of a college or corporation; *purpose* (O. Fr. *purpos*, a variant of *propos*); *repose*, *repository*, a storehouse; *superposition*, placing above; *suppose*, *supposition*, *supposititious*, put in place of something else; *transpose*, *transposition*, exchange of places.

**Port-are, portat-um**, to carry: *port*, demeanour, carriage; *porter*, (1) a carrier, (2) a malt liquor used by porters; *portly*, stout; *portfolio*, for carrying leaves of paper (Lat. *folium*, a leaf); *portmanteau*, for carrying mantles (named from Mantua); *comport*, to behave; *deportment*, *disport*, to amuse oneself; *export*, *exportation*; *import*, *import-ant*, *importation*; *purport*, implied meaning; *report*, *reporter*; *sport* (short for *disport*), *sportsman*; *support*, *insupportable*; *transport*.

**Port-us, portat-a**, a gate: *port*, a harbour, seaport; *port*, a gate, entrance; *porter*, a gatekeeper; *importune*, *importunate* (orig. hard to approach), troublesome; *opportune* (lit. easy of access), *opportunity*; *porch* (Fr., from Lat. *porticus*), *portico* (Ital.); *port*, a dark wine (short for *Oporto wine*, and *Oporto* is *o porto*, the harbour); *portcullis* (lit. sliding door; Fr., from Lat. *colere*, to slide).

**Prehend-ere, prehens-um**, to take (Fr. *pris*, taken): *prehensile*, fitted for grasping, *prehension*; *apprehend*, *apprehension*, *apprehensive*; *apprentice*, one taken to learn a trade, *apprentice* (short form), *apprenticeship*; *apprise*, to inform; *comprehend*, *comprehensive*, *incomprehensible*; *comprise*, to contain; *enterprise*, an undertaking; *impregnable* (*g* inserted), impossible to take; *prison*, *imprison* (for *emprison*), *prisoner*, *imprisonment*; *prise* or *prize*, to force open with a lever (sometimes *pry*), *prize*, something captured or won; *reprehend*, to reprove, *reprehensible*; *reprisal*, a return capture; *surprise*, taking unawares.

**Preti-um, price, value** (Fr. *prix*): *precious*; *prize*, to value; *praise*, *dispraise*; *appreciate*, *appreciative*, *unappreciable*; *appraise*, to estimate value, *appraiser*; *depreciate*, *depreciation*, loss of value.

**Press-ere, press-um**, to press (in compounds, *-prim-*): *press*, *pressure*; *print* (short for *emprint*), *imprint* (for *emprint*); *compress*, *compressible*;

*depress, depression; express, expressive; impress, impression, impressive; imprimatur* (lit. "let it be printed"), permission to print; *oppress, oppressor, oppression; repress, to put down, repressive; reprimand* (lit. requiring to be repressed); *suppress; sprain* (O. Fr. *espreindre*, Lat. *exprimere*).

**Prj-or**, former; **prim-us**, first: *prime*, first-rate, *primary; prime*, to put the first powder into a gun; *primer*, a first book; *prim*, neat, formal; *primate*, the chief bishop, *primacy; primitive; primeval* (with *ærum*, age), ancient; *primogeniture*, the right of the first-born; *primrose; premier: principal* (with *capio*), chief, *principality, principle, unprincipled, prince, princess, princely; prior*, earlier, *priority; prior*, the head of a priory, *prioress; pristine*, original.

**Prob-are, probat-um**, to test (Fr. *prover*); **prob-us**, good: *probable, probation, probate*, the testing of a will, *probability, improbable; approve, disapprove, approval, approbation, disapprobation, disprove; improve, improvement: probity*, honesty; *probe* (a coined word), to test; *prove, proof: reprove, reproof, reprobate*, rejected, wicked; *repriere*, to pardon, to disallow a sentence (a form of *reprove*).

**Pung-ere, punct-um**, to prick (L. Lat. *puncta*, a point; Fr. *point*): *pungent*, sharp, *pungency; appoint*, to arrange; *appointment, disappoint; counterpoint*, composing music in several parts, note against note; *compunction*, keen feeling of remorse; *expunge*, to blot out; *poignant*, keen; *point* (noun and verb); *pounce* (lit. to seize with the claws; orig. a hawking term); *punch*, to perforate; *punctuate*, to insert grammatical points; *punctual, punctuality; puncture; punctilio*, a point of honour (Span.), *punctilious*.

**Put-are, putat-um**, to make clear, think, reckon: *putative*, supposed; *amputate*, to cut off (lit. to prune a tree round about); *compute*, to count; *count* (Fr. *compter*, from Lat. *computare*, to reckon), *account, accountant, accountable, discount, recount; depute, deputy, deputation; dispute, disputant, indisputable; impute, imputation; repute, reputation, reputable, disreputable*.

**Quatuor, four; quadrat-us**, four-sided: *quadrangle* (with *angulus*); *quadrant*, a quarter-circle; *quadrennial* (with *annus*), once in four years; *quadrilateral* (with *latus*, a side), a four-sided figure; *quadrille* (orig. a card game for four); *quadroon*, one of mixed race, one-fourth negro; *quadruped, quadrumana* (with *manus*, a hand), four-handed; *quadruple*, four-fold; *quarantine* (lit. a space of forty days); *quarry, a square-headed bolt for a cross-bow; quarry*, a place where stones are dug and squared; *quart*, the fourth part of a gallon; *quarter, quartem, quartet, quarto*, having the sheet folded into four leaves; *quatrain*, a stanza of four lines; *quire*, a collection of sheets of paper folded in four; *squadron*, a division of troops or ships, *squad; square*.

**Quær-ere, quæsit-um**, to seek (in compounds -*qui-*): *query*, a question (for *quare*, seek thou), *querist; quest, question; acquire, acquisition, acquirement; conquer, conquest, unconquerable; disquisition, an investigation; exquisite*, excellent, sought out; *inquest* (formerly en-

*quest*), a formal examination; *inquire* (formerly *enquire*), *inquiry*, *inquisition*, *inquisitor*, *inquisitive*, *inquisitiveness*; *perquisite*, a small gain; *request*, *require*, *requirement*, *requisition*, *demand*, *requisite*, *prerequisite*.

**Quies** (quiet-), rest (Fr. *quitter*, to yield; Lat. *quietare*, to make quiet): *quiet*, *quietude*, *quiescent*, *quietus*, finishing stroke, death; *acquiesce*, to agree; *disquieted*; *inquietude*, restlessness; *requiem*, a funeral hymn (from the first word of the mass for the dead); *coy* (O. Fr. for *quietus*), bashful, *coyness*; *decoy*, to allure quietly; *quit*, to let go, *quittance*, *quite*; *acquit*, *acquittal*; *requite* (formerly *requit*), *requital*, *unrequited*.

**Rap-ere, rapt-um**, to seize (Fr. *ravir*): *rapid*, *rapidity*; *rapacious*, *rapacity*; *rapine*, plunder; *rapture*, *rapturous*; *rapt*, for *rapped*, hurried away (Mid. Eng. *rapen*, to hurry, is not derived from this root); *raven*, formerly *ravin*, to plunder (*raven*, a bird of prey, is so named from its cry; A.S. *hræfn*); *ravine*, a deep hollow; *ravage*; *ravish*, to seize forcibly.

**Re-ri**, to think; **rat-us**, having thought; **ratio**, reason (Fr. *raison*, from Lat. *ration-em*): *rate*, to value, *rateable*; *arraign*, to call to account; *ratify*, to confirm; *ratio*, proportion; *rations*, allowance of food; *rational*, *rationalist*, *irrational*; *ratiocination*, argument; *reason*, *reasonable*.

**Res**, a thing: *real*, *reality*, *realize*, *unreal*; *rebus* (lit. by means of things), a picture-riddle; *republic*.

**Reg-ere, rect-um, to rule; rex (reg-)**, a king (Fr. *roi*): *regent*, a ruler, *regency*; *rector*, *rectory*; *regimen*, prescribed diet, *régime*, rule; *regiment*, *regimental*; *region*; *regnant*, ruling; *reign*; *correct*, *correction*, *incorrect*, *in corrigible*; *escort* (Fr.); *direct*, *director*, *directory*, *direction*; *dress* (Fr., from *directus*), *address*, *redress*; *adroit* (Fr. à droit, rightfully, from *ad directum*), clever, active; *dirge*, a funeral hymn (from the first word of the anthem, *dirige*); *erect*, *erection*; *alert* (Fr., from Ital. *all'erta*, Lat. *ad illam erectam*), on guard; *surge*, to swell up (Lat. *surge-ere*); *source*, *resource*, *resourceful*, *sortie* (Fr.); *insurgent*, *insurrection*, *resurrection*; *interregnum*, a space between two reigns; *rectangular*, *rectangle*; *rectify*, *rectitude*; *rectilinear*; *regular*, *regulate*, *irregular*; *rule*, *ruler*, *misrule*, *unruly*; *regal*, royal, *regalia*, marks of royalty; *realm*, kingdom; *royal* (Fr.), *royalty*, *viceroy*; *regicide* (with *cædo*).

**Rot-a**, a wheel; **rotul-us**, a roll (Fr. *rôle*); **rotund-us**, round: *rotate*, to revolve, *rotation*, *rotary*; *roll*, (verb) to revolve, (noun) a list or register; *control* (Fr. *contre-rôle*, a duplicate list, to verify another), *controller* (also *comptroller*), *uncontrollable*; *enrol*, *enrolment*; *rondeau*, formerly *roundel* (Fr.), a poem with a recurring line; *roundelay* (Fr. *rondelet*), diminutive of the former, probably confused in spelling with Eng. *lay*, a song; *rotund*, *rotundity*, *rotunda*, a circular building; *rowel*, part of a spur (Fr. *rouelle*, L. Lat. *rotella*, a little wheel); *runlet* (formerly *roundlet*), a little barrel; *surround*.

- Rump-ere, rupt-um**, to break: *rupture*, a breaking off; *abrupt*; *bankrupt*; *corrupt*, *corruption*, *incorruptible*; *disruption*; *eruption*; *interrupt*; *irruption*, a breaking into, invasion; *route*, (1) a defeat, (2) a mob or crowd; *route*, a way (broken or cut through a forest), *routine*, *rut*, a wheel track; *rote*, repetition, routine.
- Sacer**, holy: **sacr-are**, to make holy; also **sanc-ire**, p.p. **sanct-us**: *sacred* (p.p. of M. Eng. *sacren*, to consecrate); *consecrate*, *consecration*; *desecrate*, to profane, *desecration*; *execrate*, to curse; *sacerdotal*, priestly (Lat. *sacerdos*, lit. one who offers sacred gifts); *sacrament*, *sacramental*; *sacrifice*, *sacrificial*; *sacrilege* (lit. the stealing of sacred things; with *lego*, I gather); *sacristan* (shorter form *sexton*); *saint*, *saintly*; *sanctify*, *sanctification*, *sanctimony* (lit. holiness), *sanctimoni-ous*, *sanction*, approval (lit. consecration), *sanctity*, *sanctuary*.
- Sal-ire, salt-um**, to leap (in compounds -*sil-*, -*sult-*): *salient*, projecting, leaping forward; *assail* (Fr.), *assailant*, *assault*; *desultory*, leaping from one thing to another; *exult*, *exultant*, *exultation*; *insult* (lit. to leap upon); *resile*, to go back from an agreement, *resilient*, rebounding; *result*, *resultant*; *sally*, a rushing forth; *salmon* (lit. the "leaping" fish); *somersault*, sometimes *somerset* (Fr. *soubresaut*, Lat. *super*), a leap during which one turns over.
- Sal**, salt: **salt** (verb and noun); *salad*, herbs seasoned with salt; *salary* (orig. money paid to soldiers to buy salt); *saline*; *salt-cellar* (a redundant form; *cellar* is from *salarium*, a salt holder); *saltpetre*, nitre (lit. salt of the rock, Gr. *petra*); *sauce* (lit. salted); *saucer* (orig. a vessel for sauce); *saucy*, pungent; *sausage*, a roll of seasoned meat; *souse* (lit. to plunge into brine).
- Salv-ere, salut-um**, to save (Fr. *sauver*); **salus** (salut-), health: *salvation*, *salvage*, payment for saving goods; *safe* (Fr. *sauv*), *safety*; *sage*, a plant (so named from its healing virtues, Lat. *saluja*); *salubrious*, healthful, *salubrity*; *salutary*, wholesome; *salute*, to wish health to; *salver*, a plate (formerly the plate on which food or drink was presented to the taster; Span. *salvar*, to taste the food of nobles to save them from poisoning); *save*, *saviour*.
- Scand-ere, scans-um**, to climb (in compounds -*scend-* or -*scind-*, -*scens-*); **scala**, a ladder: *scan*, to examine, to measure, *scansion*, the measure of verses: *ascend*, *ascension*, *ascent*, *ascendant*, *ascendancy*; *descend*, *descent*, *descendants*; *conscend*, *condescension*, *scale*, (noun) lit. a ladder, (verb) to climb, *escalade*, a scaling of walls; *scandal* (Gr.); lit. a trap or snare), *scandalous*, *scandalize*; *slander* (from O. Fr. *bornis*, *scandele*, *escandele*, *escander*, and later *esclandre*).
- Sci-re**, to know; **scient-ia**, knowledge: *science*, exact knowledge, *scientific*; *conscious*, *consciousness*, *unconscious*; *conscience*, *conscientious*; *omniscient*, *omniscience*; *prescience*; *sciolist*, one with a smattering of knowledge.
- Scrib-ere, script-um**, to write: *scribe*, a writer, *scrip*, a piece of writing, a form of *script*, *scrivener*, a law writer, *scriptures*, *scriptural*; *scribble*, *scribbler*; *ascribe*, to put to one's account, *ascription*; *circumscribe*,

to draw a limit round; *conscript*, a man enrolled or enlisted, *conscript*; *describe*, description, *descriptive*, *undescribable*, *descri*, to discern (orig. to describe); *inscribe*, *inscription*; *manuscript* or *MS.*, written by hand; *nondescript*, not of any regular form; *postscript* or *P.S.* (*post scriptum*), something added to a writing; *prescribe*, to order beforehand, *prescriptive*, *prescription*; *proscribe*, to include in a list of those condemned, *proscription*; *rescript*, a written reply, a decree; *subscribe*, to write (one's name) below, *subscriber*, *subscription*; *superscription*, something written over; *transcribe*, to copy, *transcript*, *transcription*.

**Sec-are, sect-um**, to cut: *secant*, a line which cuts another; *bisect*, to cut into halves; *trisect*, to divide into thirds; *dissect*, to divide, *dissection*; *insect*, an animal of a nearly divided shape; *intersect*, to cut apart, *intersection*; *section*; *segment*, part of a line; *sector*, part of a circle; *scion* (Fr.; lit. a cutting or branch); *sickle* (A.S., from Lat.).

**Sed-ère, sess-um**, to sit (in compounds *-sid-*): *sedentary*, sitting habitually; *assessor*, a judge's assistant, hence *assess*, to fix a tax, *assessment*; *assiduous*, keeping closely to work, *assiduity*; *assize* (Fr. *assise*), a court of justice, also a fixed tax; *dissident*, not agreeing (lit. sitting apart); *excise*, a duty or tax (a misspelling of the Dutch *aksys*, probably a corruption of O. Fr. *assise*, a tax); *hostage* (Fr., from L. Lat. *obsidatus*, or adj. *obsidaticus*; Lat. *obses*, *obsidis*, a hostage, from *ob* and *sedeo*); *insidious*, treacherous; *possess* (lit. to be near; with O. Lat. prep. = Gr. *pros*, near), *possessor*, *possession*, *possessive*, *dispossess*, *prepossession*; *preside*, *president*, *presidency*; *reside*, *resident*, *residue* and *residuum*, remainder, *residual*; *sedute*; *sediment*; *see*, the seat of an archbishop; *session*, a sitting or meeting; *size*, (1) magnitude (orig. an allowance of food; short for *assize*); (2) a weak glue, first used for making colours lie flat (Ital.); *subside*, to sink, *subsidence*, *subsidy*, assistance (lit. a body of troops lying in reserve); *supercede*, to take the place of (lit. to preside over); *surcease*, to cease or cause to cease (not allied to *cease*, but from Fr. *sursis*, intermission).

**Sent-ire, sens-um**, to feel, to perceive; **sensus**, feeling: *sense*, *senseless*, *sensible*, *sensation*, *sensational*, *nonsense*; *sentient*, having feeling; *sensual* and *sensuous*, pleasing to the senses; *sentence*, judgment, expression of opinion; *sententious*, short and pithy; *assent*, to agree; *consent*; *dissent*, *dissenter*, *dissension*; *presentiment*, foreboding; *resent*, to feel deeply, to object to, *resentment*; *sentiment*, *sentimental*; *scent* (mistaken spelling of *sent*, as in Shakespeare), sensation of smell.

**Sequ-i**, to follow; p.p. *secut-us* (Fr. *suivre*); **socius**, a follower, companion: *sequel*, continuation, *sequence*, a following in order; *consecutive*, *consequent*, *consequence*; *ensue* (Fr., from Lat. *in-sequi*); *execute*, to follow out, complete, *executor* (fem. *executrix*), one who carries out the provisions of a will, *executive*, the power which puts laws into force, *execution*, *executioner*; *intrinsic* (*intra-in-sequi*), inherent; *obsequies*, funeral rites, *obsequious*, compliant; *persecute*, *persecutor*; *prosecute*,

*prosecution, pursue* (Fr. form of same), *pursuit, pursuer*; *second*; *sect*, a faction or following (confused with *searc*, to cut), *sectary, sectarian*; *sept*, a clan (corruption of the former); *sequester*, to lay aside, *sequestered*, remote; *subsequent*, following after; *sue* (Fr.), *suit*, a law process, also complete clothing; *suite*, a retinue; *social, society, sociable*; *associate, association*; *dissociate*.

**Ser-ere, sert-um**, to join or bind together: *series, a row*; *series, serial*; *assert*, to affirm; *concert*, (verb) to agree, (noun) performance of (*concerted*) music; *concertina*; *desert*, a waste; *dissertation*, a discussion; *exert*, to put forth (for *exsert*), *exertion*; *insert, insertion*; *serried*, crowded together.

**Serv-are, servat-um**, to keep, protect; **serv-us**, a slave; **serv-ire**, to serve: *serve, servant, service, servile, servitude, servitor*; *conserve, conservatory, conservative*; *deserve, desert, merit*; *dessert*, the last course at dinner (Fr. *desservir*, to take away the courses; from Lat. *dis-servire*), *dis-service*, ill-service; *observe, observation, observatory, observant*; *preserve, preserver, preservative*; *reserve*, (verb) to hold back, (noun) cautious manner, *reservation, reservoir*; *serf*; *sergeant* or *serjeant* (Fr., from L. Lat. *servientem*); *subserve*, to aid, *subservient*, useful as an instrument.

**Sign-um**, a mark: *sign, signal, signature, signet, signalize*; *assign*, to mark out to one, *assignee, assignment, assignation*; *consign*, to entrust, *consignment*; *countersign*, to attest by a second signature; *design, designate, designation*; *ensign*, a standard, also a standard-bearer (old form *ancient*, a corruption of O. Fr. *enseigne*, not connected with *ancient*, meaning old); *insignia*, signs of rank; *resign, resignation*; *signify, significant, insignificant*; *seal*, a stamp (O. Fr. *seel*, from Lat. *sigillum*, dimin. of *signum*).

**Simil-is**, like; **simul**, together; **simul-are**, to pretend, to seem (Fr. *sembler*): *similar, dissimilar, similarity, simulate, simile*, a comparison, *similitude*; *assemble, assembly*; *assimilate*; *dissemble*; *resemble, resemblance*; *semblance*; *simultaneous, simultaneity*.

**Sol-us**, alone: *sole, only*; *desolate, desolation*; *solitary, solitude*; *solo* (Ital.), *sullen*, hating company.

**Sol-um**, the ground: *sole*, part of the foot; *sole*, a flat fish; *soil*, the ground; *exile* (Lat. *exsul*), one banished from his native soil.

**Solv-ere, solut-um**, to loosen, relax: *solve, solvent, solution, soluble*; *insoluble, solubility, insolvent*, not able to pay one's debts, *insolvency*; *absolve, absolution, pardon, absolute, assail*, to absolve: *dissolve, dissolution, indissoluble, dissolute*, loose in morals, wicked; *resolve, resolution, resolute, irresolute*.

**Son-are**, to sound: *sound*, a noise (*sound*, a narrow strait, and probably *sound*, to measure the depth of water, are from A.S. *sund*, connected with *swim*; *sound, healthy*, is from A.S. *sund*, same meaning, probably allied to *saft*, Lat. *sanus*); *assonant, sounding alike, assonance*; *consonant, sounding along with something else*; *dissonant, harsh*, unlike in sound; *parson*, formerly *person*, a person of dignity, a

minister, *parsonage*; *person* (orig. a character in a play; from Lat. *personare*, the large-mouthed mask worn by actors, and spoken through), *personage*, *impersonal*, *personification*, *resonant*, echoing, *resonance*; *resound*; *sonata* (Ital.), a musical composition; *sonnet*, a short poem; *sonorous*, *resounding*; *unison*, concord (lit. with one sound).

**Spec-ere, spect-um**, to look (in compounds often *-spic-*); **spect-are, spectat-um**, to look at carefully: *species*, appearance; *species*, kind; *aspect*; *auspicious*, with good omens (with Lat. *avis*, a bird, from the sooth-sayers watching the flight of birds as omens), *auspices*; *circumspect*, prudent (= looking round one), *circumspection*; *conspicuous*; *despise* (Fr.), *despite*; *especial*; *espy*; *expect*, *expectant*, *expectancy*, *expectation*; *inspect*, *inspection*, *inspector*; *introspection*, reflection, looking within, *introspective*; *perspective*; *perspicacious*, looking through, acute, *perspicacity*, *perspicuous*, clear; *prospect*, *prospective*; *respect*, *respectful*, *respectable*, *disrespect*, *respective*, *irrespective*; *respite*, delay (orig. respect shown to a plea by a judge); *retrospect*, a look backwards in time, *retrospective*; *special* (short for *especial*), *speciality*, *specialist*, *specialize*; *specie*, coin; *specify*, *specimen*, *specious*, showy, pretended, *spectacle*, a show, *spectacles*, glasses for looking through, *spectator*; *spectre*, a vision; *speculate* (Lat. *specula*, a watch tower; orig. to behold); *spice* (*species* in L. Lat. was used for a drug), *spite* (short for *despite*); *spy* (short for *espy*); *suspect*, *suspicion*.

**Spirit-us, breath**; **spir-are**, to breathe: *spirit* (various meanings related to breath, life, or essence), *spirited*, *dispirited*, *spiritless*, *spiritual*, *spiritualist*, *spirituous*, *sprite*, also *spright*, a spirit or ghost, *spritely* or *sprightly*, *spiracle*, a breathing-hole; *aspire*, to hope for, *aspiration*, *aspirant*; *aspirate*, pronounced with an emission of the breath; *conspire*, *conspirator*, *conspiracy*; *expire*, *expiration*, *expiry*; *inspire*, *inspiration*; *inspiring*, encouraging; *perspire*, *perspiration*; *respire*, *respiratory*; *transpire*, to ooze out.

**St-are, stat-um**, to stand (in compounds, *-stit-*); **sist-ere**, to cause to stand; **stabil-is**, standing firm: *state*, condition, establishment; *arrest* (Fr., from Lat. *ad-re-stare*), to stop; *assist*, *assistant*; *circumstance*, *circumstantial*; *consist*, *consistent*, *consistency*, *consistory*, an ecclesiastical court; *constant*, *constancy*, *inconstant*; *constitute*, *constitution*, *unconstitutional*; *contrast* (Fr., from Lat. *contra-stare*); *cost* (Fr. *colter*, formerly *coster*, Lat. *con-stare*), *costly*; *desist*, to cease; *destine*, *destiny*, *destination*; *destitute*, *destitution*, want; *distant*, *distance*, *equidistant*; *establish*, *establishment*, *disestablishment*; *estate*; *exist*, *existence*; *extant*, remaining; *insist*; *instance*, *instant*, the present (standing) moment, *instantaneous*; *institute*, *institution*; *interstice*, space between; *obstacle*; *obstinate*, *obstinacy*; *persist*, *persistent*; *press*, to hire for service (= *prest*; Fr. *prêter*, *prester*, to advance money), *pressgang*, *impressment*; *resist*, *resistance*; *rest*, to remain, to be left over (distinct from *rest*, repose, A.S. *raest*); *restive*, stubborn, going backwards; *restitution*; *stable* (noun and adj.), *stability*,

*instability*; *stage* (O. Fr. *estage*, Lat. *statum*); *stamen* (lit. the upright thread in a loom); *stanza* (Ital.); *station*, *stationary*, *stationer*, *stationery*; *statistics* (with Gr. suffix), *statistical*; *statue*; *stature*; *statute*, *statutory*; *subsist*, *subsistence*; *substance*, *substantial*, *substantive*; *substitute*; *superstition*; *transubstantiation*.

**String-ere, strict-um**, to compress, bind tight: *stringent*, binding; *astrigent*, contracting; *constrain*, *constraint*; *distrain*, to press for payment, to seize goods for debt, *distraint*; *distress*; *district*; *restrain*, *restraint*; *restrict*; *strain*; *strail*, narrow; *stress*, *strain*; *strict*.

**Stru-ere, struct-um**, to build: *structure*, a building; *construct*, *construction*; *construe*, to translate, interpret, *misconstrue*; *destru*, *destruction*, *destructive*; *instruct*; *instrument*; *obstruct*, to hinder; *substructure*, foundation; *superstructure*, upper building.

**Tang-ere, tact-um**, to touch (in compounds, *-ting-*): *tangent*, a touching line; *attain* (Fr.), *attainment*, *unattainable*; *attainder*, conviction; *attaint*, to convict; *contact*, *contagion*, infection by contact, *contagious*, *contaminate*, *contiguous*, adjoining, *contiguity*; *contingent*, dependent on; *entire* (O. Fr. *entier*, Lat. *integer*, untouched), *integer*, a whole number, *integral*, *integrity*, honesty, *redintegration*, restoration; *tact*, *tactful*; *tangible*; *tax* (Fr., from L. Lat. *taxare*, to handle), *task* (lit. a tax; same word transliterated); *taste* (orig. feeling).

**Ten-ere, tent-um**, to hold (in compounds, *-tin-*); **tentare**, to try: *tenable*, that can be held; *abstain*, *abstainer*, *abstinence*; *attempt*; *contain*, *contents*, *content*, *discontent*, *malcontent*, *contentment*; *continent*, *continental*; *continue*, *continuous*, *continual*, *continuity*, *continuance*; *countenance*, (noun) the face, (verb) to favour, *discountenance*; *detain*, *detention*; *entertain*, *entertainment*; *obtain*; *pertain*, to belong, *appertain*, *appurtenance* (for *apartenance*), that which belongs to (also *purtenance*), *pertinent*, *impertinent*, (1) not pertinent, not connected with the matter in hand, (2) trifling, rude, *pertinacity*, obstinacy; *rein*, part of a bridle (Fr., from Lat. *retinere*, to hold back); *retain*, *retainer*, *retinue*, *retention*; *sustain*, *sustenance*; *tempt*, to prove, *taunt* (Fr.), to provoke; *tenacious*, *tenant*, *lieutenant* (Fr.), one holding another's place, second in command; *tenement*, a building, a holding, *tenet*, an opinion (lit. "he holds"), *tenon*, part of a joint in carpentry, *tenor* (1) the import of a thing, (2) in music, the part holding the dominant note; *tentacle*, a feeler, *tentative*, experimental, *tenure*, holding of land; *maintain* (with *manus*), to hold.

**Tend-ere, tens-um or tent-um**, to stretch: *tend*, to incline towards, *tendency*; *attend*, *attention*, *attendance*, *inattentive*; *contend*, *contention*, *contentious*; *distend*, to swell, *distention*; *extend*, *extent*, *extensive*; *intend*, *intent*, eager, *intense*, *intention*, *intensity*; *obtend*, to lie opposite to; *ostensibly*, apparently, *ostentation*; *portend*, to point towards, *portent*; *pretend*, *pretence*, showy; *subtend*, to stretch beneath or opposite; *superintend*; *tend*, to take care of (short for *attend*); *tender*, to offer; *tender* (short for *attender*), a carriage attached to an engine; *tendon*, a sinew; *tense*, strained, *tension*; *tent*.



**Terra**, earth. the earth: *terrace* (Ital.), a mound of earth; *inter*, to bury. *interment*; *parterre* (Fr.), a smooth piece of garden ground; *subterranean*, *subterraneous*; *terrene*, earthly; *terreen*, also *terreen*, a large earthenware vessel; *terrestrial*; *terrier*, a small dog for entering the burrow of a wild animal; *territory*, *territorial*.

**Teg-ere, tect-um**, to cover: *tegument*, a covering; *detect*, to uncover, *detection*, *detective*; *integument*, covering, skin; *protect*, *protector*, *protection*, *unprotected*; *tile* (A.S., from Lat. *tegula*, a little covering).

**Tex-ere, text-um**, to weave (Fr. *tisser*): *text*, the subject of a book; *context*, order, putting together; *pretext*; *subtle* (formerly *sotel*, Lat. *subtilis*, finely woven), *subtlety*; *texture*: *textile*, woven fabric; *tissue*; *toil*, a net or snare (*toil*, labour, is from M. Eng., of uncertain derivation), *toilet*, *toilette* (Fr. *toile*, a cloth).

**Toll-ere, lat-um** (usually with a prefix, as *sub-latum*; used for *thutum*), to bear: *tolerate*, *tolerable*, *tolerant*; *collate*, to bring together, *collation*; *delay*, to put off; *dilate*, to spread out; *elated*; *extol*; *oblute*, widened sideways; *oblation*, an offering; *prelate*, a church dignitary; *prolate*, extended along the axis; *relate*, *relation*, *relative*, *correlate*; *superlative*; *translate*.

**Torqu-ere, tort-um**, to twist: *torture*; *contort*, a twisting together, *contortion*; *distort*, to twist aside, *distortion*; *extort*, to wring out, *extortion*, illegal exaction, *extortionate*; *retort*, a sharp reply, also apparatus for distilling; *tart*, a small pie, named from its original twisted form (*tart*, sharp, is connected with *tear*, to rend); *torch* (orig. a twisted wisp of tow); *torment* (orig. an instrument of torture), *tormentor*; *torsion*, degree of twisting; *tortoise* (Fr., named from its twisted feet); *tortuous*, crooked; *tortuosity*; *truss*, to fasten or pack up: *trousers*, formerly *trouses* or *trouses*, from their *trussing* or covering the limbs; *trousseau*, a bride's outfit (Fr.; orig. a bundle).

**Trah-ere, tract-um**, to draw (Fr. *traire*, *trait*): *trace*, a track or footprint; *abstract*, to draw away, *abstraction*; *attract*, *attraction*, *attractive*; *contract*, (verb) to draw together, (noun) a bargain, *contraction*, *contractile*, *contractor*; *detraction*, taking away one's credit; *distract*, *distract*: *extract* (noun and verb); *portray*, to draw or paint, *portrait*; *protract*, to draw out, *delay*, *retract*, to withdraw; *retract*; *subtract*; *trace*, strap for drawing a load; *tract* (1) a region of country, (2) a short treatise, *tractable*, easily led, *traction*; *trail* (1) to draw along, (2) a track; *train* (noun and verb); *trait*, a feature; *treat*, to handle, *treatise*, *treaty*. (*Track* is from a different root, represented in Dutch *trekken*, to draw, march.)

**Tres, tri-a**, three; **ter**, thrice: *tertiary*, of the third rank (after *primary* and *secondary*); *terce*, (1) the third hour, (2) the third part of a cask or pipe, (3) the third position in fencing, etc.; *treble* and *triple*, threefold; *tress*, a plait of hair (orig. of three parts); *triad*, a group of three; *triangle*, *triangular*; *tricolor*, a flag of three colours; *triennial*, a three-pronged instrument; *triennial*, once in three years; *trilateral*, three-sided; *trillion*, short for *tri-million*; *trinity*, a unity

of three; *trio* (Ital.), music in three parts; *tripod* (Gr.), a stand with three feet; *trisect*; *trivet* or *trevet*, a three-footed support; *trivial*, common (with Lat. *via*, a way; lit. what may be picked up at the crossroads, where three ways meet).

**Un-us**, one; **unitas**, oneness; **ull-us** (short for *mulas*), any; **null-us** (short for *ne ullus*, none): *unity*, *unit*, *unite*; *annul*, to bring to nothing, *null* (in "null and void"), of no force; *unanimous*; *uniform*, *uniformity*; *union*; *unique*, singular; *unison*; *universe*, turned into one whole, *universal*, *university*; *univocal*, with only one meaning (opposite of *equivocal*).

**Ut-i**, to use; p.p. **ūs-us**: *use* (verb and noun), *useful*, *usless*; *abuse*, to use amiss, *abusive*; *disuse*; *misuse*; *ill-use*; *peruse*, to read (lit. to use up or go through thoroughly), *perusal*; *usurp* (with either *rump-ere* or *rap-ere*), *usurper*, *usurpation*; *usury*, interest paid for use; *utensil*; *utilize*; *utility*.

**Vad-ere, vas-um** (found only in compounds), to go: *evade*, to avoid, to escape, *evasion*, *evasive*; *invade*, *invader*, *invasion*; *pervade*, *pervasive*; *vade-mecum* (Lat. "go with me"), a pocket guide-book.

**Vag-us**, wandering; **vag-ari**, to wander: *vague*, *vagueness*; *extravagant*, wandering beyond bounds, *extravagance*; *vagabond*; *vagary*, irregular conduct; *vagrant*, *vagrancy*.

**Valid-us**, strong; **val-ēre**, to be well: *valid*, having force; *avail*; *convalescent*, becoming strong, *convalescence*; *countervail*, to have force against; *invalid*, (adj.) not valid, of no force, (noun) a sick person; *prevail*, *prevalent*, *prevalence*; *valediction*, farewell, *valedictory*; *valetudinarian*, one permanently in weak health; *valiant*, *valour*; *value*, *valuable*, *invaluable*, that cannot be valued, *valuation*.

**Veh-ere, vect-um**, to carry: *vehicle*, a carriage, *vehicular*; *convex*, arched, *convexity*; *inveigh*, to attack; *vehement*; *vehemence*; *veil* (Lat. *velum*, a sail, which carries on the ship), *reveal*, to unveil, *revelation*; *vein* (Lat. *vena*, the conveyer of the blood; allied to *via*).

**Ven-ire, vent-um**, to come (Fr. *venir*): *venture*; *advent*; *adventure* (formerly *aventure*, Fr.), *adventurous*, *adventurer*, *peradventure* (Fr. *par*); *avenue*, an approach; *contravene*, to come against, to oppose, *contravention*; *convene*, to assemble, *convener*, *convention*, *conventional*, *convent* (lit. an assembly), *conventual*; *convenient*, *convenience*, *inconvenient*; *covenant* (O. Fr. *convenant*), an agreement; *event*, what comes out or happens, *eventful*, *eventually*; *intervene*, *intervention*; *invent* (lit. to come upon, find); *prevent* (lit. to come before); *revenue*,  
\*income, return from property; *supervene*, to follow.

**Vert-ere, vers-um**, to turn: *versus*, towards; *verse*, a line of poetry, so named from the turning at the end; *adverse*, *adversity*, *adversary*; *advert*, to refer to; *advertise*, *advertisement*; *avert*, to turn away; *aversion*, dislike; *controversy*, a quarrel, *controversial*; *converse*, (adj.) the opposite, (verb) to talk with, *conversation*; *convert*, to turn, *conversion*; *diverse*, also *divers*, different; *divert*, to amuse, *diversion*; *divorce* (Fr.), to separate; *inverse*, opposite; *invert*, to

turn upside down, *inversion*; *obverse*, the face of a coin turned towards one, opposite of *reverse*; *pervert*, to ruin, *perversion*, *perverse*; *prose* (Fr., from Lat. *prōsa*, for *prorsa* = *pro-versa*, lit. speech turned forward); *reverse*, *revert*, to return to, *reversion*; *subvert*, to overthrow; *transverse*, turned across; *traverse*, to cross; *versify*; *version*; *vertebra* (lit. a joint); *vertex*, the top (lit. the pole of the sky, the turning-point of the stars), *vertical*; *vortex*, a whirlpool.

**Ver-us**, true; *very*, true, real; *aver*, to affirm, *averment*; *veracity*; *verdict*; *verify*, to prove; *verisimilitude*, likelihood; *verity*, truth.

**Via**, a way, a road (Fr. *voie*), allied to **veh-ere**: *viaduct*, a bridge carrying a road; *deviate*, to depart from the road, *devious*; *convey*, *conveyance*, *convoy*; *envoy*, a messenger; *invoice* (Fr. *envoi*), account of goods sent; *obviate*, to avoid; *obvious*, plain, lying in the way; *pervious*, penetrable, *impervious*; *previous*; *voyage*, *voyager*.

**Vid-ere, vis-um**, to see: *vision*; *advice* (Fr. *avis*, Lat. *ad visum*), *advise*; *evident*, *evidence*; *improvis* (Ital.), to sing unpremeditated verses; *envy* (Fr., from Lat. *invidia*, lit. looking upon), *envious*; *invidious*, causing envy; *provide*, *provident*, *providence*, *provision*, *proviso*, a condition (Lat., lit. it being provided that); *prudent* (Lat. *prudens*, short for *providens*), *prudence*; *purvey* (Fr.), to provide, *purveyor*; *revise*, *revision*; *supervise*, to oversee, *supervision*; *survey* (Fr.), *surveyor*; *viz.*, namely (Lat. *videlicet*, for *videre licet*, lit. it is permitted to see, contracted *viet*, the *et* being written somewhat like *z*); *view*, *revue*, *reviewer*; *visage*, *visible*; *visit*, *visitor*, *revisit*; *visor*, also *visard* and *vizor*, a mask; *vista* (Ital.), a view; *visual*.

**Viv-ere, vict-um**, to live; *victus*, food: *victuals*; *convivial*, festive (Lat. *convivium*, a feast); *revive*; *survive*, *survivor*; *vians*, food; *vital*, *vitality*; *vivacious*, lively, *viracity*; *vivid*; *vicify*; *viviparous*, producing living young; *viper* (Fr.), shortened from the preceding.

**Vinc-ere, vict-um**, to conquer: *victor*; *convince*, *conviction*, *convict*; *evict*, to eject, *eviction*; *evince*, to show; *invincible*; *vanquish*; *victory*.

**Voc-are, vocat-um**, to call; **vox (voc-)**, the voice (Fr. *voix*): *vocal*; *advocate*, one called on to plead; *advocacy*; *advowson* (Fr.), patronage; *convoke*, *convocation*; *evoke* (to call forth); *invoke*, to call upon, *invocation*; *provoke* (lit. to call forth), *provocation*; *revoke*, to recall, *irrevocable*; *vocable*, a word; *vociferate*, to shout; *voice*; *vouch*, also *avouch*, to warrant; *vouchsafe*, to warrant safe; *vowel*; *vocation*, calling in life; *vocalist*, *vocalize*.

**Volv-ere, volut-um**, to roll: *voluble*, fluent; *devolve*, to transfer, *devolution*, *evolve*, to unroll, disclose; *evolution*; *involve*, to imply; *involution*; *revolt*, rebellion, *revolution*, *revolve*; *vault*, (1) an arched roof, (2) to leap; *volume*, (1) a roll, a book, (2) mass; *voluminous*.

## GREEK ROOTS.

\*[Many Greek roots are used only for the formation of technical and scientific terms, and are not included in this list.]

- Archē**, the beginning, the first; **archaios**, ancient; **archos**, a ruler (first): *archbishop*; *anarchy*, without government; *archaology*, the study of ancient things; *archaic*, primitive; *architect* (with *tektōn*, a builder), *architecture*; *archives*, records of the past; *heptarchy* (with *hepta*, seven); *monarch* (with *monos*, alone); *patriarch*.
- Astron**, a star: *aster*, a flower; *asterisk* (lit. a little star); *asteroid*, a minor planet; *astronomy* (with *nomos*, a law), *astrology*, foretelling the future by the stars; *disaster* (Fr. through Lat., from the supposed good or bad influence of the stars), *disastrous*.
- Ballein**, to throw, or put; **blēma**, a throwing: *emblem*, a thing put on; *hyperbole*, exaggeration; *parable*, a comparison, placing things side by side, *parabolic*; *parabola*, the curve made by cutting a cone parallel to its axis; *parley*, a discussion (Fr. *parler*, L. Lat. *parabolare*, to talk), *parliament*, *parlour* (lit. a room for conversation); *parole*, a promise; *problem*; *symbol*, *symbolism*, *symbolize*.
- Cheir**, the hand: *chirography* (with *graphō*, I write), handwriting; *chiroprapist*, one who cures (by handling) the feet; *surgeon*, contracted from the older form *chirurgion* (with *ergein*, to work).
- Chronos**, time: *chronicle* (Fr., the *l* inserted), a record of past time, *chronicler*; *anachronism*, an error in reckoning time; *chronology*, a system of dates, *chronological*; *chronometer* (with *metron*, measure); *synchronism*, agreement in time, *synchronize*.
- Klima**, a slope; **klinein**, to lean: *climate*, a slope or region of temperature, *climatic*, *clime*; *climax*, the summit (*klimax*, a ladder), *anti-climax*; *clinical* (Fr.; lit. belonging to one that is bedrid).
- Kratein**, to be strong, to rule: *aristocracy* (with *aristos*, best), the rule of the "best;" *autocracy* (with *autos*, self), absolute rule; *democracy* (with *dēmos*, the people), rule by the people; *theocracy* (with *Theos*, God), divine rule.
- Krites**, a judge; **kriainein**, to judge; **krisis**, a discerning: *critic*, *critical*, *criticism*; *crisis*, decisive moment; *criterion*, a test; *hypercritical*, over-critical; *hypocrisy* (orig. playing a part on the stage).
- Kykos**, a circle: *cycle*, a period of time completed; *bicycle*, *tricycle*; *cycloid*, a form of curve; *cyclopædia* or *encyclopædia* (with *paideia*, learning), a book containing all learning, a dictionary.
- Deka**, ten (Lat. *decem*): *decade*, a period of ten years; *decagon* (with *gōnia*, a corner), a ten-sided or ten-angled figure; *decatalogue*, the ten commandments; *decasyllabic*, having ten syllables.

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- Dokein**, to be of opinion; **dogma**, a doctrine; **doxa**, an opinion, also glory (Lat. *doctrina*): *dogma*, doctrine; *doxology*, a song of praise; *orthodoxy* (with *orthos*, right), right opinion; *heterodoxy* (with *heteros*, another), wrong opinion; *paradox*, a contradiction.
- Eidos**, a form; **idea**, look or semblance; **eidōlon**, an image: *idea*, *ideal*, *idealize*, *idealism*; *idol*, *idolize*, *idolatry*, *idolater*; the termination *-oid*, meaning like, as in *asteroid*, *cycloid*, *spheroid*, etc.
- Eu** or **ev-**, well, good: *eulogy*, praise, *eulogistic*; *euphemism* (with *phēmī*, I speak), a softened expression; *euphony* (with *phōnē*, voice), sweet sound; *evangel* (with *angelia*, tidings), the gospel.
- Gē**, the earth: *apogee*, the point where the moon is farthest from the earth, *perigee*, its nearest point; *geography* (with *graphō*, I write); *geometry* (lit. the art of measuring the earth); *geology*; *georgia* (with *ergō*, I work), a poem of country life.
- Gennaō**, I produce; **genesis**, origin (Lat. *genus*): *genesis*; *genealogy*; *entogen*, *cogen*; *cosmogony* (with *kosmos*, the world), the origin of the world; *heterogeneous*, of different kinds, *homogeneous* (with *homos*, the same), of one kind; the termination *-gen*, as in *hydrogen* (lit. producing water, Gr. *hydōr*), etc.
- Gōnia**, a corner: *pentagon* (with *pente*, five); *hexagon* (with *hex*, six), etc.; *diagonal*; *trigonometry*, the art of measuring triangles.
- Graphēin**, to write; **gramma**, a letter: *graphic*, descriptive; *grammar*; *anagram*, a transposition of letters; *autograph*, one's own writing, *biography* (with *bios*, life), *autobiography*, and all words ending in *-graph* or *-gram*, meaning writing or description.
- Hēlios**, the sun: *aphelion*, the point when a planet is farthest from the sun, and *perihelion*, nearest to it; *heliotrope* (with *tropein*, to turn), a flower which turns towards the sun.
- Hex**, six (Lat. *sex*): *hexagon*; *hexameter*, a verse of six metrical feet.
- Hepta**, seven: *heptagon*; *hebdomadal*, weekly (seven days); *heptarchy*.
- Hairesis**, a sect, choice; **haireō**, I take: *heresy*, *heretical*; *diuresis*, a mark of separation of letters (" ), and *syneresis*, the fusion of two vowels in a diphthong.
- Histemi**, I place, stand; **stasis**, a standing (Lat. *stare*, to stand): *statics*; *apostate*, a renegade; *ecstasy*, a trance; *system*.
- Hodos**, a way: *episode*, an incident "by the way"; *exodus*; *method*; *period* (lit. a circuit), *periodic*; *synod*, a meeting.
- Hydōr**, water: *hydra*, a water serpent; *hydraulic*, *hydrostatic*; *hydrophobia* (with *phobē*, fear), dog-madness, supposed to be shown by fear of water; *hydropathy* (with *pathos*, suffering), cure by water; *hydropathic*; *dropsy* (for *hydropsy*), a disease.
- Logos**, speech; **legein**, to speak (Lat. *lego*): *logic*; *analogy*; *apologue*; *apology*; *catalogue*; *decatalogue*; *dialect*; *dialogue*, *prologue*, a preface; the termination *-logy*, a reasoned account or description, in words such as *astrology*, *geology*, etc.
- Lysis**, a loosing: *analysis*, *analyze*; *paralysis* and *palsy*.
- Mēchanē**, a machine (Lat. *machina*): *machine*; *mechanics*.

- Metron**, a measure: *metre, meter; diameter; perimeter*, measure round about; *symmetry*; and the termination *-meter*, meaning a measurer, in such words as *barometer, thermometer*, etc.
- Monos**, one, alone: *monk* (Gr. *monachos*, dwelling alone), *monastic, monastery, minster*; *monad*, a unit; *monarchy*; *monopoly* (with *polein*, to sell), the right of exclusive sale.
- Onoma**, a name: *anonymous*, nameless; *metonymy*, putting one word for another; *synonymous*, having the same meaning as another word.
- Oikos**, a house; *oikein*, to dwell: *diocese*, a province; *economy* (lit. house management); *parish* (Gr. *paroikia*, a neighbourhood), *parochial*.
- Opsis**, sight; **ophthalmos**, the eye: *optical, optics; ophthalmia*, a disease of the eye; *synopsis* (lit. a seeing together), a summary, *synoptical*.
- Pais**, **paidos**, a child; **paideia**, learning: *pedagogue*, a teacher (lit. one who leads the child to school—Gr. *agein*, to lead), *pedagogy; pedant*, one who displays his learning; *cyclopaedia* or *encyclopaedia*.
- Pan**, **pantos**, all: *panacea*, a remedy for all diseases; *panoply* (with *oplon*, arms), complete armour; *panorama* (with *horama*, a view), a complete view, *panoramic*; *pantheon*, a temple to all the gods; *pantomime* (with *minos*, a mimic), an entertainment all in dumb show.
- Patēr**, father (Lat. *pater*): *patriarch; patriot, patriotism*.
- Pathein**, to suffer; **pathos**, suffering, feeling: *pathos, pathetic; pathology*, the study of disease; *antipathy*, dislike; *apathy*, want of feeling, *apathetic; sympathy, sympathize*.
- Pentē**, five: *pentagon, pentameter*, a verse of five metrical feet; *Pentecost* (Gr. *pentekoste*, fifty), a Jewish feast fifty days after the Passover.
- Petros**, a stone: *petrify, petrification* or *petrification*; *petroleum*, rock oil, *petrol; pier* (Fr.), a mass of stonework.
- Phainein**, to show, to cause to shine; **phantasma**, a vision: *phantom; diaphanous*, transparent; *fancy* (Fr.), short form of *fantasy, fantastic; phenomenon*, a remarkable appearance.
- Phêmein**, to speak; **phasis**, a saying, also an appearance: *phase*, a form, *emphasis; euphemism; blaspheme, blame* (Fr.); *prophecy*.
- Pherein**, to carry (Lat. *fero*); **phoros**, something carried: *metaphor*, a transferred meaning, *metaphorical; periphery*, circumference; *phosphorus* (with *phōs*, light), *phosphorescent*.
- Philos**, friendly, a friend: *philanthropy* (with *anthrōpos*, a man), love of mankind; *philosophy* (lit. the love of wisdom).
- Phōne**, a sound, a voice: *phonetic, phonic*, according to sound; *phonograph, phonography*, writing according to sound (as in shorthand); *euphony; symphony* (lit. sounding together).
- Phōs, phōtos**, light: *phosphorus; photography, photograph*.
- Physis**, nature: *physics*, the science of nature; *physic, medicine; physiology; physiography; metaphysical*, beyond the natural.
- Polis**, a city: *polite*, with city manners (opposed to *rustic*, etc.); *politics; policeman*, a city officer; *policy; metropolis*, the mother city (with *mētēr*, mother).

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- Polys**, many: *polygon*; *polyglot* (with *glotta*, a tongue), speaking many tongues; *polysyllable*; *polytechnic*.
- Pyr, pyros**, fire: *pyre*, a funeral fire; *pyrometer*; *pyrotechnics*, the art of making fireworks; *pyramid* (lit. flame-shaped), a pointed figure.
- Rheîn**, to flow; **rhythmus**, measured motion: *rheum*, a watery secretion; *rheumatism*, a disease, *rheumatic*; *rhythm*, measured cadence, *rhythmical* (*rhyme*, formerly *rime*, is from the A.S. *rim*, number).
- Skênê**, a tent, sheltered place: *scene* (lit. a tent used as a stage), *scenery*; *proscenium*, the place in front of the stage.
- Skopein**, to see; **skopos**, a watcher: *scope*, range of vision; *bishop* (A.S. from Gr. *episkopos*, an overseer), *archbishop*, *bishopric* (with A.S. *ric*, dominion); *episcopal*; also the termination *-scope*, meaning an instrument for seeing, in such words as *telescope*, *microscope*, etc.
- Sophos**, wise; **sophia**, wisdom: *sophism*, a specious appearance of wisdom, *sophist*; *sophisticate*, to pervert from the truth, *unsophisticated*; *philosophy*.
- Sphaira**, a globe: *sphere*, *spheroid*; *atmosphere* (with Gr. *atmos*, vapour, air); *hemisphere* (with *hemi*, half).
- Teinein**, to stretch; **tonos**, a string stretched: *tone*, a note, *tonic*, giving tone, *tune*; *intone*, to chant; *diatonic*, proceeding by tones.
- Temnein**, to cut; **tomos**, a section, a division: *tome*, a volume; *anatomy* (lit. a dissection); *atom*, an indivisible particle; *entomology*, the science of insects (Gr. *entomon*, an insect, a creature nearly divided into parts); *epitome*, a summary (lit. an inscription cut upon the surface).
- Theaomai**, I see; **theôros**, a spectator; **theatron**, a theatre: *theatre*, *theatrical*, *amphitheatre*; *theory*; *theorem*.
- Theos**, God (Lat. *deus*): *theism*, belief in God, *atheism*; *theology*; *theocracy*; *apotheosis*, deification; *enthusiasm* (Gr. *entheos*, lit. full of the god); *monotheism*, *polytheism*.
- Tithêmi**, I place; **thema**, something laid down: *theme*; *thesis*, a proposition; *antithesis*, a contrast, *antithetical*; *apothecary* (Gr. *apothêkê*, a storehouse); *epithet*, something added to; *hypothesis*, a supposition; *parenthesis*, an insertion; *synthesis*, a putting together; *treasure* (Fr. from Gr. *thēsauros*, a store), *treasury*, *treasurer*.
- Typos**, a blow, something struck; **typtô**, I strike: *type*, *typography*; *antitype*, corresponding to the type; *archetype*, the original type; *prototype*, the original; *stereotype* (with *stereos*, solid).
- Zōê**, life; **zōon**, a living thing: *zoology*, the science of living animals; *azote*, nitrogen gas, not preserving life; *zodiac*, a belt in the heavens containing twelve constellations chiefly named from animals; *zoophyte* (lit. a plant-animal), an animal of a low type.

THE END.

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